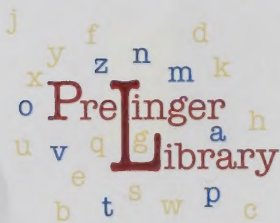


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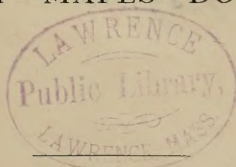
AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.



*Vol. 24
part 1*

VOLUME XXIV.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1896, TO APRIL, 1897.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK.
MACMILLAN AND CO., LONDON.

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Reg. No. 40,678

ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXIV.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1896, TO APRIL, 1897.

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PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT.

OWNED BY ROBERT GOELET.

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

PORTRAIT OF MISS BEATRICE GOELET.
(SEE PAGE 84.)



ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

No. 1.

MASTER SKYLARK.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

CHAPTER I.

THE LORD ADMIRAL'S PLAYERS.

THERE was an unwonted buzzing in the east end of Stratford on that next to the last day of April, 1896. It was as if some one had thrust a stick into a hive of bees and they had come whirling out to see.

The low stone guard-wall of old Clopton bridge, built a hundred years before by rich Sir Hugh, sometime Mayor of London, was lined with straddling boys like strawberries upon a spear of grass, and along the low causeway from the west across the lowland to the town, brown-faced, barefoot youngsters sat beside the roadway with their chubby legs a-dangle down the mossy stones, staring away into the south across the grassy levels of the valley of the Stour.

Punts were poling slowly up the Avon to the bridge; and at the outlets of the town where the streets came down to the waterside among the weeds, little knots of men and serving-maids stood looking into the south and listening.

Some had waited for an hour; some for two: yet still there was no sound but the piping of the birds in white-thorn hedges, the hollow lowing of kine knee-deep in grassy meadows, and

the long rush of the river through the sedge beside the pebbly shore; and naught to see but quiet valleys, primrose lanes, and Warwick orchards white with bloom, stretching away to the misty hills.

But still they stood and looked and listened.

The wind came stealing up out of the south, soft and warm and sweet and still, moving the ripples upon the river with gray gusts; and, scudding free before the wind, a dog came trotting up the road with wet pink tongue and side-long gait. At the throat of Clopton bridge he stopped and scanned the way with dubious eye; then clapped his tail between his legs and bolted for the town. The laughing shout that followed him into the Warwick road seemed not to die away, but to linger in the air like the drowsy hum of bees—a hum that came and went at intervals upon the shifting wind, and grew by littles, taking body till it came unbroken as a long, low, distance-muffled murmur from the south, so faint as scarcely to be heard.

Nick Attwood pricked his keen young ears: "They 're coming, Robin—hark 'e to the trampling!"

Robin Getley held his breath and turned his ear toward the south. The far-off murmur was

a mutter now, defined and positive, and, as the two friends listened, grew into a drumming roll, and all at once above it came a shrill, high sound like the buzzing of a gnat close by the ear

Little Tom Davenant dropped from the finger-post, and came running



"PUNTS WERE POLING SLOWLY UP THE AVON TO THE BRIDGE."

up from the fork of the Banbury road, his feet making little white puffs in the dust as he flew. "They are coming—they are coming!" he shrieked as he ran.

Then up to his feet sprang Robin Getley, upon the saddle-backed coping-stones, his hand upon Nick Attwood's head to steady himself,

and looked away where the rippling Stour ran like a thread of silver beside the dust-buff London road, and the little church of Atherstone stood blue against the rolling Cotswold hills.

"They are coming—they are coming!" shrieked little Tom, and scrambled up the coping like a squirrel up a rail.



"LITTLE TOM DAVENANT DROPPED FROM THE FINGER-POST,
AND CAME RUNNING UP FROM THE FORK OF
THE BANBURY ROAD."

A stir ran out along the guard-wall; some crying out, some starting up. "Sit down, sit down!" cried others, peering askance at the water gurgling green down below. "Sit down, or we shall all be off!"

Robin held his hand above his eyes. A cloud of dust was rising from the London road and drifting off across the fields like smoke when the old ricks burn in damp weather—a long, broad-sheeted mist; and in it were bits of moving gold, shreds of bright colors vaguely seen, and silvery gleams like the glitter of polished metal in the sun. And as he looked the shifty wind came down out of the west again and whirled the cloud of dust away; and there he saw a long line of men upon horses coming at an easy canter up the highway. Just as he had made this out the line came rattling to a stop, the distant drumming of hoofs was still, and as the long file knotted itself into a rosette of ruddy

color amid the April green, a clear, shrill trumpet blew and blew again.

"They are coming!" shouted Robin,—*"they are coming!"* and, turning, waved his cap.

A shout went up along the bridge. Those down below came clambering up, the punts came poling with a rush of foam, and a ripple ran along the edge of Stratford town like the wind through a field of wheat. Windows creaked and doors swung wide, and the workmen stopped in the garden-plots to lean upon their mattocks and to look.

"They are coming!" bellowed Rafe Hickathrift, the butcher's boy, standing far out in the street with his red hands to his mouth for a trumpet—"they are coming!" and at that the doors of Bridge street grew alive with eager eyes.

At early dawn the Oxford carrier had brought the news that the players of the Lord High Admiral were coming up to Stratford out of



"*"THEY ARE COMING!"* BELLOWED THE BUTCHER'S BOY."

London from the south, to play on May-day there; and this was what had set the town to buzzing like a swarm. For there were in England then but three great companies, the High Chamberlain's, the Earl of Pembroke's men, and the stage-players of my Lord Charles Howard, High Admiral of the Realm: and the day on which they came into a Midland market-town to play was one to mark with red and gold upon the calendar of the uneventful year.

Away by the old mill-bridge there were fishermen angling for dace and perch; but when the shout came down from the London road they dropped their poles and ran, through the willows and over the gravel, splashing and thrashing among the rushes and sandy shallows not to be last when the players came. And old John Carter, coming down the Warwick road with a load of hay, laid on the lash until piebald Dobbin snorted in dismay and broke into a lumbering run to reach the old stone bridge in time.

The distant horsemen now were coming on again, riding in double file. They had flung their banners to the breeze, and on the changing wind, with the thumping of horses' hoofs, came by snatches the sound of a kettledrummer drawing his drumhead tight, and beating as he drew, and the muffled blasts of a trumpeter proving his lips.

Fynes Morrison and Walter Stirley, who had gone to Cowslip lane to meet the march, were running on ahead, and shouting as they ran: "There's forty men, and sumpter mules! And, oh, the bravest banners and attire—and the trumpets are a cloth-yard long! Make room for us, make room for us, and let us up!"

A bowshot off, the trumpets blew a blast so high, so clear, so keen, that it seemed a flame of fire in the air, and as the brassy fanfare died away across the roofs of the quiet town, the kettledrums clanged, the cymbals clashed, and all the company began to sing the famous old song of the hunt:

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Sing merrily we, the hunt is up!
The wild birds sing,
The dun deer fling,
The forest aisles with music ring!
Tantara, tantara, tantara!

Then ride along, ride along,
Stout and strong!

Farewell to grief and care;
With a rollicking cheer
For the high dun deer
And a life in the open air!
Tantara, the hunt is up, lads!
Tantara, the bugles bray!
Tantara, tantara, tantara,
Hio, harkaway!

The first of the riders had reached old Clifton bridge; and the banners strained upon their staves in the freshening river-wind. The trumpeters and the drummers led, their horses prancing, white plumes waving in the breeze, and the April sunlight dancing on the brazen horns and the silver bellies of the kettledrums.

Then came the banners of the company, curling down with a silky swish, and unfurling again with a snap like a broad-lashed whip. The greatest one was rosy-red, and on it was a gallant ship upon a flowing sea, bearing upon its mainsail the arms of my Lord Charles Howard, High Admiral of England. Upon its mate was a giant bearded man with a fish's tail, holding a trident in his hand and blowing upon a shell, the Triton of the seas which England ruled; this flag was bright sea-blue. The third was white, and on it was a red wild rose with a golden heart, the common standard of the company.

After the flags came two-score men, the players of the Admiral, the tiring-men, grooms, horse-boys and serving-knaves, well mounted on good horses, and all of them clad in scarlet tabards blazoned with the coat-armor of their master. Upon their caps they wore the famous badge of the Howards, a rampant silver demi-lion; and beneath their tabards at the side could be seen their jerkins of many-colored silk, their silver-buckled belts, and long, thin Spanish rapiers, slapping their horses on the flanks at every stride. Their legs were cased in high-topped riding-boots of tawny cordovan, with gilt spurs, and the housings of their saddles were of blue with the gilt anchors of the admiralty upon them. On their bridles were jingling bits of steel, which made a constant tinkling like a thousand little bells very far away.

Some had faces smooth as boys, and were



THE LORD ADMIRAL'S PLAYERS. "THE TRUMPETERS AND THE DRUMMERS LED, THEIR HORSES FRANCING, WHITE PLUMES
WAVING IN THE BREEZE."

quite young; and others wore sharp-pointed beards with stiff-waxed mustaches, and were older men with a tinge of iron in their hair, and lines of iron in their faces, hardened by the life they led; and some again were smooth-shaven, so often and so closely that their faces were blue with the beard beneath the skin. But, oh, to Nicholas Attwood and the rest of Stratford boys, they were a dashing, rakish, admirable lot, with the air of something even greater than lords, and a keen knowingness in their sparkling, worldly eyes that made a common wise man seem almost a fool beside them!

And so they came riding up out of the south:

Then ride along, ride along,
Stout and strong!
Farewell to grief and care;
With a rollicking cheer
For the high dun deer
And a life in the open air!

"Hurrah, hurrah! God save the Queen!"

A dropping shout went up the street like an arrow-flight scattering over the throng; and the players, waving their scarlet caps until the long line tossed like a poppy-garden in a summer rain, gave a cheer that fairly set the crockery to dancing upon the shelves of the stalls in Middle Row.

"Hurrah!" shouted Nicholas Attwood, his blue eyes shining with delight. "Hurrah, hurrah! for the Admiral's men!" And high in the air he threw his cap, as a wild cheer broke from the eddying crowd, and the arches of the long gray bridge rang hollow with the tread of hoofs. Whiff, came the wind; down dropped the hat upon the very saddle-peak of one tall fellow riding along among the rest. Catching it quickly as it fell, he laughed and tossed it back; and when Nick caught it whirling in the air, a shilling jingled from it to the ground.

Then up Fore Bridge street they all trooped after, into Stratford town.

"Oh," cried Robin, "it is brave, brave!"

"Brave?" cried Nick. "It makes my very heart jump. And see, Robin, 't is a shilling, a real silver shilling—oh, what fellows they all be! Hurrah for the Lord High Admiral's men!"

CHAPTER II.

NICHOLAS ATTWOOD'S HOME.

NICK ATTWOOD'S father came home that night bitterly wroth.

The burgesses of the town council had ordered him to build a chimney upon his house, or pay ten shillings fine; and shillings were none too plenty with Simon Attwood, the tanner of Old Town.

"Soul and body o' man!" said he, "they talk as if they owned the world, and a man could na live upon it save by their leave. I must build my fire in a pipe, or pay ten shillings fine? Things ha' come to a pretty pass—a pretty pass, indeed!" He kicked the rushes that were strewn upon the floor, and ground the clay with his heel. "This litter will ha' to be all took out. Atkins will be here at six i' the morning to do the job; and a lovely mess he will make o' the house!"

"Do na fret thee, Simon," said Mistress Attwood gently. "The rushes need a changing, and I ha' pined this long while to lay the floor wi' new clay from Shottery common. 'T is the sweetest earth! Nick shall take the hangings down, and right things up when the chimley's done."

So at cockcrow next morning Nick slipped out of his straw bed, into his clothes, and down the winding stair, while his parents were still asleep in the loft; and, sousing his head in the bucket at the well, began his work before the old town clock in the chapel tower had yet struck four.

The rushes had not been changed since Easter, and were full of dust and grease from the cooking and the table. Even the fresher sprigs of mint among them smelled stale and old. When they were all in the barrow, Nick sighed with relief, and wiped his hands upon the dripping grass.

It had rained in the night—a soft, warm rain, and the air was full of the smell of the apple-bloom and pear from the little orchard behind the house. The bees were already humming about the straw-bound hives along the garden wall, and a misguided green woodpecker clung upside down to the eaves, and thumped at the beams of the house.

It was very still there in the gray of the dawn. He could hear the rush of the water through the sedge in the mill-race; and then, all at once, the roll of the wheel, the low rumble of the mill-gear, and the cool whisper of the wind in the willows.

When he went back into the house again the painted cloths upon the wall seemed dingier than ever compared with the clean, bright world outside. The sky-blue coat of the Prodigal Son was brown with the winter's smoke; the Red Sea towered above Pharaoh's ill-starred host like an ink mountain; and the homely maxims on the next breadth—"Do no Wrong," "Beware of Sloth," "Overcome Pride," and "Keep an Eye on the Pence"—could scarcely be read.

Nick jumped up on the three-legged stool and began to take them down. The nails were crooked and jammed in the wall, and the last came out with an unexpected jerk. Losing his balance, Nick caught at the table-board which leaned against the wall, but the stool capsized and he came down on the floor with such a flap of tapestry that the ashes flew out all over the room.

He sat up dazed, and rubbed his elbows; then looked around, and began to laugh.

He could hear heavy footsteps overhead. A door opened, and his father's voice called sternly from the head of the stair: "What madcap folly art thou up to now?"

"I be up to no folly at all," said Nick, "but down, sir. I fell from the stool. There 's no harm done."

"Then be about thy business," said Attwood, coming slowly down the stairs.

He was a gaunt man, smelling of leather and untanned hides. His short iron-gray hair grew low down upon his forehead, and his hooked nose, grim wide mouth, and heavy under jaw gave him a look at once forbidding and severe. His doublet of serge and his fustian hose were stained with liquor from the vats, and his eyes were heavy with sleep.

The smile faded from Nick's face. "Shall I throw the rushes into the street, sir?"

"Nay; take them to the muck-hill. The burgesses ha' made a great to-do about folk throwing trash into the highways. Soul and

body o' man!" he growled, "a man must ask if he may breathe. And good hides going a-begging, too!"

Nick hurried away, for he dreaded his father's sullen moods.

The swine were squealing in their styes, the cattle bawled about the straw-thatched barns in Chapel lane, and long files of gabbling ducks waddled hurriedly down to the river through the primroses under the hedge. He could hear the milkmaids calling in the meadows; and when he trundled slowly home the smoke was creeping up in pale-blue threads from the draught-holes in the wall.

The tanner's house stood a little back from the thoroughfare, in that part of Stratford-on-Avon where the south end of Church street turns from Bull lane toward the river. It was roughly built of timber and plaster, the black beams showing through the yellow lime in curious squares and triangles. The roof was of red tiles; and where the spreading elms leaned over it the peaked gable was green with moss.

At the side of the house was a garden of lettuce; beyond the garden a rough wall on which the grass was growing. Sometimes wild primroses grew on top of this wall, and once a yellow daffodil. Beyond the wall were other gardens owned by thrifty neighbors, and open lands in common to them all, where foot-paths wandered here and there in a free, haphazard way.

Behind the house was a well and a wood-pile, and along the lane ran a whitewashed paling fence with a little gate, from which the path went up to the door through rows of bright, old-fashioned flowers.

Nick's mother was getting the breakfast. She was a gentle woman with a sweet, kind face, and a little air of quiet dignity that made her doubly dear to Nick by contrast with his father's unkempt ways. He used to think that, in her worsted gown, with its falling collar of Antwerp linen, and a soft, silken coif upon her fading hair, she was the most beautiful woman in all the world.

She put one arm about his shoulders, brushed back his curly hair, and kissed him on the forehead.

"Thou art mine own good little son," said she tenderly, "and I will bake thee a cake in

the new chimley on the morrow for thy May-day feast."

Then she helped him fetch the trestles from the buttery, set the board, spread the cloth, and lay the wooden platters, pewter cups, and old horn spoons in place. Breakfast being ready, she then called his father from the yard. Nick waited deftly upon them both, so that they were soon done with the simple meal of rye-bread, lettuce, cheese, and milk.

As he carried away the empty platters and brought water and a towel for them to wash their hands, he said quietly, although his eyes were bright and eager, "The Lord High Admiral's company is to act a stage-play at the guildhall to-morrow before Master Davenant the Mayor and the town burgesses."

Simon Attwood said nothing, but his brows drew down.

"They came yestreen from London town by Oxford way to play in Stratford and at Coventry; and are at the Swan Inn with Master Geoffrey Inchbold—oh, ever so many of them, in scarlet jerkins, and cloth of gold, and doublets of silk laced up like any lord! It is a very good company, they say."

Missess Attwood looked quickly at her husband. "What will they play?" she asked.

"I can na say, surely, mother—'Tamburlane,' perhaps, or 'The Troublesome Reign of Old King John.' The play will be free, father—may I go, sir?"

"And lose thy time from school?"

"There is no school to-morrow, sir."

"Then have ye naught to do that ye waste the day in idle folly?" asked the tanner sternly.

"I will do my work beforehand, sir," replied Nick quietly, though his hand trembled a little as he brushed up the crumbs.

"It is May-day, Simon," interceded Missess Attwood, "and a bit of pleasure will na harm the lad."

"Pleasure?" said the tanner sharply; "if he does na find pleasure enough in his work, his book, and his home, he shall na seek it of low rogues and strolling scapegraces."

"But, Simon," said Missess Attwood, "'t is the Lord Admiral's own company—surely they are not all graceless! And," she continued with very quiet dignity, "since mine own

cousin Anne Hathaway married Will Shakspeare the play-actor, 't is scarcely kind to call all players rogues and low."

"No more o' this, Margaret," cried Attwood, flushing angrily. "Thou art ever too ready with the boy's part against me. He shall na go—I 'll find a thing or two for him to do among the vats that will take this taste for idleness out of his mouth. He shall na go: so that be all there is on it." Rising abruptly, he left the room.

Nick clenched his hands.

"Nicholas," said his mother softly.

"Yes, mother," said he; "I know. But he should na flout thee so! And, mother, the Queen goes to the play—father himself saw her at Coventry ten years ago. Is what the Queen does idle folly?"

His mother took him by the hand and drew him to her side, with a smile that was half a sigh: "Art thou the Queen?"

"Nay," said he; "and it 's all the better for England, like enough. But surely, mother, it can na be wrong—"

"To honor thy father?" said she quickly, laying her finger across his lips. "Nay, lad, it is thy bounden duty."

Nick turned and looked up at her wonderingly. "Mother," said he, "art thou an angel come down out of heaven?"

"Nay," she answered, patting his flushed cheek. "I be only the every-day mother of a fierce little son who hath many a hard, hard lesson to learn. Now eat thy breakfast—thou hast been up a long while."

Nick kissed her impetuously and sat down; but his heart still rankled within him.

All Stratford would go to the play. He could hear the murmur of voices and music, the bursts of laughter and applause, the tramp of happy feet going up the guildhall stairs to the mayor's show. Everybody went in free at the mayor's show. The other boys could stand on stools and see it all. They could hold horses at the gate of the inn at the September fair, and so see all the farces. They could see the famous Norwich puppet-play. But he—what pleasure did he ever have? A tawdry pageant by a lot of clumsy country bumpkins at Whitsuntide or Pentecost, or a silly school-boy

masque at Christmas, with the master scolding like a heathen Turk. It was not fair.

And now he'd have to work all May-day. May-day out of all the year! Why, there was to be a May-pole and a morris-dance, and a roasted calf, too, in Master Wainwright's field, since Margery was chosen Queen of the May. And Peter Finch was to be Robin Hood, and Nan Rogers Maid Marian, and wear a kirtle of Kendal green—and oh, but the May-pole would be brave: high as the ridge of the guild-school roof, and hung with ribbons like a rainbow! Geoffrey Hall was to lead the dance, too, and the other boys and girls would all be there. And where would he be? Sousing hides in the tannery vats. Truly his father was a hard man!

He pushed the cheese away.

CHAPTER III.

THE LAST STRAW.

LITTLE John Summer had a new horn-book that cost a silver penny. The handle was carved and the horn was clear as honey. The other little boys stood round about in speechless envy, or murmured their A B C's and "ba be bi's" along the chapel steps. The lower-form boys were playing leap-frog past the almshouse, and Geoffrey Gosse and the vicar's son were in the public gravel-pit, throwing stones at the robins in the Great House elms across the lane.

Some few dull fellows sat upon the steps behind the school-house, anxiously poring over their books. But the larger boys of the Fable Class stood in an excited group beneath the shadow of the overhanging second story of the grammar-school, talking all at once, each louder than the other, until the noise was deafening.

"Oh, Nick! such goings on!" called Robin Getley, whose father was a burgess, as Nick Attwood came slowly up the street, saying his sentences for the day over and over to himself, in hopeless desperation, having had no time to learn them at home. "Stratford Council has had a quarrel, and there 's to be no stage-play after all."

"What?" cried Nick, in amazement. "No stage-play? And why not?"

"Why," said Robin, "it was just this way—my father told me of it. Sir Thomas Lucy, High Sheriff of Worcester, y' know, rode in from Charlchote yesternoon, and with him Sir Edward Greville of Milcote. So the burgesses made a feast for them at the Swan Inn. Sir Thomas fetched a fine, fat buck, and the town stood good for ninepence wine and twopence bread, and broached a keg of sturgeon. And when they were all met together there, eating, and drinking, and making merry—what? Why, in came my Lord Admiral's players from London town, ruffling it like high dukes, and not caring two pence for Sir Thomas, or Sir Edward, or for Stratford burgesses all in a heap; but sat them down at the table straightway, and called for ale, as if they owned the place; and not being served as soon as they desired, they laid hands upon Sir Thomas's server as he came in from the buttery with his tray full, and took both meat and drink."

"What?" cried Nick.

"As sure as shooting, they did!" said Robin; "and when Sir Thomas's gentry yeomen would have seen to it—what? Why, my Lord Admiral's master-player clapped his hand to his poniard-hilt, and dared them come and take it if they could."

"To Sir Thomas Lucy's men?" exclaimed Nick, aghast.

"Ay, to their teeth! Sir Edward sprang up then and said it was a shame for players to behave so outrageously in Will Shakspeare's own home town. And at that Sir Thomas, who, ye know, has always disliked Will, flared up like a bull at a red rag, and swore that all stage-players be runagate rogues, anyway, and Will Shakspeare neither more nor less than a deer-stealing scape-gallows."

"Surely he did na say that in Stratford Council?" protested Nick.

"Ay, but he did—that very thing," said Robin; "and when that was out, the master-player sprang upon the table, overturning half the ale, and cried out that Will Shakspeare was his very own true friend, and the sweetest fellow in all England; and that whosoever gainsaid it was a hemp-cracking rascal, and that he would prove it upon his back with a quarter-staff whenever and wherever he chose, be he Sir Thomas Lucy,

St. George and the Dragon, Guy of Warwick, and the great dun cow, all rolled up in one!"

"Robin Getley, is this the very truth, or art thou cozening me?"

"Upon my word, it is the truth," said Robin. "And that's not all. Sir Edward cried out 'Fie!' upon the player for a saucy varlet; but the fellow only laughed, and bowed quite low, and said that he took no offense from Sir Edward for saying that, since it could not honestly be denied, but that Sir Thomas did not know the truth from a truckle-bed in broad daylight, and was but the remnant of a gentleman to boot."

"The bold-faced rogue!"

"Ay, that he is," nodded Robin; "and for his boldness Sir Thomas straightway demanded that the High Bailiff refuse the company license to play in Stratford."

"Refuse the Lord High Admiral's players?"

"Marry, no one else. And then Master John Shakspeare, wroth at what Sir Thomas had said of his son Will, vowed that he would send a letter down to London town, and lay the whole coil before the Lord High Admiral himself. For ever since that he was high bailiff, the best companies of England had always been bidden to play in Stratford, and it would be an ill thing now to refuse the Lord Admiral's company after granting licenses to both my Lord Pembroke's and the High Chamberlain's."

"And so it would," spoke up Walter Roche; "for there are our own townsmen, Richard and Cuthbert Burbage, who are cousins of mine, and John Hemyng and Thomas Greene, besides Will Shakspeare and his brother Edmund, all playing in the Lord Chamberlain's company in London before the Queen. It would be a black score against them all with the Lord Admiral—I doubt not he would pay them out."

"That he would," said Robin, "and so said my father and Alderman Henry Walker, who, y' know, is Will Shakspeare's own friend. And some of the burgesses who cared not a rap for that were afraid of offending the Lord Admiral. But Sir Thomas vowed that my Lord Howard was at Cadiz with Walter Raleigh and the young Earl of Sussex, and would by no means hear of it. So Master Bailiff Stubbes, who, 't is said, doth owe Sir Thomas forty pound, and is therefore under his thumb, forthwith refused

the company license to play in Stratford guild-hall, inn-yard, or common. And at that the master-player threw his glove into Master Stubbes's face, and called Sir Thomas a stupid old bell-wether, and Stratford burgesses silly sheep for following wherever he chose to jump."

"And so they be," sneered Hal Saddler.

"How?" cried Robin hotly. "My father is a Burgess. Dost thou call him a sheep, Hal Saddler?"

"Nay, nay," stammered Hal hastily; "'t was not thy father I meant."

"Then hold thy tongue with both hands," said Robin sharply, "or it will crack thy pate for thee some of these fine days."

"But come, Robin," asked Nick eagerly, "what became of the quarrel?"

"Well, when the master-player threw his glove into Master Stubbes's face, the Chief Constable seized him for contempt of Stratford Council, and held him for trial. At that some cried 'Shame!' and some 'Hurrah!'—but the rest of the players fled out of town in the night, lest their baggage be taken by the law and they be fined."

"Whither did they go?" asked Nick, both sorry and glad to hear that they were gone.

"To Coventry, and left the master-player behind in gaol."

"Why, they dare na use him so—the Lord Admiral's own man!"

"Ay, that they don't! Why, hark 'e, Nick! This morning, since Sir Thomas has gone home, and the burgesses' heads have all cooled down from the sack and the clary they were in last night, la! but they are in a pretty stew, my father says, for fear that they have given offense to the Lord Admiral. So they have spoken the master-player softly, and given him his freedom out of hand; and a long gold chain to twine about his cap, to mend the matter with, beside."

"Whee-ew!" whistled Nick. "I wish I were a master-player!"

"Oh, but he will not be pleased, and says he will have his revenge on Stratford town if he must needs wait until the end of the world or go to the Indies after it. And he has had his breakfast served in Master Geoffrey Inchbold's own room at the Swan, and swears

that he will walk the whole way to Coventry sooner than straddle the horse that the bur-
gessees have sent him to ride."

"What! Is he at the inn? Why, let's go down and see him."

"Master Brunswood says that he will birch whoever cometh late," objected Hal Saddler.

"Birch?" groaned Nick. "Why, he does nothing but birch! A fellow can na say his '*sum, es, est*' without catching it. And as for getting through the '*genitivo*' and '*vocativo*' without a downright threshing—" he shrugged his shoulders ruefully as he remembered his unlearned lesson. Everything had gone wrong with him that morning, and the thought of the birching that he was sure to get was more than he could bear. "I will na stand it any longer—I'll run away!"

Kit Sedgewick laughed ironically. "And when the skies fall we'll catch sparrows, Nick Attwood," said he. "Whither wilt thou run?"

Stung by his tone of ridicule, Nick out with the first thing that came into his head: "To Coventry, after the stage-players," said he defiantly.

The whole crowd gave an incredulous hoot.

Nick's face flushed. To be crossed at home, to be birched at school, to work all May-day in the tannery vats, and to be laughed at—it was too much.

"Ye think that I will na? Well, I'll show ye! 'Tis only eight miles to Warwick, and hardly more than that beyond—no walk at all—and Diccon Haggard, my mother's cousin, lives in Coventry. So out upon your musty Latin—English is good enough for me this day! There's blue-bells blowing in the dingles, and cuckoo-buds no end. And while ye are all grinding at your old *Æsop*, I shall be roaming over the hills wherever I please."

As he spoke he thought of the dark, wainscoted walls of the school-room with their narrow little windows overhead, of the foul-smelling floors of the tannery in Southam's lane, and his heart gave a great, rebellious leap. "Ay," said he, exultantly, "I shall be out where the birds can sing and the grass is green; and I shall see the stage-play; while ye will be mewed up all day long in school, and have nothing but a beggarly morris and a farthing May-pole on the morrow."

"Oh, no doubt, no doubt," said Hal Saddler mockingly. "We shall have but bread and milk, and thou shalt have—a most glorious threshing from thy father when thou comest home again!"

That was the last straw to Nick's unhappy heart.

"'Tis a threshing either way," said he,



NICK ATTWOOD'S FATHER.

squaring his shoulders doggedly. "Father will thresh me if I run away; and Master Brunswood will thresh me if I don't. I'll not be birched four times a week for merely tripping on a word, and have nothing to show for it but stripes. If I must take a threshing, I'll have my good day's game out first."

"But wilt thou truly go to Coventry, Nick?" asked Robin Getley earnestly, for he liked Nick more than all the rest.

"Ay, truly, Robin,—that I will;" and, turning, Nick walked swiftly away toward the market-place, never looking back.



OVER the hills and far away
There are dreadful dragons that knights may
slay—

Great snorting dragons with brazen scales,
And wings of leather, and coiling tails.
But if you 're the proper kind of knight,
With a suit of mail and a sword that 's bright,
You may whip those dragons and win the day,
Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away
There are ogres living in castles gray,
With a horn to blow and the drawbridge down,
And the ogres bellow, and stamp, and frown.
But it does n't do to be frightened—no!
You must face them boldly and strike a blow,
And then you marry the Princess May,
Over the hills and far away!



Over the hills and far away
 There are fairy monarchs in grand array,
 With gnomes, and pixies, and brownies, too;
 And my! the marvelous things they do!
 But though they startle you just a bit,
 They will help a lad who is sharp of wit,
 And it's fun to watch when they dance and
 play —
 Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away
 You may have an excellent time, I say.
 There are golden islands and magic springs
 And jabberwockies — and heaps of things!
 You can't be dull in a land like that,
 With enchanted boots and a talking cat,
 So *is* it a wonder you long to stray
 Over the hills and far away?



THE TIMOROUS TRIMBLE.

BY FELIX LEIGH.

THE Trimble saw the Gillybut
 Careering through the sky:
 "Come down," she called; "there is a Wunth
 Which snaps at those who fly!"

The Trimble watched the Gillybut
 Sail forth upon the sea.
 "Put back," she wailed; "the east is red—
 'T will blow a Shimmerkee!"

The Trimble found the Gillybut
 Asleep beneath a wall.

"Get up," she cried; "now just suppose
 The Tangskip were to fall!"

The Trimble spied the Gillybut
 At supper on a bough.
 "Jump off," she screamed; "you're sure to catch
 Odilopasis now!"

The Trimble plagued the Gillybut
 In this wise day by day;
 But *who* they were and *what* she feared
 It's difficult to say.



WE have all noticed how a weed appears in a field or lawn,—perhaps only one or two plants the first year,—and in a season or two has spread everywhere.

The dandelion is an Old World flower, not native in America, save far to the North and on some of the highest of our western mountains. But somehow it was brought here, perhaps from England in old colonial times. Now we see its golden heads and feathery balls at every grassy roadside, the “clocks” the boys and girls blow to tell the hour. A few years ago farmers in the Northwest found a new weed, a vile prickly weed, in their wheat-fields. In a very short time this weed, the Russian thistle, has spread over wide acres of the best farm-land in that part of the country, and has done great injury to the crops.

How do these plants spread so fast and so far? They are not carried about and planted. No one would be so foolish as to sow Russian thistles. The mother-plant must have ways of her own for sending her offspring abroad into the world. Plants propagate themselves in two ways, from seed or from buds. Sometimes these buds are borne on slender runners. A strawberry plant, after it has blossomed, begins to send out such runners, with buds, unfolding tufts of leaves, along them. These tufts

are at first connected with the parent plant, but later the runners between break away, and each tuft becomes a new plant. Many grasses, like Bermuda grass and the troublesome quick-or couch-grass, have creeping stems, each joint sending out a bunch of roots below and a bud on the upper side. If you try to hoe up such grasses, you only make matters worse, for each joint when cut off is ready to form an independent plant. Such grasses spread very fast, and soon take possession of the land they get into.

Many plants, like lilies and crocuses, have thick bulbs or corms underground, on which grow the buds that are to make new plants. Every year new bulbs grow out of the old one. The little round, dark bulblets between the leaves and stems of our showy garden friend the tiger-lily are buds that fall to the ground and make new plants.

But most plants grow from seed, and we are going to see just now how the seed is scattered.

It is good for plants to keep as much apart as possible. If the seed fell straight to the ground, and the young plants all grew up together around the parent one, they would starve each other out. For plants are like people, and when crowded too closely together, fall to fighting among themselves. Their struggles are very bitter ones, though we do not see or hear them. The plants that are strongest in these silent battles end by getting the light and air and water and food they need from the soil, while the poor weaklings are left to starve

and die. To prevent too much of this wasteful crowding and struggling, old Dame Nature has invented many a clever little scheme.

When trees or smaller plants grow on river banks, their fruits often and are carried down stream by the current, sometimes finding landing-places on the banks, and so growing up into new plants. Who has not seen sycamore-balls and buckeyes traveling along in this easy fashion? These

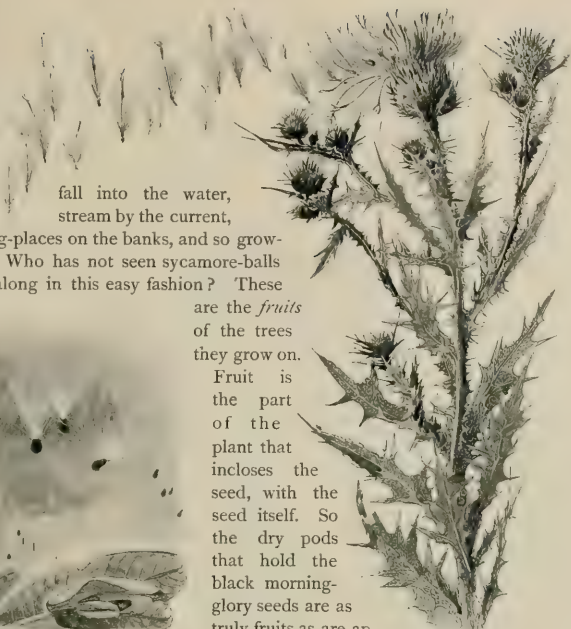
are the *fruits* of the trees they grow on.

Fruit is the part of the plant that incloses the seed, with the seed itself. So the dry pods that hold the black morning-glory seeds are as truly fruits as are apples or strawberries,

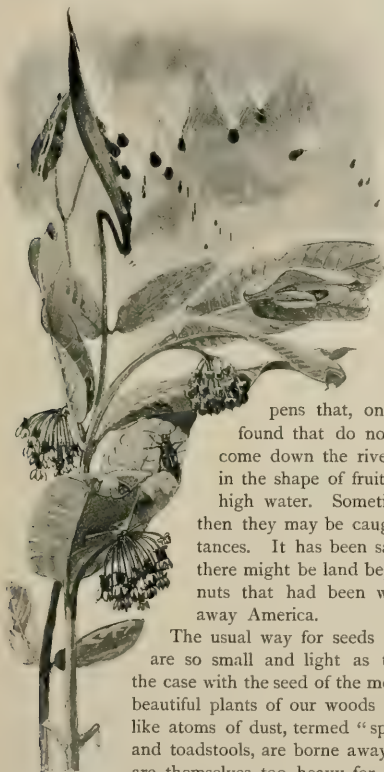
though we commonly use the word only for those that are good to eat. It often hap-

pens that, on small islands in rivers, trees and flowers are found that do not grow on the neighboring banks. These have come down the river, sometimes from the mountains where it rises, in the shape of fruits, and have found lodging on the island, during high water. Sometimes fruits are thus borne quite out to sea, and then they may be caught up by ocean currents and carried long distances. It has been said that Columbus first formed the notion that there might be land beyond the western ocean on seeing some strange nuts that had been washed to the shores of the Azores from far away America.

The usual way for seeds to be carried is by the wind. Sometimes they are so small and light as to be easily wafted by the breezes. This is the case with the seed of the moccasin-flowers and meadow-pinks, and the other beautiful plants of our woods and bogs called orchids. And the tiny bodies, like atoms of dust, termed "spores," that answer to seed in ferns and mosses and toadstools, are borne away by the lightest breath of air. But most seeds are themselves too heavy for this. So they are oftentimes provided with thin, broad wings that carry them before the wind as a sail carries a boat. The pairs of "keys" that hang in clusters from the maple-trees in spring are such



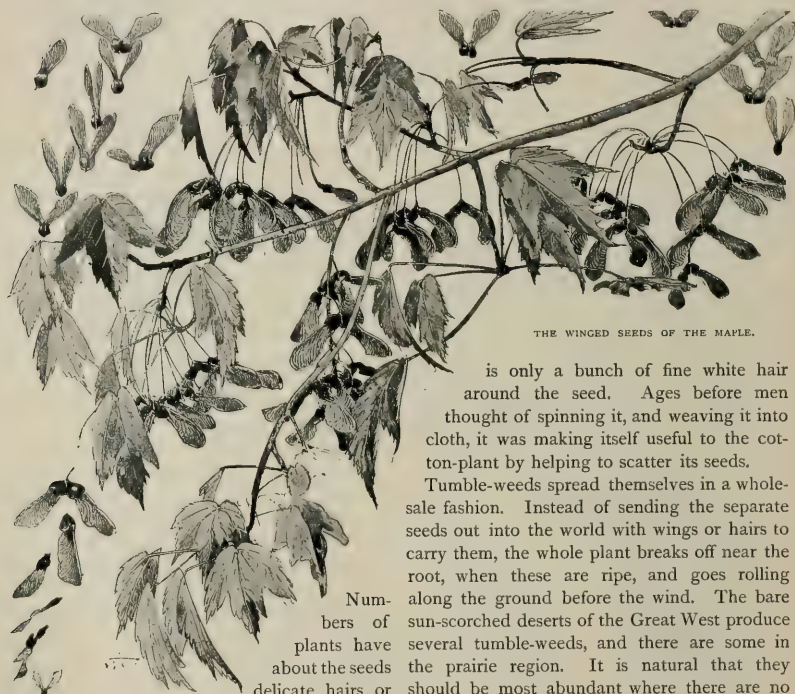
THE THISTLE'S ARGOSY.



OFF ON A FAVORING BREEZE, THE SEEDS OF THE MILKWEED.

winged fruits. When ripe they float slowly to the ground, or if a high wind is blowing, they are carried farther from the tree. The ash has thick bunches of winged fruits much like these, but single. The elm has a thin, papery border all around its small seeds, which makes them quite conspicuous as they hang on the branch-lets before the leaves have come out.

small, brown seed. The seeds that ripen in heads on the clematis, after the handsome purple flower-leaves have fallen, have long feathered tails, like slender bird-plumes, that do the same work that is given to the silk of milkweed. The "cotton" around the seeds of the willows at the riverside and of the poplars along city streets serves the same useful purpose. Cotton itself



THE WINGED SEEDS OF THE MAPLE.

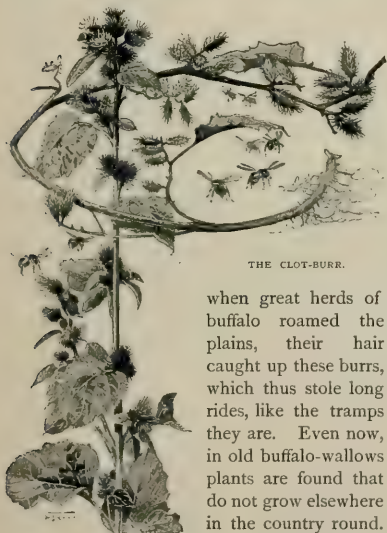
is only a bunch of fine white hair around the seed. Ages before men thought of spinning it, and weaving it into cloth, it was making itself useful to the cotton-plant by helping to scatter its seeds.

Tumble-weeds spread themselves in a wholesale fashion. Instead of sending the separate seeds out into the world with wings or hairs to carry them, the whole plant breaks off near the root, when these are ripe, and goes rolling along the ground before the wind. The bare sun-scorched deserts of the Great West produce several tumble-weeds, and there are some in the prairie region. It is natural that they should be most abundant where there are no hills nor trees to stop them in their course. But we have one tumble-weed in the East—the old-witch grass, so-called, maybe, because it rides the wind like an old beldame. In September this grass spreads its head, or panicle, with hair-like, purple branches, in every sandy field. When the seeds are ripe the plants are blown across the field, often piling up in masses along fences and hedgerows. As might be expected, the hair-grass, which has so effective a

Numbers of plants have about the seeds delicate hairs or bristles that take the place of wings. A dandelion "clock," or a head of thistle-down, is a bunch of seeds, each with a circle of fine bristles on the summit. When the seeds are ripe, along comes a breeze, and puff! away go the seeds, hanging from their tufts of bristles, as the basket hangs from a balloon. The bunches of long silky hairs that come from a bursting pod of milkweed, and fill the air around, have each their precious cargo in the shape of a

way of spreading itself, is found throughout the United States, from ocean to ocean.

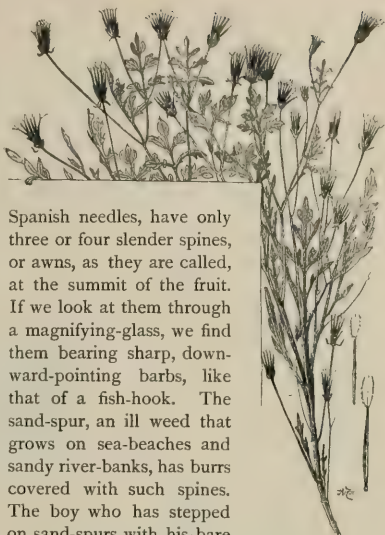
After a stroll afield, in the fall, one is apt to wonder, as he works away at the burrs that cover his clothes, what use they can possibly be. Burrs are a great nuisance to men and animals; but the plants they grow on find them very serviceable, for they are simply fruits covered with spines or prickles; and this is only another way plants have to distribute their seeds. That it is a scheme that works well any one can see who has a hunting-dog, and keeps it in his yard. In the spring fine crops of Spanish needles and clot-burrs come up as if by magic, where there were none before. They have grown from the burrs the dog brought home in his coat the autumn before. Around woolen mills in New England plants from the West spring up in a mysterious way, and nearly always these have burr-fruits. They have grown from the burrs taken from the fleece of sheep, in cleaning, and thrown out as waste. Some troublesome weeds have been introduced in this manner. On the prairies there are many plants with this kind of fruit. In former days,



THE BURDOCK.

THE CLOT-BURR.

when great herds of buffalo roamed the plains, their hair caught up these burrs, which thus stole long rides, like the tramps they are. Even now, in old buffalo-wallows plants are found that do not grow elsewhere in the country round. Some burrs, like



SPANISH NEEDLES.

Spanish needles, have only three or four slender spines, or awns, as they are called, at the summit of the fruit. If we look at them through a magnifying-glass, we find them bearing sharp, downward-pointing barbs, like that of a fish-hook. The sand-spur, an ill weed that grows on sea-beaches and sandy river-banks, has burrs covered with such spines. The boy who has stepped on sand-spurs with his bare feet knows this to his sorrow. The tiny barbs go in easily, but every attempt to draw them out makes them tear into the flesh.

Often the spines or bristles are hooked instead of being barbed. The clot-burr, or cockle-burr that grows abundantly in waste ground, and the agrimony of our woods, are examples. Burdock has such hooked prickles on its fruits, and they stick so fast together, that children make of them neat little baskets, handles and all. The tick-trefoil has jointed pods, covered thickly with small hooked hairs that can hardly be seen without a magnifying-glass. These are the small, flat, brown burrs that cover the clothing after a walk through the woods in September. They are most annoying burrs, worse than clot-burrs, they are so small and stick so fast.

The most curious of all the ways of spreading the seeds is that adopted by the jewel-weed. This is a handsome plant, often seen in shady places along brooks. It owes its name to the dew that in early morning hangs in glistening drops, like small round diamonds, along the scalloped edges of the leaves. Late in summer,—

in August and September,—the jewel-weed is covered with pretty flowers, something like snapdragon blossoms, orange-red spotted with brown. Later on, when the seeds are ripe, the lightest touch will make the pods that hold them burst open suddenly, and scatter them far and wide, like shot from a tiny cannon. For this reason the European jewel-weed is known as *Noli-me-tangere*, which is Latin for "Touch me not." The garden balsam, or lady's-slipper, a relative of the jewel-weed, has the same sort of elastically-opening pods.

Another American plant that shoots out its seed in the same fashion is the witch-hazel, a shrub sometimes planted on lawns, and growing wild along brooks and on hill-sides. The witch-hazel blossoms in October or November, when most other plants are dead. Often its own leaves have fallen when it begins to unfold its strap-shaped, crinkled yellow petals. Its shining black seeds do not ripen till the next



THE CLEMATIS. SEEDS WITH PLUMES.

midsummer. Then they are discharged violently from the pods, and are sometimes thrown ten or twelve feet. The witch-hazel is a sturdy, independent fellow, and he does not wait for wind or water, or for chance wander-

ing animals to do his work for him.

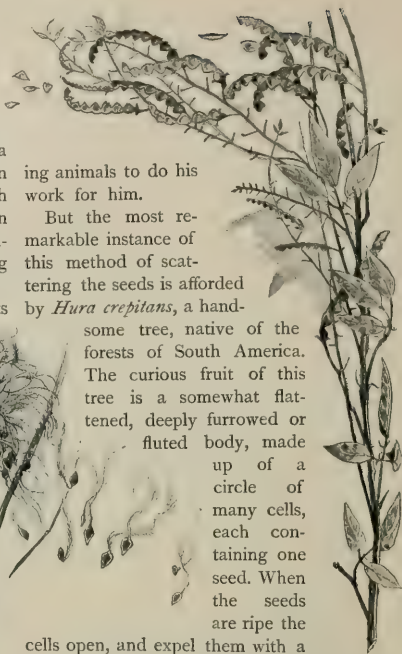
But the most remarkable instance of this method of scattering the seeds is afforded by *Hura crepitans*, a hand-

some tree, native of the forests of South America. The curious fruit of this tree is a somewhat flattened, deeply furrowed or fluted body, made up of a circle of many cells, each containing one seed. When the seeds are ripe the

cells open, and expel them with a loud report, like the crack of a pistol. Hence the fruit is sometimes called the "monkeys' dinner-bell."

Stories have been told of *Hura* fruits being placed in desks and subsequently opening and discharging their seeds with such violence as to break ink-wells, and even to crack the wood of the desk.

Many other means employed by plants to disperse themselves could be described were there space for them. Those of us who live in the country, or visit it in summer, can discover some of these for ourselves. They are of never-failing interest, for they show how ready plants are to seek out new homes, and fit themselves for more important places in the world. Those that can do this are always spreading and waxing strong among their fellows, while the weaker ones gradually become rarer, and finally, if completely overcome, may disappear from certain localities.



THE TICK TREFOIL.

BOB'S WAY.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

ST. NICHOLAS belongs to Bob,
Because our Uncle Jim
When he subscribed, last Christmas Day,
Had it addressed to him.

But when it comes, why, I can't wait—
To read it—till Bob 's through;
And Bob, who 's always good to me,
Found out a way to do.

So, while he 's reading on one page,
I 'm reading on another.
It 's just like Bob.—Whatever 's his
He shares it with his brother.



after

L. A. Armstrong

JUNE'S GARDEN.

BY MARION HILL.

CHAPTER I.

THE PLAN.

"LEILA, I wish you'd stop reading," begged June, gloomily. "I have something very important to tell you."

"Um," assented the absorbed reader, turning a page.

"Besides, it is too twilighty to read," pursued June, relentlessly. "You ought to stop. Do you hear me?"

"Um-um," murmured Leila, buried fathoms deep in the story.

"Reading is a fearful waste of time," moralized June, who, having come to the end of *her* book, found that the minutes were hanging heavily—"a—a great waste; because, you see, things in books are never what they are in real life. I have felt it from my babyhood up. Even in my school-days I was tormented by the discrepancies. Take, now, that story of the boy who broke somebody's window, and nobly went to pay for it with his one and only dollar. If you recollect, the owner of the smashed window put the money back in the youth's hand, and all but wept tears of joy over his honesty. Now, if *I* broke a window, I am sure I would not only lose my dollar, but would get roundly scolded for carelessness into the bargain. Don't you think so?"

Leila cooed again without raising her eyes, but June accepted the sound as an evidence of attention, and proceeded with her reminiscences: "Then the studious youth who wanted some books very badly and went out one frosty New Year's morning to buy them, only to stumble across a destitute family, to whom the new and shining (as if that made it any more valuable!)—to whom the new and shining money went as a matter of course. But did the child have to do without his books, as you or I would expect to do? Not a bit of it, my young

friend. Lo and behold! his father, who in some marvelous manner became informed of the whole transaction, bought him a double quantity of books to reward him for his kindness of heart. Such tales are a perversion of Nature, who contends that you cannot have your cake and eat it. I have communed much with Nature, and I know her sentiments. These are her exact words: 'You cannot keep your cake, Miss June Miller, and likewise eat it.'"

There was a pause, during which some ashes fell into the grate. Leila turned another page, and June cast a rapt gaze ceilingward as she gathered material for her next words.

"Books are the root of all evil—they are a delusion and a snare. Have you noticed that no matter how ugly a heroine is to start with, she is always sure to blossom into a beauty before you are done with her? Why, if *I* were to live for a hundred years, do you think any combination on earth could transform *me* into a beauty?"

"I do *not*!" announced Leila, emphatically, roused at last to articulation.

June laughed good-temperedly. She accepted the fact of her plainness without letting it worry her.

"To hear you talk, one would think you were a monster of uncharitableness, when the truth is, you give away your clothes, and your books, and your time, and your—" Leila went on.

"Not my money," said June, dryly.

"Simply because you never have any money. But you would if you had."

"Sister, my sweet sister," as Byron says, you have not grasped the gist of my remarks at all. What I am objecting to is the idea that we get paid right back for everything we do, when we don't. And we ought not to, for it spoils everything. Why, if *I* deny myself something to have a little money for charities, and then some

one makes up that something to me, I feel as if I had been cheated out of half the fun."

"Oh, June!" said Leila, wincing. Often-times June's direct expressions were a trial to her; so she sought to change the trend of thought by asking, "What was the important thing you had to say?"

"Oh! Ah! It is hard to start in the right place to make you see its importance as I see it," confessed June. "But I'll do my best. We get enough to eat, don't we, Leila?"

"Good gracious, June, what a question!"

"Answer, please," was the remorseless response.

"Yes."

"And we have clothes to cover us, even if they are of the fashion of years gone by."

"Yes."

"And we pay our bills —"

"With trouble."

"And we live in rather a nice street —"

"In a *very* nice street; too nice, for our house is the only shanty on the block."

"But in spite of these enumerated blessings, has it never occurred to you that we are really very poor?"

"Have we not *always* been poor?" sighed Leila.

"Well, we have; but that is no reason why we should be content to remain so. And since poor father died, mother has had to work entirely too much for her strength. You and I are willing enough to work, Leila, but we certainly are not successes at obtaining employment. And yet it is clear that we *must* do something to help little mother along!"

"We have talked this way so often, and it has never come to anything," said Leila, truly enough.

"Well, one swallow does not make a summer," said June, soothingly; she had a way of extracting unusual meanings out of the proverbs she used. "I have another plan — a grand one."

"What is it?"

"To work in my garden for profit as well as for pleasure; to raise violets for florists, and roses, and chrysanthemums, as the season bids. Don't you think the idea is glorious?"

"Y-y-yes," was the halting answer.

"Oh, you don't, eh? Well, for myself, I can see only one thing against it."

"What is that?"

"The agony that my commercial proceedings will arouse in both our neighbors," said June, with an irrepressible burst of laughter as she thought of the situation.

"And the haughtiest one on the block, the lame girl, sits where she will be able to watch you gardening. There will be no keeping out of her sight."

"It may cheer her up to have something to look at," suggested June. "At any rate, I cannot afford to be hindered by fear of what the neighbors may think of me. I am not going to do anything wrong."

"Are you really going to do all this that you have said?" asked Leila.

"Yes."

"To ask money for your flowers that you love so, to work in your garden as at a business, to ask florists to buy from you? Oh, June, it is hard!"

"Yes," repeated June, rising, and putting her hands sturdily behind her.

She looked like one making ready for a dire struggle.

"Oh, why are we so poor? What wrong have we ever done?" cried Leila, breaking into tears.

"What *right* have we ever done that we should be rich?" demanded June, grimly, but smoothing her sister's bent head with the tenderest touches.

"Oh, June, how strong you are! You never cry."

"Tears are not in my line," said June, winking back, as she spoke, a sympathetic fog. "I only cry when I have done everything else I can think of. And really, with so much to do in the world, there is mighty little time for weeping — that is, for me. As long as I can swing my arms, and take a deep breath, and get at something, I never despair. 'Up and doing, little Christian,' is *my* motto; though candor compels me to confess that I am not little, nor am I as good a Christian as I could wish, nor is my 'doing' of any vast importance. Still, the motto is excellent. Now I come to think of it, can there be a nicer occupation

than being 'up' early in the morning, and 'doing' in a sweet-smelling garden? Answer, 'little Christian.'

"So you have made up your mind?"

"Yes; and made my preparations, too."

"In what way?"

"First, I asked mother if I might."

"What does she think?"

"She deplores the necessity, but commends the courage of my undertaking," said June, reveling in her romantic wording.

"Good; but you're not businesslike."

perching upon the arm of Leila's chair, kissed her sister with a gay penitence.

"When are you going to begin your new business?" asked Leila, faintly cheered.

"As the sages tell us, there is no time like — to-morrow," quoth June, triumphantly.

CHAPTER II.

"MISS ARCTIC."

JUNE and Leila and a small white kitten sat on the steps of the porch, and surveyed the



JUNE BEGINS HER GARDEN.

"Well, maybe not. But people have their different ways, I suppose. As a worthy woman once remarked, 'It takes all sorts of folks to make the world, and, thank fortune, I 'm not one of them.'"

"June, dear!"

"What's the matter now?"

"Can't you be serious for a moment?"

"Well, when things come into a person's head, what is that person to do?" and June,

long neglected garden. The kitten was quite as interested as anybody, turning her coquettish little head from side to side with the thoughtfulness of a professor.

"Why did we call this kitty 'Misfit'?" asked Leila, after a silent reminiscence.

"Because her thick fur is a decided misfit for her thin bones, and because her largely active spirit is a misfit for her small body. Moreover, if she should be addicted to fits, the name

would be suitable; just as it would be if she *missed* having fits. Do you remember?"

"Oh, yes; you never forget things, do you?"

"Oh, never!" said June, derisively.

There was another period of silence. Really, the garden was in a state of distress.

"What are you going to do first?" asked Leila.

"Dig," responded June, with Spartan brevity; and, jumping up, she ran down the steps, seized a spade, and flung herself into the occupation.

The morning was one of California's fairest—I did not tell you, did I, that the Millers lived in California? Well, they did; and in the garden city of Alameda—a broad and gracious town, where one can call himself in the city or the country, as the whim seizes him. Flowers grow with as little effort or care as the birds sing. No wonder that June felt sanguine.

"Now, according to the best literature," she puffed, between the digs, "my venture ought to attract the attention of an eccentric millionaire with an appreciation of earnest endeavor, who would buy my flowers at triple their value, as fast as I could raise them, so that eventually I would retire on a fortune sufficient to buy up all Europe; or, if the season for millionaires was dull, I might have to content myself with purchasing the United States. Or I might as well prepare myself for the worst, and make up my mind to earn no more than would buy us a homestead, and keep us in silk dresses for the rest of our natural lives."

"What would your millionaire buy?" asked Leila, looking around at the dearth of blooms.

"What's the matter with those hyacinths?" demanded June, loftily.

"Nothing. They are beautiful," agreed Leila. "I did not notice them before."

"I did. They are my whole stock in trade just at present. Just smell them!" cried June, ecstatically.

"I believe that you *like* to work out here," said her sister, skeptically.

"Glorify in it. Don't you?"

"I would rather be indoors reading," said Leila, proceeding to vanish.

Left to herself, June worked with a greater will than ever, drinking in the nectar of the morning's freshness, and pouring out the ex-

uberance of her heart either in song or in bits of advice to Misfit, who was embarrassingly persistent in her attentions.

"I suppose you think I could not get on without you?" exclaimed she reproachfully, as Misfit rolled rapturously over a slip just planted. Now the kitten ran about chasing a leaf, next sat down to watch it, and finally jumped a foot in the air in a nervous frenzy when the wind moved the leaf unexpectedly.

"I declare, plants and kittens do give one the most charming thoughts! I have n't enjoyed myself so much for months. And our high and mighty neighbors have n't appealed to the police yet. Things are not so frigid as I expected. Positively, it is quite equatorial while I work here in the center of things; but what will happen if I spade myself down to either fence? Something, surely; for there is 'Miss Arctic' at her post, scowling over her crutches (poor thing!); and, as I live, there is old 'Mrs. Antarctic' tottering round *her* garden."

While June invented these coldly-descriptive names, she worked steadily on, just as if the two curious neighbors were not watching her every movement. She soon forgot them again in the interest of her work. It was so delightful to dig up great mounds of rich-smelling earth! So absorbing to plant out the tiny pansy seedlings! So fascinating to cut chrysanthemum slips and trim the rose-bushes! Misfit, too, seemed so wildly grateful for the unusual companionship. Not a hole could June dig that Misfit did not deem it dug expressly that she might descend into it and chase her tail in those confined quarters.

"Won't you *please* go away! You bother me so!" wailed June piteously at last; and to her horror she heard a freezing voice reply:

"I quite fail to see how my presence can *bother* you!"

June had insensibly "spaded" herself near to the domain of Miss Arctic; and that offended young person, fancying herself addressed, was preparing to limp indoors, when June, sitting down in the grass in her great despair, explained:

"I was talking to my cat!"

At this precise moment, too, Misfit hurled herself upon a newly planted pink slip, and,

dragging it bodily out of the ground, wrapped it in a warm embrace, and rolled from side to side with it.

"Do you wonder?" implored June.

"No," replied the lame girl, smiling faintly, and looking as if she would like to linger and talk. In spite of the smile, a perpetual frown gloomed upon her face.

"I am so glad we are acquainted at last," announced Miss Miller, taking it for granted that the ice was broken. "I have always wanted to know you."

"Why?"

"Because you are so pretty, for one thing," replied truthfully June.

"*Me* pretty! *Me*!" said the lame girl, flushing painfully, and glancing at her crutch.

"Very pretty. Look at me, now; I am hopeless. But all the same, I adore pretty people and pretty things."

"And would you adore me?" asked the girl, a trifle bitterly.

"If you would let me, Miss Arc — oh, my!"

"What did you call me?"

"I don't know your name," mumbled June.

"My name is Sarah Allison. Sarah. Beautiful, is n't it?"

"Don't you like it?"

"I detest it!"

"Oh, dear!" said her sympathetic listener.

"I think Sarah is a grand old name. Sarah means the princess. It's so dignified. My name is June. No dignity about that."

"June? Because you were born in June?"

"Exactly. My sister was born in November."

"And her name is —"

"Leila," replied Leila's sister, laughing.

"I wish I had a sister," said Sarah Allison.

"But you have the dearest brother! I have seen him."

"*Dearest!*" echoed the girl, with scorn.

"Gracious! What's the matter with him?" asked June, in consternation.

"He is rough. He teases. He is unfeeling. He runs about, while I can only hobble."

June jumped to her feet, with a look of distaste on her bright young face. Her voice, too, was very clear as she said:

"It seems to me that you speak as if you would like him to be lame, too."

For answer the girl burst into tears, crying: "Nobody loves me! Nobody knows how I suffer!"

"Ugh! weeping again! It's a wonder you have any weeps left!" cried a scoffing voice.

"I suppose *you* are Roy Allison, though I can't see you," said June, looking around.

"A little higher," said the same jeering voice; and June obediently lifted her eyes until she gazed right into two dancing blue orbs whose owner was perched in a tree near by.

"Oh!" said June, amicably, pleased at her penetration.

"You don't say so!" twittered the boy.

June laughed in friendly fashion. Being brotherless, her heart went out to boys.

"What a grand climber you are!" she said.

"Not a bit afraid."

Any one who is familiar with the mysterious ways of boys can guess the effect of these words upon the young gentleman. He gave no evidence of having heard, but nevertheless commenced a series of difficult evolutions, springing from branch to branch, clinging to slender twigs by the skin of his teeth, as it were, and ending by sliding down a treacherously swaying limb, and landing almost at his sister's feet.

"Good!" commented June, critically. But Sarah thought otherwise.

"Showing off!" she sneered.

The boy's handsome face flushed angrily, and he seemed about to make some rude rejoinder; but, having caught June's anxious look, he thought better of it, and walked proudly away.

"I would like to be friends with that boy," announced June, warmly.

"And not with me?" cried the lame girl, with jealous suffering.

"I *am* friends with you," replied June, softly.

"He is always as you saw him — insolent and uncompanionable."

"Just high animal spirits, I think," said June, sagely.

"He caused my lameness," whispered Sarah.

"How?"

"I'll tell you some time," promised Sarah, walking into the house in obedience to a bell.

"This bids fair to be a highly exciting acquaintance," confided June to the kitten; and both entered again upon their labors.

(To be continued.)

A RACE FOR A GIRDLE.

BY JANE MARSH PARKER.

THE race-course was between the Old World and the New. The racers were telegraph companies. One was called the "Russian Overland"; the other the "Atlantic Cable."

The track of the "Russian" lay between New Westminster in British Columbia, and Moscow in Russia. Up through the unexplored Fraser River Valley it was to run, then on through the untracked wilderness of Alaska, across Bering Strait, over the timberless steppes of Arctic Siberia, and along the dreary coast of the Okhotsk Sea to the mouth of the Amoor. There the American racers, called "Western Union," were to give over the race to the Russian telegraph department, which was to make its best time in reaching Moscow.

Western Union said it could cover the ground in about two years. The cost would be about five millions of dollars; but what was five millions of dollars if the prize could be won—an electric girdle for the earth?

The path of the "Atlantic" cable was to be on a tableland some two miles deep in the ocean, reaching from Ireland to Newfoundland.

The summer of 1865 found the world watching this race with great interest. It opened when the fleet of the Russian Expedition set sail from San Francisco, northward bound. The "Atlantic" people at the same time were stowing away gigantic coils of cable into the capacious hold of the "Great Eastern"—a new cable some 2000 miles long.

It is hard to believe that only about thirty years ago there was no telegraphing between the Old World and the New—no reading at our breakfast-tables of what London, Paris, and Berlin did the evening before, as well as what took place in China, Cape Town, or any part of the globe. News from across the Atlantic came by ocean steamers. Think of having to wait a week before hearing of an earthquake in Italy, or an uprising in Timbuctoo.

In 1844 Professor Morse had convinced the world that the Magnetic Telegraph could write and send news like the lightning, *except* across the ocean. He said that could be done, but no one had succeeded in doing it.

Before 1865 there had been three efforts to lay an Atlantic cable. Each effort had been a stupendous failure, and that at a loss of millions of dollars. Some 1200 miles of cable, made fast at the Ireland end, were lying in the Atlantic—to say nothing of the total loss of the first cable.

In 1858, great had been the public rejoicing over a cable which for a fortnight was believed to be a complete success. Then silence and failure followed. It had died in its bed, and unless it had been for Cyrus W. Field possibly there never had been another attempt to make for the earth a girdle of gutta-percha and wire.

Therefore Atlantic cables were decidedly unpopular. Eminent engineers declared that they had no faith in long-distance submarine cables. The Western Union, the mighty telegraph company, would not invest in one. True, there were several long cables which were working successfully, but their length was nothing in comparison to that demanded for reaching across the Atlantic. There were cables between Malta and Alexandria, Dover and Calais, and Newfoundland and Cape Breton. The Red Sea Cable, however, had failed or "fizzled," to use an expression then popular concerning it, and Great Britain had invested one million pounds sterling in that Red Sea Cable.

The Western Union directors were shrewd business men. Five millions of dollars was little in comparison with the benefit they would receive could they get telegraphic communication with Europe, and they then believed that the only way was by land. The public agreed with them nearly unanimously. And so the two

projects—the overland and the submarine—were pitted against each other.

A very unequal race it seemed at the outset. The Overland was strong and vigorous, the Atlantic was broken by former failures. The Overland was popular, and had plenty of money back of it; the Atlantic was derided, and “only fools,” it was said, “would invest in it.”

The fleet of the Russian Expedition which sailed from San Francisco in the summer of 1865 was quite a navy. There were ocean steamers, sailing-vessels, coast and river boats, and Russian and American ships of the line, with a promise of a vessel from her Majesty's navy. The expedition was well officered, and about 120 men were enlisted—men of superior ability in every department. The supplies embraced everything that could be needed. Thousands of tons of wire, some 300 miles of cable, insulators, wagons, etc.

The expedition was divided into four parties. One sailed for British Columbia; another for the Yukon; another for Siberia; and another for the Anadyn region—that desolate tract far north of Kamchatka. It was more than two years before some of those “telegraph boys” heard from home. The story of their heroism and endurance in exploring a route for the telegraph, cutting poles on snow-shoes and dragging them across the desolate arctic wastes, is graphically told in the books written by members of the expedition, such as Kennan's “Tent-Life in Siberia,” Bush's “Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow-Shoes,” Dall's “Alaska,” and others.

August 26, 1866, the Great Eastern landed its cable at Trinity Bay, and the whole world was electrified by the news that it worked perfectly—that the victory had been won. More than that. The Great Eastern not long afterward picked up the cable lost the year before, and that too was soon in working order. Two electric girdles had been clasped around the earth.

The success of the “Atlantic” was defeat for the “Russian.” An overland telegraph-line could never compete with the submarine cables. The first triumphant “click, click!” at Trinity Bay was therefore the death-blow of the Russian scheme, and all work connected with that project was at once abandoned.

But the workers—the brave men facing famine among the wild Chookchees—buried in their lonely huts waiting for some news from their comrades, or straining every nerve to complete their share of the great work—how pathetic that so many of them did not hear what had happened in some cases for more than a year after the success of the cable!

Some of the most terrible experiences of the members of the expedition were endured long after the project had been abandoned by its promoters, and when they were working all in vain—if good, honest work is ever all in vain.

Not until July, 1867, did the Siberian party hear the great news. They boarded a whaler which had put into their port, and read it in an old newspaper. They were not long in starting for home—in leaving their 15,000 telegraph-poles for the camp-fires of the wandering natives. When the party at Nulato Bay heard the news, they hung all the black cloth they could spare upon the poles planted in the hard frozen earth, and left them for the birds to roost upon.

August, 1867, found some 120 men of the expedition in camp at Plover Bay, waiting for the ship the Western Union was to send after them. It seemed a pity that so much of the lives of those men should have been spent in such dreary exile and hard labor, and all for naught. Only four members of the expedition had died, terrible as had been the experiences of the majority. The fickle world, which had so loudly cheered the going forth of the expedition, had quite forgotten its fate in rejoicing over the Atlantic cable.

The loss to the Western Union was about \$3,000,000—a loss hardly felt in the gain which came to the telegraph company in the success of the cable.

When we remember the explorations and scientific gains of the “Western Union Russian Overland Extension,” we can hardly call it a complete failure. Perhaps it is one of those defeated successes whose results we are never to know. It was a fair race, and now that we have nearly a dozen cables crossing the northern Atlantic, it is doubtful if the idea of an overland will ever be revived.

HOW THE BAD NEWS CAME TO SIBERIA.

BY GEORGE KENNAN.

IN every race somebody must be beaten, and in the telegraphic "Race for a Girdle," described by Mrs. Parker in the present number of *ST. NICHOLAS*, I had the misfortune to be on the losing side. The news of the success of our trans-Atlantic competitor—good news for the world, but bad news for us—did not reach the remote part of Arctic Asia, where we were at work, until June, 1867, almost a year after submarine telegraphic communication between Europe and America had been successfully established. I was at that time superintendent of a division of the Overland or Russian-American Telegraph Line, and had my headquarters in the Siberian village of Gzhiga [Gee'-zhee-gah'], a small collection of one-story log-houses, situated on a river of the same name about six miles from the coast of the Okhotsk Sea. My comrades and I had been in Siberia two years. We had explored and located the route of the proposed telegraph line from Bering Strait to the Amur [Am-moor'] River through nearly 2000 miles of trackless wilderness; we had maintained half a dozen strong working-parties in the field, and expected soon to reinforce them with 1000 hardy native laborers from Yakutsk [Yah-kootsk']; we had cut and prepared 15,000 or 20,000 telegraph-poles, and were bringing 600 Siberian ponies from the Lena River to distribute them; we had all the wire and insulators for the Asiatic division on the ground, as well as an abundant supply of tools and provisions, and we felt more than hopeful that we should be able to put our part of the overland line in working order before the beginning of 1870. So confident, indeed, were some of our men, that in the pole-cutting camps they were singing in chorus every night to the air of a well-known war-song:

In eighteen hundred and sixty-eight—
Hurrah! Hurrah!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-eight—
Hurrah! Hurrah!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-eight
The cable will be in a miserable state,
And we 'll all feel gay

When they use it to fish for whales.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-nine—
Hurrah! Hurrah!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-nine—
Hurrah! Hurrah!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-nine
We're going to finish this overland line;
And we 'll all feel gay

When it brings us good news from home.

But it was fated that our next news from home should not be brought by the overland line, and should not be of such a nature as to make any of us "feel gay."

On the evening of May 31, 1867, as I sat trying to draw a map in the little one-story log-house which served as the headquarters of the Siberian division, I was interrupted by the sudden and hasty entrance of my friend and comrade Lewis, who rushed into the room, crying excitedly, "Oh, Mr. Kennan! Did you hear the cannon?" I had not heard it, but I understood instantly the significance of the inquiry. A cannon-shot meant that there was a ship in sight from the beacon-tower at the mouth of the river. We were accustomed every spring to get our earliest news from the civilized world through American whaling-vessels, which resort at that season of the year to the Okhotsk Sea. About the middle of May, therefore, we generally sent a couple of Cossacks to the harbor at the mouth of the river, with instructions to keep a sharp lookout from the log beacon-tower on the bluff, and fire three cannon-shots the moment they should see a whaler or other vessel cruising in the Gulf.

In less than ten minutes the news that there was a vessel in sight from the beacon-tower had reached every house in the village, and a little

group of Cossacks gathered at the landing-place where a boat was being prepared to take Robinson, Lewis, and me to the sea-coast. Half an hour later we were gliding swiftly down the river in one of the light skiffs known in that part of Siberia as "lodkas." We had a faint hope that the ship which had been signaled would prove to be one of our own vessels; but even if she should turn out to be a whaler, she would at least bring us late news from the outside world, and we felt a burning curiosity to know what had been the result of the second attempt to lay an Atlantic cable. Had our competitors beaten us, or was there still a fighting chance that we might beat them?

We reached the mouth of the river late in the evening, and were met at the landing by one of the Cossacks from the beacon-tower.

"What ship is it?" I inquired.

"We don't know," he replied. "We saw dark smoke, like the smoke of a steamer, off Matuga [Mah'-too-gah] Island just before we fired the cannon, but in a little while it blew away and we have seen nothing since."

"If it was a whaler trying-out oil," said Robinson, "we'll find her there in the morning."

Leaving the Cossack to take our baggage out of the lodka we all climbed up to the beacon-tower with the hope that, as it was still fairly light, we might be able to see with a glass the vessel that had made the smoke; but from the high, black cliffs of Matuga Island on one side of the gulf to the steep slope of Cape Catharine on the other, there was nothing to break the level horizon line except here and there a field of drifting ice. Returning to the Cossack barrack, we spread our bearskins and blankets down on the rough plank floor and went disconsolate to bed.

Early the next morning I was awakened by one of the Cossacks with the welcome news that there was a square-rigged vessel in the offing, five or six miles beyond Matuga Island. I climbed hastily up the bluff, and had no difficulty in making out with a glass the masts and sails of a good-sized bark, evidently a whaler, which, although hull down, was apparently cruising back and forth with a light southerly breeze across the Gulf. We ate breakfast hastily,

put on our fur *kukhlankas** and caps, and started in a whaleboat under oars for the ship, which was distant about fifteen miles. Although the wind was light and the sea comparatively smooth, it was a hard, tedious pull, and we did not get alongside until after ten o'clock. Pacing the quarterdeck, as we climbed on board, was a good-looking, ruddy-faced, gray-haired man whom I took to be the captain. He evidently thought, from our outer fur dress, that we were only a party of natives come off to trade; and he paid no attention whatever to us until I walked aft and said, "Are you the captain of this bark?"

At the first word of English he stopped as if transfixed, stared at me for a moment in silence, and then exclaimed in a tone of profound astonishment, "Well! Has the universal Yankee got up here?"

"Yes, Captain," I replied, "he is not only here, but he has been here two years or more. What bark is this?"

"The 'Sea Breeze,' of New Bedford, Massachusetts," he replied; "and I am Captain Hamilton. But what are *you* doing up in this forsaken country? Have you been shipwrecked?"

"No," I said; "we're up here trying to build a telegraph line."

"A telegraph line!" he shouted. "Well, if that is n't the craziest thing I ever heard of! Who's going to telegraph from here?"

I explained to him that we were trying to establish telegraphic communication between America and Europe by way of Alaska, Bering Strait, and Siberia, and asked him if he had never heard of the Russian American Telegraph Company.

"Neyer," he replied. "I did n't know there was such a company; but I've been out two years on a cruise, and I have n't kept up very well with the news."

"How about the Atlantic cable?" I inquired. "Do you know anything about that?"

"Oh, yes," he replied cheerfully, as if he were giving me the best news in the world, "the cable is laid all right."

"Does it work?" I asked with a sinking heart.

"Works like a snatch-tackle," he responded

* A garment like a blouse, or "sweater," and made of reindeer skin.

heartily. "The Frisco papers are publishing every morning the London news of the day before. I've got a lot of 'em on board that I'll give you. Perhaps you'll find something in them about your company."

I think the captain must have noticed, from the sudden change in the expression of our faces, that his news about the Atlantic cable was a staggering blow to us, for he immediately dropped the subject and suggested the propriety of going below.

We all went down into the cosy, well-furnished cabin, where refreshments were set before us by the steward, and where we talked for an hour about the news of the world, from whaling in the South Pacific to dog-driving in Arctic Asia, and from Weston's walk across the American continent to Karakozef's attempt to assassinate the Tzar. But it was, on our side at least, a perfunctory conversation. The news of the complete success of the Atlantic cable was as unexpected as it was disheartening, and it filled our minds to the exclusion of everything else. We had lost the race, and even if we should go over the course we could hardly expect to get any applause, or attract any attention. The world would have no use for an overland telegraph-line through Alaska and Siberia if it already possessed a working cable between London and New York.

We left the hospitable cabin of the *Sea Breeze* about noon, and prepared to return to Gizhiga. Captain Hamilton, with warm-hearted generosity, not only gave us all the newspapers and magazines he had on board, but literally filled our boat with potatoes, pumpkins, bananas, oranges, and yams, which he had brought up from the Sandwich Islands. I think he saw that we were feeling somewhat disheartened, and wanted to cheer us up in the only way he could—by giving us some of the luxuries of civilized life. We had not seen a potato, nor tasted any other vegetable or fruit, in nearly two years.

As we left the ship we gave three hearty cheers and a "tiger" for Captain Hamilton and the good bark *Sea Breeze*.

When we had pulled three or four miles away from the bark, Lewis suggested that instead of returning at once to the mouth of the

river we should go ashore at the nearest point on the coast, and look over the newspapers while the Cossacks made a fire and roasted some potatoes. This seemed to us all a good plan, and half an hour later we were sitting around a fire of driftwood on the beach, each of us with a newspaper in one hand and a banana or an orange in the other, and all feeding mind and body simultaneously. The papers were of various dates, from September, 1866, to March, 1867, and were so mixed up that it was impossible to follow the course of events chronologically or consecutively. We were not long, however, in ascertaining not only that the new Atlantic cable had been successfully laid, but that the broken and abandoned cable of 1865 had been picked up in mid-ocean, repaired, and put in perfect working-order. I think this discouraged us more than anything else. If cables could be found in the middle of the Atlantic, picked up in ten or twelve thousand feet of water, and repaired on the deck of a steamer, the ultimate success of submarine telegraphy was assured, and we might as well pack up our trunks and go home. But there was worse news to come. A few minutes later, Lewis, who was reading an old copy of the San Francisco "Bulletin," struck his knee violently with his clenched fist and exclaimed, "Boys! The jig is up! Listen to this!

'SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE BULLETIN.

'NEW YORK, October 15.

'In consequence of the success of the Atlantic cable all work on the Russian American Telegraph line has been stopped, and the enterprise has been abandoned.'

"Well!" said Robinson, after a moment of thoughtful silence, "that seems to settle it. The cable has knocked us out."

Late in the afternoon we pulled back with heavy hearts to the beacon-tower at the mouth of the river, and on the following day returned to Gizhiga, to await the arrival of a vessel from San Francisco with an official notification of the abandonment of our great enterprise.

The Overland Telegraph Company had lost the race, and we, its employees, had lost two of the best years of our youth in the snowy wastes of arctic Asia.

THE LAST THREE SOLDIERS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

CHAPTER I.

COMPLETING THE LINE.

IF Andy Zachary, the guide, had not mysteriously disappeared from his home within the month which followed the events of the night of the second of July in the year 1864, sooner or later the postmaster in the Cove on one side and the people in the valley on the other must have learned of the presence of the little colony on the summit of the great rock.

On that particular night the cavalcade had come silently and secretly over the mountains by an unfrequented trail from the last station on Upper Bald, which towered above the Sandy River country. The troopers had followed the guide in single file along the ridges and down the stony trails, and now, when they emerged on the open Cove road for the first time, Andy fell back to the captain's side, in his butternut suit and mangy fur cap, with his long rifle slung behind his broad, square shoulders.

For that night his will was law above that of the captain; and before the three pack-mules at the end of the train had come out on the road, the head of the column had turned up a washout to the left, which presently brought the whole outfit into the shelter of a grove of pines alongside a deserted log-cabin. It was just a trifle past midnight by the captain's watch, and the full moon which hung above the ridge to the west would light the Cove face of old Whiteside for yet an hour; and during the darkness which must follow in the small hours of the morning there would be ample time to steal through the sleeping settlement and find a lodgment high up on the mountain which was the objective of the expedition.

The troopers dismounted, and some lay down on the ground by the horses, while two kindled a fire in the stone chimney of the cabin and made coffee for the others. Corporal Bromley

leaned a bundle of red and white flags against the door-post, and after turning aside with Lieutenant Coleman and Philip Welton to inspect their supplies on the pack-mules, the three joined the captain and the guide in the shadow of that end of the cabin which looked toward the singular mountain standing boldly between the Cove and the valley beyond. That it was a mighty fortress, unscalable on its western side, could be seen at a glance. The broad moonlight fell full on a huge boulder, whose mighty top, a thousand feet above the Cove, was fringed with a tall forest growth that looked in the distance like stunted berry bushes, and whose rounded granite side was streaked with black storm-stains where the rains of centuries had coursed down. The moonlight picked out white spots underneath the huge folds which here and there belted the rock and protected its under face from the storms. These were the spots which the rills dribbled over and the torrents jumped clear of, to meet their old tracks on the bulging rock below. It looked for all the world as if the smoke from huge fires had been curling against the mountain for ages, so black were the broad upward streaks and so white in the moon's light were the surrounding faces of the rock. Phil was the first to speak.

"It must have been a giant that rolled it there," he said with a sigh of relief, and looking up at Andy, the guide.

"Well, now, youngster," said Andy, "you 'd 'low so if you was round these parts in the springtime when the sun loosens the big icicles hangin' on them black ledges, an' leaves 'em fall thunderin' into the Cove bottom."

The Cove post-office, whose long white roof crowned a knoll nearly in the center of a small tract within the mountain walls, Andy said was at such times a great resort of the mountaineers, who came that they might watch the movement of the avalanches of snow and ice.

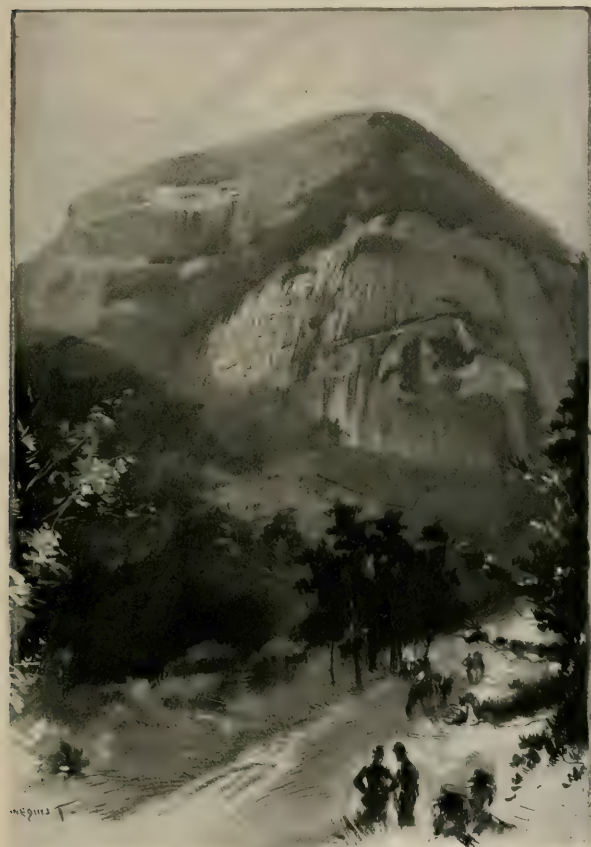
Because of its wonderful formation, this mountain was of abundant interest to all during their brief halt, but it was examined most carefully by the three young soldiers who were

mitted to enlist even as a drummer-boy in the 2d Ohio, or in any capacity in any other command. The lad was of a gentle, affectionate nature, sensitive and refined, but his opportuni-

ties for education had been limited to the winter schools and the books he had read behind the flour-sacks in his uncle's mill. Some said his uncle was glad to be rid of him when he went away to the war. Like his friend and protector, Bromley, he had served with the colors on many a hard-fought field, and now the two had just been detached from their regiment and assigned to duty under the command of Frederick Henry Coleman, a second lieutenant whose regiment was the 12th United States Cavalry.

George Bromley, although the oldest of the three, was not yet twenty at the time he had enlisted at the beginning of the war, and he had left college in his junior year to enter the army.

Lieutenant Coleman had graduated from West Point the summer before, the very youngest member of his class. Al-



"IT WAS A MIGHTY FORTRESS, UNSCALABLE ON ITS WESTERN SIDE."

to be stationed on its crest. Philip Welton was the youngest of the three, only just past seventeen, and it was well known to his officers that if he had not been an orphan, without parents to object, he would never have been per-

mitted to enlist even as a drummer-boy in the 2d Ohio, or in any capacity in any other command. The lad was of a gentle, affectionate nature, sensitive and refined, but his opportuni-

showed itself in accordance with his personal character.

At that time General Sherman's army was engaged in that series of battles which began at Marietta, Georgia, and, including the capture of Pine and Lost Mountains, was soon to end in the victory at Kenesaw. The army of General Sherman was steadily advancing its lines in spite of the most heroic resistance of General Johnston, and every new position gained was fortified by lines of log breastworks, sometimes thrown up in an hour after the regiments had stacked arms. These hastily constructed works, extending ten and twelve miles across the thickly wooded country, were nowhere less than four feet high, with an opening under the top log for musketry, and out in front the tree-tops were thrown into a tangled mass, almost impossible for an attacking army to pass. These peculiar and original tactics of General Sherman enabled him to hold his front with a thin line of men, while the bulk of his troops were sent around one flank or the other to turn the enemy out of his works, and so gain a new position.

This was the sort of service Corporal Bromley and Philip Welton had been engaged in during the early part of the campaign; and when they remembered the long rains and the deep mud through which the soldiers marched, and the wagon-trains foundered and stuck fast, they were not sorry to be mounted on good horses and riding over hard roads.

Now that the moon had set, the troopers mounted again and moved quietly along the stony road, Andy Zachary, the guide, riding with the captain at the head of the column. The deep silence of the forest was on every hand, broken only by the clicking of iron shoes, and the occasional foaming and plunging of a mountain stream down some laurel-choked gorge. The road wound and turned about, fording branches, mounting hills, and dipping down into hollows for an hour, until open fields began to appear bristling with girdled trees, and then the wooded side of the huge granite mountain shot up, towering over the left of the column. Soon thereafter the forest gave way to open country, and as the road swept round the base of the mountain it became a broad

and sandy highway, so that when the horses trotted out there was only a light jangling of equipments,—sabers clicking on spurred heels, and the jingling of steel bits,—and when the pace was checked to a walk in passing some dark cabin, only the creaking of the saddles was heard.

So it was that the troopers stole silently through the valley of Cashiers, with the solemn mountain-peaks standing like blind sentinels above the sparse settlement. Occasionally a drowsy house-dog roused himself to bark, and his fellow gave back an answering echo across the bushy fields; but no one of the sleepers awoke under the patchwork quilts of many colors, and the long rifles hung undisturbed over the cabin doors. Then the troopers exulted in their cleverness, and laughed softly in their beards, while the night winds blew over the roofs of the dark cabins as they passed.

After they were clear of the sandy road in the settlement, it was a long way up the mountain-side, and the iron shoes of the scrambling horses clicked on many a rolling stone, and some sleepy heads caught forty winks as they climbed and climbed. The cabins disappeared, and the fences, and the plow-steers in the hill pastures rattled their copper bells from below as the troop got higher; and so it was lonesome enough on the shaggy mountain, and every trace of the habitation of man had disappeared long before they reached the rickety old bridge which spanned the deep gorge.

Andy said that this bridge was the only possible way by which the top of the mountain could be reached, and that it had been built a great many years ago by a crazy old man who once lived on the mountain, but who was long since dead. It was still too dark to examine its condition. It could be seen that the near-by poles of the old railing had rotted away and fallen into the black chasm below. More than half of the bridge was swallowed up in the shadows of the foliage on the other bank. Away down in the throat of the gorge, where tall forest-trees grew and stretched their topmost limbs in vain to reach the level of the grass and flowers on the fields above them, a tinkling stream fell over the rocks with a far-away sound, like the chinking of silver coins in

a vault. The silence above and the murmur of the water below in the thick darkness were enough to make the stoutest hearts quail at the thought of crossing over by the best of bridges, so the captain prudently decided to wait for daylight; and as the distance they had gained above the settlement made the spot a safe encampment for a day, he ordered the troopers to unsaddle.

After feeding the tired horses from the sacks of oats carried in front of the saddles, the men lay down on the ground and were soon sleeping soundly under the tall pines which grew above the bridge-head.

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

THE captain and Andy lingered by the bridge-head, and the three boy-soldiers, who were to be left behind next day, long as the march had been, felt no inclination for sleep. They were too much interested in watching for the first light by which they could examine this important approach to their temporary station.

"I should like to know something more of the crazy old man who built this crazy old bridge," said Philip, appealing to Lieutenant Coleman. "Why not ask the guide to tell us?"

Andy was by no means loath to tell the story so far as he knew it, which was plain enough to be seen by the deliberate way in which he seated himself on a rock. Andy's audience reclined about him on the dry pine-needles.

Mountaineers are not given to wasting their words, and by the extreme deliberation of the guide's preparations it was sufficiently evident that something important was coming.

"Thirty years back," said Andy, taking off his coonskin cap, and looking into it as if he read there the beginning of his story, "and for that matter down to five year ago, there was a man by the name of Jo-siah Woodring lived all by himself in a log-cabin about half-way up this mountain, and just out o' sight of the trail we-all come up to-night. He owned right smart of timber-land and clearin', and made a

crap o' corn every year, besides raisin' 'taters and cabbage and onions in his garden patch. He had a copper still hid away somewhere among the rocks, where he turned his corn crap into whisky; and when Jo-siah needed anything in the line of store goods he hooked up his steer and went off, sometimes to Walhalla and sometimes clean up to Asheville.

"Now about a year after Jo-siah settled on his clearin', about the time he might have been twenty or thereabouts, when he come back from one of those same merchandisin' trips, instid of one steer he had a yoke, and along with him there was a little man a good thirty year older 'n Jo-siah, an' him walkin' a considerable piece behind the cart when they come through the settlement, same as if the two wa' n't travelin' together. The stranger was a dark-complected man, so the old folks say, and went just a trifle lame as he walked; and as for his clothes, he was a heap smarter dressed than the mountain folks. Not that he looked to care for his dress, for he did n't, not he; but through the dust of the road, which was white on him, hit was plain that he wore the best of store cloth.

"As the cart was plumb empty, hit would seem that the little man fetched nothing along with him besides the clothes on his back, and such other toggery as he may have stowed away in the cowskin knapsack they do say he staggered under. If he had any treasure, he must 'a' toted hit in his big pockets, which, hit is claimed by some folks now livin', was stuffed out like warts on an apple-tree, and made him look as misshapen as he was small.

"Now, whether anybody heard the chinkin' o' gold or not, (which I 'm bettin' free they did n't), hit looked bad for Jo-siah that this partic'lar stranger should disappear in his company, for he was never seen ag'in in the settlement, or anywhere else, by any human for a good two year after the night he come trudgin' along behind the cart. Hit was nat'ral enough that the neighbor folks in time began to suspicion that Jo-siah had murdered the man for his money, and all the more when he made bold to show some foreign-lookin' gold pieces of which nobody knowed the vally.

"They say how feelin' run consid'ble high

in the settlement that year, but hit was only surmisin' like, for there was no evidence that would hold water afore a jury of any crime havin' been committed; and hit all ended in the valley folks avoidin' Jo-siah like his other name was Cain — and that sort o' treatment 'peared to suit him mighty well. Leastways, he went on with his plowin' and sowin' and takin' in his crap, and whistled at the neglect

with the disappearance of the other one, who was counted for dead.

"Now when day comes," said Andy, "you-all will see for yourselves that there is no timber on the other side o' this here gully tall enough to make string-pieces for a bridge of this length; and so the two string-pieces must have been cut on this side so as to fall across the chasm pretty much where they were



ANDY TELLS THE STORY OF THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

of his neighbors, who never came to the clearin' any more, and in that very year he built this bridge, with or without the help of the other one.

"When the bridge was first seen, hit was stained by the weather, and moss had come to grow on the poles, and rotten leaves filled the chinks of the slab floor as if hit had never been new, and no one cared to ask any questions of Jo-siah, who kept his own counsel, and seemed to live more alone than ever. The bridge was only another mystery connected with the life of this man that everybody shunned, and nobody suspicioned that hit had anything to do

wanted. Well, that was how it was; and the story goes that the man who first saw the bridge reported, judging by the stumps, that the right-hand timber had been cut six months or more before the other one, which might have been just about the time Jo-siah brought the stranger home with him, and would easily account for his disappearance onto the summit of the mountain, for of course you understand he was not dead, and Jo-siah the Silent had no stain of blood on his conscience.

"The mountain folks, however, thought different at that time, and looked cross-eyed at the painted cart drawn by the two slick critters on

hits way to the low country. They was quick to take notice, too, when Jo-siah come back, that the cart carried more kegs than what hit had taken away, besides some mysterious-lookin' boxes and packages. Now this havin' continued endurin' several half-yearly trips, hit was the settled idee in the valley that Jo-siah was a-furnishin' of his cabin at a gait clear ahead of the insolence, like, of drivin' two steers to his cart when honest mountain folks could n't afford but one. Hit was suspicioned, moreover, that he was a-doin' this with the ill-got gold of the old man he had murdered, and the gals shrugged their shoulders as he passed, for no one of the gals as knew his goin's-on would set a foot in his cabin. It leaked out some way that Jo-siah had been investin' in books, which was the amazin' and crownin' extravagance of all, for hit was knowed that he could scarcely read a line of print or much more 'n write his own name.

"These unjust suspicions of murder and robbery against an innocent man continued to rankle in the minds of the valley folks for more than two years, until a most surprisin' event took place on the mountain, to the great disappointment and annoyance of those gossips who had been loudest in their charges against Jo-siah Woodring. Hit happened that two bear-hunters from the settlement found themselves belated in the neighborhood of this very bridge one September night, and, bein' worn out with the chase, they sat down to rest in the shadow of an old chestnut, where they soon fell asleep. They awoke just before midnight, and were about to start on down the mountain when they heard footsteps coming up the trail, and presently, dark as the night was, they saw a man with a keg on his shoulder a-walkin' toward the bridge. The man was Jo-siah; and after restin' his burden on a stump and wipin' the sweat from his forehead, he shouldered hit again and tramped on over the bridge.

"The hunters were bold men and well armed, and, having had a good rest, they followed the man at a safe distance until he came to the ledge of rocks which you-all will view for yourselves by sun-up, and there he was met by a man with a ladder who stood out on the

rocks above. The hunters noticed that the stranger was a small man, and just then the moon came out from behind a cloud, and they knew him for the little old man who was supposed to have been murdered.

"When the hunters told what they 'd seen on the mountain, you may believe," said Andy, "there was right smart excitement in Cashiers, and some disappointment to find that Jo-siah was neither a murderer nor a robber. They went on hating him all the same for driving two steers to his cart and for having deceived them so long about the man on the mountain, and then they started the story that it was only a slow murder after all. After that, one day, when Jo-siah had gone away to market, half a dozen of the valley men, with the two hunters to guide them, went up the mountain for the purpose of liberating that poor prisoner o' Jo-siah's.

They carried a ladder along, and when they had climbed up the ledge they found a little log shelter not fit for a sheep-hovel; and as for the prisoner, he kept out of their way, for it was a pretty big place, with plenty of trees and rocks to hide among. Well, as the years went on, Jo-siah brought back less and less of suspicious packages in his cart when he came up from the low country; but it was known that he still went up the mountain on certain dark nights with a keg on his shoulder. The strange old man himself was seen at a distance from time to time, but at last his existence on the mountain came to be a settled fact and the people ceased to worry about him.

"Well, five years ago, as I said," continued Andy, "Jo-siah took sick with a fever, and come down into the settlement to see the doctor; and he was that bad that the doctor had to go back with him to drive the cattle. He rallied after that so as to be about again, and even out at night; but three months from the time he took the fever he died. The doctor was with him at the time, and the night before he breathed his last he told the doctor that the little man on the mountain was dead. After the funeral another party went up to the top of the mountain, and, sure enough, there was the grave, just outside of the miserable shelter he had lived in so long; there was no sign about

the hovel that he ever cooked or ate ordinary food.

"The strangest thing about the whole strange business," said Andy, getting on to his feet, "is that there was nothing in Jo-siah's poor cabin worth carrying away; and if the old man did n't build this here bridge with his own hands thirty year ago, hit stands to reason that he helped Jo-siah."

CHAPTER III.

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE TWENTIETH RED PIN.

A FORTNIGHT before the events described in the opening chapter of this story, the topographical officer attached to General Sherman's headquarters might have been seen leaning over a table in his tent, busily engaged in sticking red-headed pins into a great map of the Cumberland and Blue Ridge Mountains. The pins made an irregular line beginning at Chattanooga, and extending through Tennessee and North Carolina at no great distance from the Georgia border. Altogether there were just twenty of these pins, and each pin pierced the top of a mountain whose position and altitude were laid down on the map. After this officer, who was a lieutenant-colonel, had spent half the night, by the light of guttering candles, in arranging and rearranging his pins, he sent in the morning for the adjutant of a regiment of loyal mountaineers. Beginning with the first pin outside of Chattanooga, he requested the presence of a mountaineer who lived in the neighborhood of that particular peak. When the man reported, the colonel questioned him about the accessibility of the mountain under the first pin, its distance from that under the second pin, and whether each peak was plainly visible from the other. The colonel's questions, which were put to the soldier in the shade of the fly outside the tent where the map lay, brought out much useful information, and much more that was of no use whatever, because half the questions were intended to mislead the soldier and conceal the colonel's purpose. Sometimes he changed a pin after the soldier went away; and at the end of three days of interviewing and shifting the positions of his pins, the twentieth red head was firmly fixed above the point

laid down on the map as Whiteside Mountain. Still a little further along a blue-headed pin was set up, and then the work of the topographical officer of the rank of lieutenant-colonel was done.

These pins represented a chain of signal-stations, nineteen of which the captain of cavalry, with Andy Zachary to guide him, had now established one after the other, with as much secrecy as the lieutenant-colonel had employed in selecting the positions. And now the gray dawn was coming on the side of the twentieth mountain as Andy finished his story. In fact, as the last word fell from his lips, a lusty cock crow to welcome the coming day. Although tall pines grew thick about the bridge-head where the troopers were still sleeping, it was light enough to see that only low bushes and gnarled chestnuts grew on the other bank. The noisy branch kept up its ceaseless churning and splashing among the rocks far down in the throat of the black gorge, and the great height and surprising length of its single span made the crazy old bridge look more treacherous than ever. It swayed and trembled with the weight of the captain by the time he had advanced three steps from the bank, so that he came back shaking his head in alarm. By this time the men were afoot, and Andy asked for an ax, which at the first stroke he buried in its head in the rotten string-piece.

"Just what I feared," said the captain. "Do you think I am going to trust my men on that rotten structure?"

Andy said nothing in reply, as he kicked off with his boot a huge growth of toadstools, together with the bark and six inches of rotten wood from the opposite side of the log. Then he struck it again with the head of the ax such a blow that the old sticks of the railing and great sections of bark fell in a shower upon the tree-tops below. The guide saw only consternation in the faces of the men as he looked around; but there was a smile on his own.

"Hit may be old," said Andy, throwing down the ax, "but there is six inches of tough heart into that log, and I 'd trust hit with a yoke o' cattle." With that he strode across to the other side, and coming back jounced his

whole weight on the center with only the effect of rattling another shower of bark and dry fungi into the gorge.

"Bring me one of the pack-mules," cried Andy; and presently, when the poor brute arrived at the head of the old causeway, it settled back on its stubborn legs, and refused to advance. At this the guide tied a grain-sack over the animal's eyes, and led him safely across. Lieutenant Coleman led over the second mule by the same device, and Bromley the third. By this time it was broad daylight, and the captain detailed three men to help in the unpacking. These he sent over one at a time, so that after himself Philip was the last to cross.

Beyond was an open field where blue and yellow flowers grew in the long, wiry grass, which was wet with the dew. This grass grew up through a thick mat of dead stalks, which was the withered growth of many years. Under the trees and bushes the leaves had rotted in the rain where they had fallen, or in the

hollows where they had been tossed by the wandering winds. There was not a sign of a trail, nor a girdled tree, nor a trace of fire, nor any evidence that the foot of man had ever trodden there. The little party seemed to have come into an unknown country, and after crossing the open field they continued climbing up a gentle ascent, winding around rocks and scraggly old chestnut-trees, until they arrived under the ledge which supported the upper plateau. This was found to extend from the boulder face on the Cove side across to a mass of shelving rocks on the Cashier's valley front, and was from thirty to fifty feet in height, of a perpendicular and bulging fold in the smooth granite. After a short exploration, a place was found where the ledge was broken by a shelf or platform twenty feet from the ground; and just here, in the leaves and grass below, lay the rotted fragments of a ladder which had doubtless been used by the Old Man of the Mountain himself.

(To be continued.)



PROFESSOR LEO FORTISSIMO AT HIS BEST.

The Labors of Hercules

(Worked Over in Easy-Going Verse)



BY J. EDMUND V. COOKE.

IN ancient Greece, long time ago, a man was
born — or, maybe,
I ought to say a god was born — or, better
yet, a baby.
His father's name was Jupiter; Alcmena was
his mother,
Who vowed he was "the sweetest pet," and
"never such another!"
But Juno, queen of all the gods, pretended
not to know it;
She did n't like young Hercules, and straight-
way sought to show it.
She sent two horrid, monstrous snakes, to eat
him in his cradle,
Which reptiles found him sitting eating sugar
with a ladle.
They smiled to see how sweet he 'd be, but
lo! the boy gave battle:
He killed them both, and used their tails to
make a baby-rattle.

Then Juno let him thrive in peace; but, after
he was grown,
He found that she had kept him from a king-
dom and a throne.
Eurystheus obtained these plums, but night
and day was haunted
By tales of mighty Hercules—the hero and
undaunted!
So, after some deep thinking, Eurystheus plan-
ned to send him
To do a dozen labors, any one of which
might end him.

LABOR I.

THE Nemean lion, accustomed to ravage
The country around, being voted too savage,
Our hero was sent to remove him from Earth,
With no arms save the two that he had at
his birth.

Brave Hercules blocks up one hole of the den
And enters the other. A silence, and then
Comes a growl, and a roar, and a rush, and
a shock—



Like waves in a tempest they struggle and rock,
Till Hercules wins the renowned "strangle-
lock,"

And the lion goes down like a log or a post,
Repents of his sins, and so gives up the ghost.

LABOR II.

THERE lived at that epoch, according to story,
A terrible monster, whose principal glory
Consisted of heads, which a strict inventory
Declared to be nine; and one of the same
Was as deathless as Jove, so authorities claim.



Nothing daunted, our Hercules went forth to
fight it;

He cut off one head, and two others were
sighted.

And thus the solution appeared to his view:

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"When you take one from one, the result will
be two."

Rather taken aback, but still thoroughly game,
He called his hired help, Iolaus by name.

Then he shaved off the heads as a man would
a beard,

And the necks (by his servant) were carefully
seared,

Till the deathless head soon was left grinning
alone,

And that one he buried beneath a big stone.

LABOR III.

THE Arcadian stag was a curious kind,
Golden-horned, brazen-hoofed, and could out-
run the wind;

Whoever pursued him was soon left behind.



The mandate was given to capture him living,
So our hero set out without any misgiving.
All over the kingdom he followed the brute,
Till a year was consumed in the useless
pursuit.

"Confound you!" said Hercules, seizing his bow,
"I've got something here which I'll wager
can go

As fast as two stags." And it proved to be so.
The arrow succeeded in laying him low.

The wound was n't fatal, so Hercules caught
him,

And into the king's haughty presence he
brought him.

LABOR IV.

THE boar of Erymanthus was *de trop*,

Which is French for saying how

Bores are looked on, even now.



Our hero ran the rascal through the snow,
 Snared him neatly in a net,
 Picked him up, like any pet,
 And took him to the Capital, to add him to
 the show.

LABOR V.

AUGEAS, King of Elis, it appears,
 Had several thousand oxen in his stable,
 But had n't cleaned the place for thirty years.
 The hard taskmaster heard, pricked up his
 ears,

And cried, "Ho, ho! my Hercules, you 're
 able

To do great things. I give you just one day
 For this spring cleaning." Stranger to dismay,

Our hero sought the stables of Augeas,
 Turned into them the river named Alpheus,
 And reënforced it with the swift Peneus.

These brooms soon swept the dirt away, you
 have my word.

Perhaps they swept the stables with it. That
 I have n't heard.



LABOR VI.

THE Stymphalian birds were a horrible lot,
 And everyone thought
 That they ought
 To be shot;



Yet no one could do it, till Hercules brought
 His little snake-rattle to set them to flying,
 And then popped them over by only half try-
 ing.

LABOR VII.

A BULL, sent by Neptune to die in his honor,
 Not having been killed, was made mad by the
 donor.

Eurystheus must have been running a "Zoo,"
 And having the stag and the boar, wanted, too,
 The mad bull of Crete; so he ordered "Go,
 get him!"



Though Hercules never so much as had met
 him.

But the hero set sail,
 Grabbed the bull by the tail,

And took him to Hellas; but not for the
Garden,
For, having arrived, he then (begging his par-
don
Because he had given his tail such a pull)
Set him free—and all Greece was as mad as
the bull.

LABOR VIII.

DIOMEDES
Used to feed his
Mares on human flesh.
Hercules just cut him up,
Found the mares inclined to sup,
And fed him to them, fresh.
'T was a most successful plan,
Though before they liked a man
More than oats or anything,



Strange to say, this master diet
Made them docile, kind, and quiet,
To be taken to the king.

LABOR IX.

THE Amazon queen had a beautiful belt.
'T was given by Mars; and the queen justly
felt

Quite proud of the trifle; but Hercules started
To see if the belt and queen could n't be
parted.

At first it appeared he had only to ask
To receive it; but this was too easy a task
To please Mrs. Juno, who stirred up a bolt
In the ranks of the Amazons. When the re-
volt

Was reported to Hercules, he rather thought

The queen was a traitress, and covertly
wrought



To undo him; so, seizing the girdle he sought,
He slew her, and thus was it bloodily bought.
Which shows that a man may be brave as
the best,
And yet ungallant when it comes to a test.

LABOR X.

GERYONES had a fine herd of red cattle,
With a two-headed dog and a giant, to battle
With any who trespassed upon his domain.
Dog, owner, and keeper, were met and were
slain,

Yet Hercules still had to fight heavy odds
(A number of men and a parcel of gods);
But in spite of them all, he conducted the
string



Of handsome red beasts to his brute of a king.
Why a chap with a chance to steal apples at hand,

LABOR XI.

WHEN Juno was married, the goddess of Earth
Presented some apples of excellent worth,
Made all of fine gold



From the smooth, shiny skin to the pips in the core.

(Alas! I am told
Such beautiful apples don't grow any more.)

But wealth is a worry. Nobody need doubt it,
Unless, like myself, he is always without it.
And Juno was worried until she grew pale;
Her nectar was flat, her ambrosia was stale.
The fear of a burglar had entered her head,
And so every night she looked under the bed.
No matter what Jupiter argued or said,
She'd wake him at midnight, to vow and declare

There must be an apple-thief round about there.

At last, growing tired of the worry and wear,
She placed them in care
Of the sisters Hesperides, living just where
The sun sets at night.

Our hero met Atlas, who held up the height
Of the heavens in air,
And a bargain was struck that the hero should bear

The dome for a while, and the action should earn

The apples, which Atlas brought back in return.
Though I can't understand

Scot-free of all blame,
Should so lose his head
As to give up his claim
And let somebody else do it for him instead.

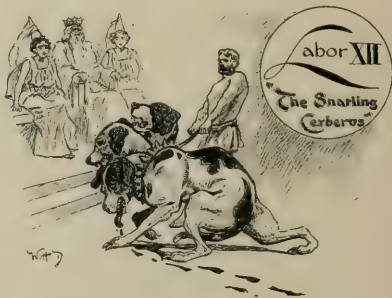
LABOR XII.

PLUTO, in his world below,
Had a great three-headed beast
Called a dog. Perhaps 't was so,
But I doubt his breed, at least.
House-dog? Hardly. Poison-drops
Fell from out his gaping chops,
And his fangs were sharp as hate,
And he guarded Pluto's gate.

Hercules was told to fetch
This repulsive, savage wretch.
Hercules with little fuss
Seized the snarling Cerberus,

Took him to the Earth from Hades,
Scared the king in playful sport,
Showed him round to all the court,
Made him bark for all the ladies.
Then the hero let him go,
And he sank to realms below,

One head growling,
One head howling,
One head yowling,
As mythology rehearses.



And the fun
Of the Labors—all was done.
So are these doggerel verses.



IF you ever walk around the water-front of a large commercial city and look closely at the big ocean steamships and sailing ships moored along the wharves, you will notice that many of them have a white circle and a lot of white lines marked on their sides close to the water, almost as if some bad boy had been chalking a picture there of a griddle-cake and a gridiron; but when you find that hundreds of ships are marked just the same way, those painted light colors having the marks in black, you know that those marks really mean something of importance in connection with the ships on which you see them. If you should notice more closely you would soon discover that all the ships belonging to Great Britain, even the magnificent passenger-steamers like the "Lucania" and "Teutonic," were marked with those queer signs, and that ships of no other nation had them. If you were to ask some sailor what the mark meant he would tell you briefly that it is the "Plimsoll Mark," and you would be no wiser than before; in fact, he probably would not know much more than that bare fact himself.

That ugly mark, however, is the safeguard to hundreds of vessels on the stormy ocean, and to thousands of lives, and to millions of dollars' worth of freight. It has only been in use about twenty years, only properly used for the last ten years, and is still adopted by only one great seafaring nation in all the world.

Twenty-five years ago it was not uncommon

thing for ships to go out to sea laden with valuable cargo and hopeful human beings, never to be seen or heard of again. People on shore, even the owners of the cargo and relatives of the passengers, would take it as something they must be prepared to expect on account of the dangers of the ocean. Finally, one man determined to make a study of the subject, and see if such terrible tragedies were really unavoidable. He was an inflexible Englishman, named Plimsoll, and a member of Parliament. He spent day after day along the docks watching ships loading and unloading, coming in and going out; he talked with ship-owners, captains, and sailors. He saw ships sent to sea with leaky bottoms, rotten spars, and worn-out rigging, with rusty boilers and rattle-trap engines. He saw them loaded until even in the still waters of the harbor their upper decks were down to the water's edge, and this overloading seemed to be the worst and most frequent fault. Then he went back to Parliament, and introduced a bill to put a mark on the sides of ships to show how deeply they could with safety be loaded. The mark suggested was a circle with a horizontal line through its center. When this horizontal line was down to the water's edge, no more freight was to be put into a vessel; she was to be considered loaded. Immediately Plimsoll brought down upon himself the wrath of ship-owners, while everybody else laughed at his cranky idea; but he was not going to be silenced. He published a book telling all he had learned about the criminal overloading of vessels, and their wretched condition when sent to sea. At last he got a vague sort of an act

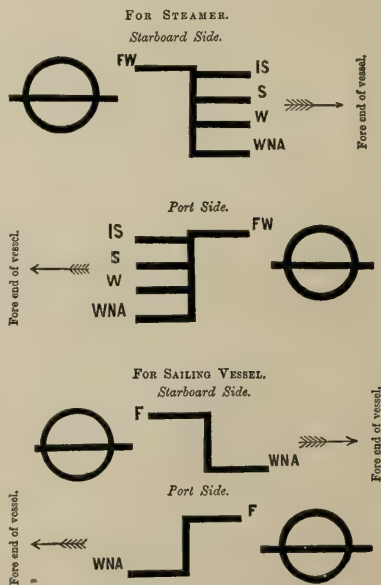
passed, giving the Board of Trade power to survey ships going to sea, and to stop those which seemed to be unseaworthy. This was in 1873, and during the first nine months of the act 286 vessels were surveyed, and 256 of them found unseaworthy. At least one in every ten was found to be so dangerously overloaded as to be in almost a sinking condition before leaving the dock. Of course, this opened the eyes of the Board of Trade and of Parliament, and Plimsoll's mark became an established feature on British sea-going ships; but its establishment was fought against by ship-owners, inch by inch. It was nicknamed the "pancake," and ridiculed and treated with contempt in every way. Some ship-owners put the mark on their smoke-stacks in defiance and derision. Plimsoll held to his idea, however, even getting himself suspended from the House of Commons one day for being too blunt and violent in his plain talk upon the subject. The result was "The Merchant-Shipping Act of 1876," making the Plimsoll Mark compulsory on all British sea-going vessels, and requiring its position to be fixed, not by the ship-owners, but by the Board of Trade.

The fight being over, and the mark established, it was gradually modified and adapted to suit different seasons and different waters. A "Load-Line Committee," in 1885, made rules for determining its location, and prepared tables figured out to simplify the application of the rules. Another merchant-shipping act was passed in 1890, and under it the regulations in force to-day were made by the Board of Trade, and went into effect December 1, 1892.

The original Plimsoll Mark, established by the Act of 1876, was the disk with the horizontal line through its center, the upper edge of the horizontal line indicating the depth to which a vessel could be loaded for a summer voyage in salt water. It is placed half-way between the bow and stern of a ship, and at a height on her side determined by calculations based upon her length, breadth, depth, and tonnage. The additional lines for different seasons and waters came into use gradually after 1876, and are fixed by the regulations of 1892.

A vertical line one inch wide is marked twenty-one inches forward of the center of the

disk. The load-line for fresh water is marked from the top of this line toward the stern, and the load-lines for different seasons are marked from the vertical line toward the bow. These lines are horizontal, one inch broad and nine inches long, and ships can be loaded until the upper edge of the proper load-line is level with the water; the lines being marked at the same height on both sides of the ship. These lines and marks are shown in the diagram on this page. The marks are not only painted, but cut or scored into the wood or iron of the ship's side, so that if the paint is rubbed off the mark can be found. Initial letters are marked at the ends of the lines to tell for what season or condition each line is intended. Thus F. W. means fresh water, I. S. means Indian summer, S. means summer, W. means winter, and W. N. A. means winter, North Atlantic. Steamships have all of these marks which are suitable to the nature of their employment, but sailing ships, beside the disk, have only the marks for fresh water and North Atlantic winter.



When a British merchant ship is completed, or a foreign-built ship is purchased to run under the British flag, her builder or owner makes application to the Board of Trade for a "Certificate of Approval" of the position of a load-line disk, and states in his application where the vessel's dimensions are registered, and in what waters she is going to trade. The ship is then visited by an officer of the Board of Trade, who takes with him copies of the tables for determining the position of the disk. He then makes a little calculation by the official rule.

The lines and disk are then marked on the ship's side, and a certificate issued to the owner stating in detail their position. This certificate can be found framed and hung in a conspicuous place on all British sea-going vessels. The junction of the upper deck with the ship's side is usually marked on the outside of the ship by a white mark like the load-line marks, and the distance from this junction down to the center of the load-line disk is called the *freeboard*. By the upper deck is meant the highest deck which extends out to the ship's sides in all directions.

The summer load-line can be used in north

latitudes from April to September inclusive, and in south latitudes during the other half of the year. The North Atlantic winter load-line must be used in that ocean north of the latitude of Baltimore, from October to March inclusive. The Indian summer load-line refers to summer in the Indian Ocean.

You wonder, no doubt, why no other country has adopted the Plimsoll Mark. At the International Marine Conference which sat in Washington in 1889, a committee was appointed to consider the feasibility of all countries adopting the mark, but after carefully considering the subject they made a vague report to the effect that "the time is not yet ripe." In this respect, other nations are at least twenty years behind Great Britain.

Samuel Plimsoll has dropped out of politics and out of public view, but to him will ever be given the credit and honor of saving countless human lives, and property beyond estimate, year after year till the end of time, and the day will come when his curious and much-ridiculed mark will be stamped like a great seal of safety upon every ship that sails the ocean.

A LOVE-SONG—TO JOHN.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

WHEN I think about him, I laugh, and say,
 "John, dear John!"
 The thought of him sets my heart at play—
 John, dear John!
 And as I wander along the street,
 And look at the boys and girls I meet,
 I see that there's never a one so sweet
 As John, dear John.

A beauty? Hardly! His hair is red;
 His figure is like a feather-bed;
 When one of his hugs I must endure,
 I think the bears have got me, sure!
 And feel to see if my ribs are fewer—
 John, dear John!

His boots are generally out at the toe;
 Where his mittens hide we never know;
 His pockets are full of string and crumbs,
 His fingers are every one of them thumbs,
 And he likes Sr. NICHOLAS better than sums—
 John, dear John!

But I think 't is the love that shines in his face—
 John, dear John!
 That lends it a little of Heaven's grace—
 John, dear John!
 And if I were offered the world, for choice
 Of something to make my heart rejoice,
 I'd choose the sound of his dear old voice—
 John, dear John!

THE BICYCLE RACE.

BY WALTER CAMP.



"WHY can't I have a bicycle, mother?" said seventeen-year-old Jack Dare to his still pretty but gray-haired mother, as he stood whirling his school-books by the strap threateningly close to the light little sewing-table that stood in the sitting-room.

"Because your father cannot possibly afford it, Jack. You know he was ill so long after that failure five years ago that what little money we had was all used up, and he can hardly afford now to keep you in school instead of putting you to work," said his mother.

"I wish he would put me to work. I'm tired of seeing you and him work so hard all the time; and I could earn a good deal, I know."

"But my boy," and the fond tone grew softer, "you know he wants to have you go to college, and is saving every cent for that."

Jack Dare was in the junior class at Queen's school, and would graduate in a little over a year. The school was one of the best in the country, and although Jack lived at home the

expense of keeping him at Queen's was quite a tax upon the family purse.

"What makes you so eager for a bicycle just now, Jack? You never seemed to care very much for the one you had two years ago."

"Oh! but that was a heavy old thing. It weighed over fifty pounds, mother, and nobody could ride that fast."

"But why should you want to ride fast, child?"

"Why, you see, mother, we're going to have a meeting — that 's races — with Oriel school in three weeks, and I want to try for the bicycle race. When I had that old wheel I used to beat some of the other fellows, and I've tried their new wheels sometimes when I had a chance, and I'm pretty sure I could get a place, for we can enter three men for that event."

"So that is what the new demand for a bicycle means, is it? Well, Jack, I wish you had one, but it is out of the question. Could n't you get the old one repaired so that it would do?"

"No, mother dear, I could n't. The new wheels racers ride now weigh less than twenty pounds; and what chance do you suppose I'd have against them?"

"But would n't some one of the boys lend you his, just for the race? They will not want their bicycles while the race is going on, I suppose."

"But don't you see, mother, I can't get a chance to make the team — to be chosen — unless I have a wheel to practise on. There are a dozen fellows who can ride as fast as I can now because I have n't had a show to get used to these light wheels, but I know that in a week or two I could."

"There, there, run along, Jack, and don't think of it any more — that's the way. You'll study all the more if you don't have any bicy-

cle to think of," said Mrs. Dare, and Jack walked out without another word.

But he could not help thinking about it, and in the afternoon he went over to the track where the boys had begun practising for the coming games. The bicycle men did not practise until the others had gone, so there were only a few left to look on when the wheelmen went on to the course.

Jack was a very popular boy in the school, even though he was known to be poor. The boys thought none the less of him for that, though most of them were from a class that does not have to study economy. Their parents wisely kept down their allowances within ordinary limits, but they wore better clothes, and had many things that Jack had to go without.

Among the bicyclists was Allen Thorne, one of the best riders in school; and Thorne was looked upon as the only likely match for Joe Wheeler of Oriel, who had a wonderful reputation for spurring, and whose record was better than Thorne's. Jack had sometimes ridden with Thorne when they were

wheels, will you? We're going to have a trial."

Jack jumped over into the track, and as Allen came up to the line held his wheel for him



preparatory to the start. "All ready, go!" and with a careful shove Jack started

him fairly upon his course.

Around the track they went, first one setting the pace, then another, but all perfectly well aware that when Thorne let himself out he would leave them all standing. And so he

"'T IS YOUR DUTY TO THE SCHOOL," SAID WRIGHT."
(SEE PAGE 50)

both in the fourth class at Queen's; but that was two years ago, when wheels were far heavier and tires poorer. How Jack envied Allen as he watched him slipping his toes into the clips! "Here, Jack," Thorne called out, "come over and hold one of these

did. On the last lap he swung out wide on the turn, and, passing the rest, went flying up the straight, around to the up-curve, and down toward the finish like the wind, gaining at every second and finishing with a hundred yards between him and Haddon, who was the next man.

How it made Jack's heart thump to see Thorne come, and how his legs fairly twitched under him as he imagined his own feet on the pedals!

"The trouble with you, Haddon," Wright, a graduate of the school, and one of the riders for Yale, was saying by way of coaching when they finished, "is that you know Thorne can out-spurt you, and you lose all heart as soon as he lets out. You can learn to go very nearly as fast as he can, if you'd only believe it, and half try. You want some one to pace you every day whom you're not afraid of—some man who can ride just as fast as Thorne, perhaps; but if you don't think he can, you'll keep up with him. Now, the rest of this set are all too slow for you, and you're just getting worse and worse; and, first you know, our second string will not be in it, and both seconds and thirds are going to count, you know."

Thorne had dismounted, and had been listening to all this. Of course he was pleased at being the best rider in the school, and having it so frankly confessed; but he was also very anxious to have their team beat Oriel in the games, and, besides, it looked as if the points in the bicycle race were going to determine the final issue.

Suddenly a thought struck him. "Why don't you have a try at it, Jack? You used to ride years ago, I know, for you and I had many brushes when we first came to school."

"Oh, I don't ride any more," stammered Jack.

"But you'd soon get into it again," said Thorne. "Here, take my wheel, and have a try at it."

Jack hesitated; but Wright said: "If you can ride at all, it's your duty to the school to do it, young man."

That settled it. He would have just one turn, anyway. So he ran into the dressing-room, stripped to his undershirt, and, slipping on an old pair of running-trunks, came out. "He's got a good leg," he heard Wright say, as he came across the track. "Let's see you ride a bit first," Wright continued, as Jack mounted the slender wheel. The thing was so much more sensitive than his old machine, and he had had so few chances to mount a really light wheel, that for some minutes he felt completely

at sea. But Wright, who had mounted another wheel, and was riding by his side, told him not to be nervous, to take it easy at first, and then fell to coaching him until, after ten minutes, he went better. Then Wright called out to Haddon to come up: "Now here, Dare, I want to see you ride alongside him once around, and then on the second lap, Haddon, you spurt, and come away from him." And, sure enough, on the second lap Haddon spurted, and although Jack did all he could, Haddon came away from him and finished forty yards ahead.

Jack pounded as hard as he could, but he felt he was not getting nearly as much out of himself as he should, and that he could go much faster when he had become better used to the wheel.

"There," said Wright, "don't you see all you lack is confidence, Haddon? This fellow rides fast, and will ride faster; and the thing for you both to do is to have one or two brushes every afternoon."

Then Jack felt called upon to speak up.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I can't come out," said he mournfully.

"Why not?" said Wright.

"I have to work at home three afternoons every week," he said; "and besides I have n't any wheel."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said Wright. "I'll send you down my wheel—the one I rode last season. I've a new one, and if you can't get out every day, you come out when you can, and give Haddon practice."

Jack could hardly believe his ears at this offer, for Wright was the best rider at Yale, and his old wheel was sure to be very nearly as good as any in Queen's school. Jack fairly walked on air all the way home, and as soon as he opened the door he rushed to his mother with the joyful news. She was as pleased as he over it, but made him promise to be very careful of Wright's wheel lest it be broken. "For," said she, "you know, Jack, if you should break it, your father would insist upon replacing it, and I don't see how in the world we could spare the money."

From that time on, three afternoons every week Jack was out on the track, for Wright's wheel had come down the very next day, and

proved to be the one on which he had won the last Harvard-Yale race.

For the first week Haddon could still pull away from Jack, but it was harder each day for him, and the gap was not a wide one. In the second week Wright came down again, and as he devoted most of his time to Haddon, Jack felt a little grieved; but just as Wright was leaving, he came over to Jack and said kindly, "You 're improving, Dare, and I want you to take good care of yourself. You may be needed."

How Jack's heart thumped at those words! True, the third place was supposed to be Green's, but Green had been off two weeks, and it was his absence that had made a chance for some one else. That evening Thorne came over to Jack's house and told him that Wright said that Jack was to come to training-table on the following Wednesday—which was just one week from the day of the games. Jack could hardly sleep that night for thinking of it. In two days he was to go to training-table. He had had only a little over a week on the new wheel, and he was just beginning to get the hang of it. It was a pleasure to see him ride, for he was very strong in the legs, and rode more steadily than any of the rest except Thorne.

The next day, as he went over to the track, he met Green, who had just returned. His heart fell a little, but he plucked up his spirits as he thought, "Green is only just as good as Haddon, and I'm pretty close to Haddon now." As soon as they all came out, Wright, who had agreed to see them once more, said, "I am going to send you fellows just as if you were in the race to-day, and I'm going to ride myself, and you can think I'm Oriel's best man—Wheeler."

At first Jack had visions of his having to give up his wheel to Wright, but no—Wright had brought down his own; and as he mounted and moved smoothly along down the track he was the envy of every boy there. Presently all were ready, and they lined up on the mark, each wheel held by some boy, ready for the start.

Wright gave them a word or two of instruction. He told Haddon that he wanted him to

set the pace for Thorne, and to keep it hot, too, for the first mile, and then that Jack should go up and carry it, if he could, for another lap. "Then," he said, "as soon as Thorne goes up, the rest of you all ride it out as hard as you can, and finish as close to him as you know how—if you can beat him out you need n't hesitate about doing it."

So they rode according to instructions; and, of course, when Thorne went up, Wright went with him, and the rest had no chance with them. But Green and Haddon and Jack had a hot time of it, and as they came down the straight Jack pedaled his hardest, and got the place by a yard. It was something of a surprise to Green, for he had not been out since Jack began riding, but Haddon seemed quite dejected. Green rode over to Jack, and called out good-naturedly, "Congratulate you. Looks as though Haddon and I would have to fight it out for the third place."

For the next day or two Wright gave Jack a good deal of coaching, and Thorne also helped him. He felt that he was riding better every minute under their hints, and the wheel seemed more a part of him. He told his mother that night of his victory, and that it would probably give him a chance at the team. She was only too ready to rejoice with him, and said he could take all his afternoons until the day of the meeting.

Jack was rapidly acquiring an ability to spurt, and, with Wright and Thorne by his side, the three would come down the straight fairly even until Wright let himself out. Then Jack and Thorne would have it at a great rate, and the former was very nearly able, at times, to hold Thorne. He could not quite get that last pound or two, however, and Thorne's wheel would slowly but surely push clear of him. Haddon had become quite discouraged after Jack had beaten him, and Green was chosen as the third man. He was riding well, and could be relied upon to keep very close to Jack, although, since Jack had learned how to spurt, Green could n't stay up with him long. The great feature of Jack's spurring was that, now he had once acquired the hang of it, he could keep up his spurt in a most remarkable way. If they would only ride fast from the

very start Jack always seemed nearly as strong as Thorne.

So the days slipped by until the afternoon of the meeting. The night before, Jack had dreamed of riding a race uphill, and awoke only to find himself nearly out of bed. The games were held on the Winsor track, a very good one, and especially good for the bicycle races, because it had been built for that purpose. All the townspeople were out, for the rivalry between the two schools was great, and each spectator was an ardent partizan. The orange and white of Oriel was matched by the red and gray of Queen's, and long before the games began the cheering and waving of flags had become general. Presently the hundred-yard dash was called, and Jack felt his heart come into his throat as he looked up the track from the piazza of the dressing-room and saw the men get on their marks. He hardly remembered a thing from that moment on until Wright came into the dressing-room and called out, "Now, you bicycle fellows, the whole thing hangs on you. Five points tie, and six win for us—you've just *got* to get it. Now remember all I've told you. If they don't get off fast, you, Green, go out and set the pace for the first three laps. If Wheeler moves up before that, you go up with him, Jack. Thorne, you keep easy until the next to the last lap. Then ride as you never rode before. And, Jack and Green, you both remember that we need six points to win—that's first and third places. If Thorne can get the first, you certainly between you can get that one for third."

But there was no time for more. The bicycle entries were called, and all three boys, with Wright, went out with their wheels. Wheeler was already there, riding down the track easily and gracefully. The other two of the Oriel boys were coming around on the other side. Jack thought neither of them looked very strong, but then, you can't tell in a bicycle race, he reflected. Soon all were getting lined up. Jack's legs shook a little with excitement as he was placing his toes in the clips, but the boy who was holding him whispered, "Steady, Jack; you'll be all right." Wright was holding Thorne, of course, but he had

managed to give Jack a pat on the back as he passed that did Jack good.

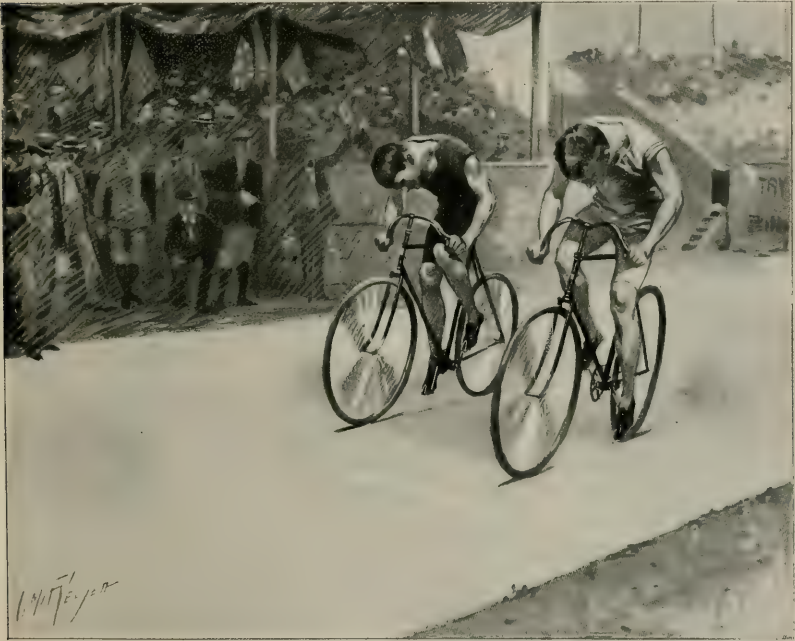
Now all was ready, and in another instant the pistol cracked and off they went on their two-mile journey. In a few seconds it was evident that the Oriel men wanted to have the race a slow one, for none of them went up to set the pace. Green, therefore, went to the front and began hitting it up in a pretty lively fashion. Wheeler hung on Thorne's right. Two laps were reeled off in this way, and the pace that Green was setting was not a bit to the liking of the Oriel men. In fact, Jack was the only man whom it really suited, though Thorne preferred it to a loafing race.

"Green's carrying them along at an awful clip," said Wright. "I did n't expect him to hit it up quite so high. However, it is hurting Wheeler just as much as it is Thorne, and Dare can stand more than anybody else in the lot," he added reflectively, as they spun around into the third lap. Wright called out "Good!" as they swung by, and we afterward learned that Green thought he said "Go it!" and took it as special advice to him to set the pace up higher. He said in his good-natured way later in the evening that he fancied he must have been riding too easy, and as he wanted to oblige Wright all he could, he set his teeth and pounded harder. The way they all whirled around this lap was killing, and it effectually disposed of the two tail-enders from Oriel, as that group of four distanced them, Green leading, Thorne and Wheeler hanging on to his rear wheel, and Jack, with every bit of speed he had in him, sticking to them. Thus they entered the fourth lap. Now Jack, remembering his instructions,—namely, that at that point he was to relieve Green and set the pace,—began to wonder whether he was likely to catch Green at all. He had n't been doing much looking round thus far, for he saw those two rear wheels of Thorne and Wheeler keeping just about so far ahead of him, no matter how hard he pushed, and he knew Green was somewhere up ahead. When, however, they came into the straight on this fourth lap, Jack set sail for the lead, and coming up level with Wheeler, finally crept up with Green, and was passing him when Green's wheel began to wobble. Before he

could steady himself, Thorne, who was between Green and Wheeler, felt his wheel just touch Green's, and over he went with a crash. He sprang to his feet, seized his wheel, and tried to mount; but the bicycle was a wreck, and it was useless.

A great cry went up from the throats of the Queen's boys as they saw Jack, Wheeler, and Green riding on alone, the latter dropping behind gradually, while there on the track stood

Green who had fallen, when, just as he came down the stretch, Wright called out: "Thorne is gone! Ride it out!" and as Jack started in on that sixth lap it gradually dawned upon him that Thorne had fallen, and that *he* was left alone with Wheeler. At first he felt queer in the pit of the stomach, but as he pedaled on he seemed to be getting rested, and he could hear the shouts of the boys as he passed,—"Go it, Dare! Dare! Dare!"—and this



DARE AND WHEELER AT THE FINISH.

their champion Thorne, with the wreck of his wheel and the wreck of their hopes. Presently came the last two men, who, having been hopelessly run out of it, now took on new courage at Thorne's accident, and pushed along, hoping to see Green coming back to them before the finish.

Jack had heard the crash, but had not dared to look around. He had supposed that it was

made him feel that he would never let Wheeler pass him.

He was just thinking this as they came into the seventh lap; and as they rounded the turn he saw something come like a flash between himself and the pole, and pass him, and then he knew that that streak was Wheeler, and he could hear the grand stand—"Wheeler! Wheeler! Oriel!" He put on all his power,

and went after him. For a minute he did n't raise his head; then he looked forward, and there was Wheeler just rounding the head of the track, but not much farther ahead than the distance he must have picked up just in that moment when he flashed by, and caught Jack by surprise. Then Jack settled down to work again, setting his teeth grimly, as he thought of that last quarter mile yet to go in which he must catch that man ahead. Then he heard the bell ring, and knew that Wheeler had begun the last lap. As he, too, passed the bell, he heard Wright call out again: "Go in, Dare!" and he gripped his handle-bars, and fairly jumped ahead. Then the crowd saw that Dare was gaining—"Dare! Dare!" answered the "Wheeler! Wheeler!"

Half the last lap was over, and Dare was almost by the side of the Oriel man. Now came the question of endurance. Both were

sputtering for all they were worth; but so they had been before. Which would hold it out the longest to reach the line? Jack was gaining; but he would have a longer sweep to make on the turn, as Wheeler had the pole. Now they reach the curve, and this tells. Jack's wheel falls back a little, but in the next instant, as they come into the straight, he comes level again and they fly on to the finish. A hundred yards from home there is no choice. Then, with a last effort, Jack's wheel gives just two or three little jumps forward, as it were, and he has won by three feet!

He can hardly check himself, and almost falls into the arms of his friends at the end of the straight. And, best of all, what is this that comes down the track behind the pair who have just finished? It is old Green, with just enough left in him, after all, to finish third, and get that needed odd point—and Queen's has won!

A WONDER-WORKER.

BY CHRISTOPHER VALENTINE.

I WAS standing one afternoon on a corner in one of the miserably crowded neighborhoods that are to be found in our large cities, and as I looked along the sidewalk, I pitied the children. There were throngs of them—poor, listless, prematurely old-looking little things who had no other place for their play than the few nooks and corners left by their busy, hard-featured elders. The children were sitting on the door-steps, leaning against the railings, crawling over boxes and barrels, hanging to wagons, clinging to hydrants, but in no case did they seem to be having any real playtime.

"I wish I could do something to make these children happy—if only for a little while," I thought; "but that is out of the question."

Just then something ran up against me, and a voice said pleasantly, "*La mi perdoni!*"

Turning, I saw a man pushing a piano-organ.

It seemed to have been sent by some fairy

godmother, in answer to my wish. I drew a little money from my pocket, and said:

"Play for the children to dance."

A bright smile lighted up the swarthy face, the organ was halted, that mysterious brass peg on the side of the instrument adjusted, the handle was turned, and the notes of a brisk waltz charged like an army of fairies upon the discordant imp noises of the street.

And you should have seen the children!

They sprang to their feet, some alone, some with partners, and whirled, like bright autumn leaves driven by the wind. Long faces shortened and broadened into smiles, and bits of song were heard.

I left them dancing.

And as I went on, I wondered why, in the parks opened for children's playgrounds, it would not be a good plan to hire a few piano-organ men to play, so that the children could dance.



"THE CHILDREN TOOK PARTNERS AND WHIRLED LIKE BRIGHT AUTUMN LEAVES DRIVEN BY THE WIND."

"NANCY."

(A true story.)

BY MARY BRADLEY.



"ATTENTION, PUSS! SEE HERE A MINUTE!"

My brother Ned, who has a fancy
For pets of all sorts, brought one day
Some goldfish to the room where "Nancy"
With her four kits beside her lay.

And mother thought it rather risky:
"For cats are fond of fish, my dear,
And kittens can't help being frisky—
I would n't put temptation near."

But the glass bowl with water brimming
 Stood all a-sparkle in the light,
 And round and round the goldfish swimming
 Were really such a pretty sight
 That Ned protested: "I shall teach her
 They 're not for her to touch," he said;
 And lifting up the purring creature,
 He tapped her smartly on the head.

"Attention, Puss! See here a minute,"—
 As Nancy squirmed beneath his
 thumb,—

"These fish are mine, and you 're
 not in it!

You 'll catch what Paddy gave
 the drum,
 And more besides, first time I find
 you

So much as winking at 'em. See?
 Just tuck that in your noddle,
 mind you,
 And keep a sharp lookout for me!"

He put her down, all rough and
 fluffy,

And Nancy gave herself a shake,
 He marched off, tail up, mighty
 huffy,

But looking very wide awake.

"She knows which side her bread
 is buttered!"

Laughed Ned: "She knows the goose
 hangs high!"

But mother still her warning uttered,
 "She 'll eat those goldfish by and by."

"Not she!" And he declared he 'd risk it.

"Why, Nancy was nobody's fool;
 He 'd bet his head against a biscuit
She would n't!" so ran off to school.

For some domestic thing or other
 There came, in Bridget's dulcet tone,
 Soon afterward, a call for mother,—
 And then the cat was left alone.

Straightway, perceiving she was able
 Her little plan to carry out,
 Nancy just leaped upon the table,
 And took the kittens, turn about.
 Then showing them the fish, precisely
 As Ned had shown them her before,



NANCY WARNS HER KITTENS.

She boxed each pair of ears quite nicely,
 And set them back upon the floor.

If Mother had not seen her do it,—
 (The door was open just a crack,
 And she could easily peep through it
 As to the room she hurried back),—
 You might n't give the story credit;
 But every word is just as true
 As if George Washington had said it,
 And done it with his hatchet, too.

Another thing is true as surely,
 That, unmolested from that day,
 The goldfish swim around securely,
 And not a kit will wink their way.
 Ned laughs when people talk about it,
 And answers, just as cool as cool,
He knew quite well enough, without it,
 That Nancy was nobody's fool.



"HOW DO, ENGLISH!"

AN OLD-TIME THANKSGIVING.

BY M. ELOISE TALBOT.

LITTLE Prudence stood by the window, with her face pressed hard against it. She was not looking out; she could not do that, for the window-frame, instead of being filled with clear panes of glass, had oiled paper stretched tightly across it.

It was a very curious window, indeed, and it transmitted a dull light into a very curious room. The floor was of uncovered boards; the walls were built of logs of wood with the bark still clinging to them in places, and overhead were great rafters from which hung suspended many things — swords and corselets, coats, bundles of dried herbs, pots and pans.

The furniture was very simple. In the center of the room was a wooden table, scoured to whiteness, stiff-backed chairs were ranged against the wall, and a dresser, where pewter cups and platters stood in shining rows, adorned the farther corner. In a wide chimney-place a royal fire was blazing, and before it stood Prudence's mother, carefully stirring some mixture in an iron pot which hung upon a crane. Within the circle of the firelight, which played upon her yellow hair and turned it to ruddy gold, Mehitable, Prudence's sister, stepped rapidly to and fro, her spinning-wheel making a hum-

ming accompaniment to the crackling of the blaze.

Prudence turned to watch her, pushing farther back a little white cap which pressed upon her short curls; for she was a little Puritan maiden, living in the town of Plymouth, and it was not the present year of our Lord, but about two hundred and seventy-five years ago. She was a very different Prudence from what she would have been if she had been living now, and it was a very different Plymouth from the pleasant town we know to-day, with its many houses climbing up the hill, and the busy people in its streets. There were only seven houses then, and they stood in one line leading to the water, and there was but one building besides — a square wooden affair with palisades, which served as a church on Sundays, a fort when enemies were feared, and a storehouse all the time. Beyond these nothing could be seen but woods — trackless, unknown forests — and, away to the east, the ocean, where the waves were booming with a lonesome sound.

It was not quite a year before that Prudence's father had stood with the other brave colonists on the deck of the "Mayflower," and had looked with eager eyes upon the shore of the

New World. This first year in Massachusetts had on the whole been a happy one for Prudence. During the cold winter which followed their landing, she had indeed cast longing thoughts toward the home in Holland which they had left; and especially did she long for the Dutch home when she was hungry, and the provisions which had been brought on the ship were scanty; but she had forgotten all such longings in the bounty given by the summer, and now it seemed to her there was no more beautiful place in the world than this New England.

It was Prudence's father who opened the door and came in, carrying on his shoulder an ax with which he had been felling trees for the winter's fuel. Prudence never could get over the queer feeling it gave her to see her father thus employed. When they lived in Holland, he was always writing and studying in books of many languages, but here he did little else than work in the fields, for it was only so that the early settlers obtained their daily bread. He leaned his ax in a corner, and came toward the fire, rubbing his hands to get out the cold.

"I have news for you, dear heart, to-night," he said to his wife. "I have just come from the granary, and, indeed there is goodly store laid up of corn and rye, and game that has been shot in the forest. The children's mouths will not hunger this winter."

"Praised be the Lord!" replied his wife, fervently. "But what is your news?"

"The governor hath decided to hold a thanksgiving for the bountiful harvest, and on the appointed day is a great feast to be spread; and he hath sent a messenger to bid Massasoit to break bread with us."

"Massasoit the Indian?"

"Ay; but a friendly Indian. He will come, and many of his braves with him. You will be kept busy, my heart, with the other housewives to bake sufficient food for this company."

"Oh, mother, may I—*may* I go?" cried Prudence, her eyes dancing with excitement, clutching at her mother's skirts; but her father continued:

"How now, Mehitable? The news of a coming feast does not seem to make you merry as it was wont to do in Holland."

Mehitable was grave, and there was even a tear in her eye.

"I know," cried Joel, who was two years older than Prudence; "she is thinking of John Andrew, who is across the sea."

But the father frowned, and the mother said, "Peace, foolish children!" as she placed the porridge on the table.

So Prudence and Joel drew up their benches, and said no more. Chairs and conversation did not belong to children in those days; they sat on little stools and kept silence. That did not keep them from thinking. A thanksgiving feast! What could it be? The only thanksgiving they knew about meant such long prayers in church that the little people grew very tired before the end—but a feast!—that would be something new and interesting.

The feast was to be held on the following Thursday; so, during all the days between, the house was full of the stir of brewing and baking. Prudence polished the apples, and Joel pounded the corn, in eager anticipation; but when the day arrived a cruel disappointment awaited them, for their father decreed that they should remain at home.

"You are over young, my little Prudence, and Joel is over bold; besides which, he must stay and care for you."

"And do neither of you leave the house while your father and I are away," added the mother. "I shall not have a moment's peace of mind, if I think you are wandering outside alone."

"I will bring you back a Dutch cake, my little sister," whispered Mehitable, who looked sweeter than ever in her best attire of black silk and a lace kerchief, which with an unwilling heart she had put on in obedience to her mother's command.

But when the elders were gone the disappointment and loneliness were too much for the children. Prudence, being a girl, sat down in a corner and cried; while Joel, being a boy, got angry, and strode up and down the room with his hands in his pockets.

"It is too bad!" he burst out suddenly. "The greedy, grown-up people, I believe they want all the food themselves! It's a downright shame to keep us at home!"

"Joel!" gasped Prudence, horrified — "father and mother!"

"Well, I know," admitted Joel, more mildly; "but at least, they need not have shut us up in the house as if we were babies. Prudence, let's go out in the yard and play, if we can't do anything else."

"But mother forbade us," said Prudence.

"I know. But then, of course, she only meant we must not go into the woods for fear of wild beasts. There is no danger here by the doorsteps, and father won't care; *he's* not afraid!"

"I — don't — know," faltered Prudence.

"Well, *I'm* going, any way," said Joel, resolutely, taking his hat from the peg. "Ah, do come too, Prudence!" he added persuasively.

So Prudence, though she knew in her heart it was a naughty thing to do, took off her cap, and tying her little Puritan bonnet under her chin, followed Joel through the door.

Once outside, I am afraid their scruples were soon forgotten. All the sunshine of the summer and the sparkling air of the winter were fused together to make a wonderful November day. The children felt like colts just loosed, and ran and shouted together till, if there had not been a good deal of noise also at the stone house where the feast was being spread, their shrill little voices must surely have been heard there.

All at once Joel caught Prudence by the arm.

"Hush!" he exclaimed. "Look!"

A beautiful gray squirrel ran across the grass in front of them. It stopped, poising its little head and intently listening.

"I'm going to catch him," whispered Joel excitedly. "Father said if I could catch one, he would make me a cage for it. Come along."

He tiptoed softly forward, but the squirrel heard and was up and away in an instant. Joel pursued, and Prudence ran after him. Such a chase as the little creature gave them — up on the fence, under the stones, across the fields, and finally straight to the woods, with the children panting and stumbling after, still keeping him in sight. Breath and patience gave out at last; but when they stopped, where were they? In the very heart of the forest, where the dead leaves rustled, and the sunlight

slanted down upon them, and the squirrel, safe in the top of a tree, chattered angrily.

"Never saw — anything run — so fast," panted Joel in disgust. "I — give — him up. We had better go back, Prudence. Why — but — I don't think I know the way!"

Prudence's lip quivered, and her eyes filled.

"That's just like a girl!" said Joel, harshly, "to go and cry the first thing."

"I don't care," cried Prudence, indignation burning away her tears; "you brought me into this, anyhow, Joel, and now you ought to get me out."

This was so obviously true that Joel had no retort at hand. Besides, he did not like to see Prudence unhappy. So, after a moment, he put his arm around her.

"Never mind, Prue," he said; "I think if we try together, we can find the way home."

But though they walked until their feet were weary, they could find no familiar spot.

When they came out of the woods at last, it was only to find themselves unexpectedly on the sandy beach of the ocean. They sat down on two stones, and looked at each other in silence. Joel began to feel even his bravery giving way. All at once they heard a sound of soft feet, and a low, sweet voice said:

"How do, English!"

A little Indian boy stood before them. He wore a garment of skins, and a tiny bow and quiver hung upon his back. His feet were bare, and he walked so lightly that the children could hardly hear his tread. Prudence, in fright, shrank close to her brother; but Joel had seen many Indians during their year in the New World, and the stranger's eyes were so bright and soft that the white boy returned the Indian's salutation. Then, plunging his hand into his pocket, Joel brought forth a handful of nut-meats, and held them out for an offering.

The little Indian smiled delightedly, and politely took a few — not all. Having munched the kernels gravely, the new-comer began to dance.

It was a most remarkable dance. It was first a stately measure, accompanied by many poisons on his toes, and liftings of his head, from which the wind blew back his straight black hair; but gradually his motions grew

faster and more furious, his slow steps changed to running, he turned, he twisted his lithe body into all possible contorted shapes, he threw his arms high above his head, waving them wildly, he took great leaps into the air, and finally, when his dance had lasted about fifteen minutes, several amazing somersaults brought him

Prudence's head drooped upon her brother's shoulder.

"I'm rather tired, Joel," she said, wistfully; "don't you think we could get to Plymouth pretty soon?"

"I don't know," said Joel, despondently.

At the words the Indian boy sprang to his



"THOU ART COME BACK TO ME—THE WARMTH OF MY HEART, THE SUNLIGHT OF MY WIGWAM!" EXCLAIMED MASSASOIT.
(SEE PAGE 62.)

breathless, but still smiling, to the children's feet.

His spectators had been shouting with delight during the whole performance, and now asked him eager questions. What was his name? How did he learn to dance? Could he not speak any more English? But to all their inquiries he only shook his head, and at last sat down beside them, motionless now as any little bronze statue, and looked steadily out to sea.

He ran toward the woods, then stopped, and beckoned them to follow.

"He is going in the wrong direction, I am sure," said Joel, shaking his head.

The boy stamped on the ground with impatience, and, running back, seized Prudence's hand, and gently pulled her forward.

"Plymout'!" he said, in his strange accent.

The children looked at each other.

"We might as well try him," said Joel.

The boy clapped his hands together, and ran on before them into the forest. It was a weary journey, over bogs and fallen trees, and seemed three times as long as when they had come. A wasp once stung Prudence on the cheek, making her cry out with pain; but quick as thought the little Indian caught up a pellet of clay, and plastered it upon the wound, and, marvelous to relate, before many minutes the sharp pain had quite gone away.

The woods seemed gradually to grow a little more open, and pretty soon they heard the distant tinkle of a cow-bell. At last (Prudence held her breath for fear it might not be true) they emerged suddenly into the clearing, and home lay before them.

They found they had made a complete circle since they started.

Their little guide stooped and picked up a gaudy-colored feather from the ground. He examined it closely, and then he shouted aloud, and began to run toward the storehouse as fast as his sturdy legs could carry him.

"I want to see mother," said Prudence, half crying with fatigue; so they ran all together across the clearing.

All this while the feast had been progressing. About noontime the great Massasoit, chief of the Indian tribe called the Wampanoags, had emerged from the forest with all his tallest braves in single file behind him. They wore their best beaver-skins, and their heads were gay with nodding feathers. They were received at the door of the storehouse by their English entertainers, who also wore the bravest attire that Puritan custom allowed. They gave the braves a hearty welcome.

Within, the long table fairly groaned with abundance of good cheer; for the housewives had vied with one another to provide the fattest game and the daintiest dishes that Dutch or English housewifery had taught them.

After asking a blessing, they all sat down, the stalwart colonists and their fair-haired women side by side with the taciturn Indians. The white men felt that the best way to thank God for the harvest was to share it with their dark-skinned brethren, who had first taught them to plant and raise the maize which now furnished the table.

Governor Bradford sat at the head of the table. He hoped much from this feast; first, that it might cement the friendship between the colonists and their Indian neighbors, the Wampanoags; and, second, that the news of it might induce the neighboring tribes, which were still partly hostile, to live in peace with the settlers. But though food and talk passed blithely round among the other guests, the governor saw, with growing dismay, that the great Massasoit sat frowning and depressed. The governor was not long in learning the cause. The interpreter, observing the governor's uneasiness, whispered in his ear that in a recent war with the Narragansetts, Massasoit's only child, a boy, was missed and was thought to have been taken prisoner, and of course put to death, after the cruel savage custom.

Toward the end of the feast, drink was served to every guest. For the first time Massasoit showed animation. He seized his cup, and lifted it in the air, and cried aloud in his native tongue, as he sprang to his feet:

"May plague and famine seize the Narragansetts!"

At that very moment the house-door opened, and a pretty group appeared upon the threshold. Two English children stood there, as fair and rosy as the May-time, and between them a dark, lithe little Indian, with sparkling eyes.

Prudence ran straight to her mother.

Massasoit paused and trembled; then, as his cup fell and shivered upon the ground, he crossed the room in one stride, and caught the Indian boy in his arms, looking at him as if he could never see enough.

Governor Bradford knew in an instant that the lost child had been restored, even without the Indian warrior's shout of triumph, and Massasoit's passionate exclamation: "Light of my eyes — staff of my footsteps! — thou art come back to me — the warmth of my heart, the sunlight of my wigwam!"

The rejoicing was so great that no one thought of chiding Joel and Prudence for their disobedience. The governor himself gave Joel a large slice of pudding, and Prudence told all her adventures, throned upon her father's knee, wearing around her neck a string of wampum which the grateful Massasoit had hung there.

"And, oh!" she exclaimed, "while the Indian boy was dancing for Joel and me, I looked out to sea, and I saw such a wonderful bird—a great white bird, flying along close to the water, and rising up and down. It was many times greater than the swans in Amsterdam!"

"Was it, my little maid?" said the good governor, laying his hand on her head, and then he exchanged a keen look with Prudence's father, saying nothing more. But when the guests had departed, bearing home the Indian boy in triumph, none was so early as the governor to reach the seashore; and it was his call that brought the colonists to see the good ship "Fortune" (Prudence's "great white bird") already rounding the point, and making ready to cast anchor in Plymouth harbor.

Ah, then indeed the great guns rang out from the shore to hail the ship, and the ship's cannon boomed a quick reply, and the whole little town was full and running over with glad welcome for the second English vessel to land upon our Massachusetts coast.

In the evening a happy circle gathered round the fire in the house of Prudence's father, and there was eager talk, for all had much to learn and to tell.

"I know now," said Joel to Prudence, as they sat side by side, "I know now what Thanksgiving means. It means plenty to eat."

Prudence looked at the dear faces around her, at Mehitable's sweet smile, and at the shining eyes of John Andrews, for he had been a passenger by the Fortune.

"Perhaps," she replied; "but I think, Joel, that we have Thanksgiving because we are so glad to be all together once more."

This first Thanksgiving happened long ago, but out of it all our later ones have grown; and when we think of the glad meetings of long-parted parents and sons and daughters, of the merry frolics with brothers and sisters and cousins, which come upon Thanksgiving Day, in spite of our bountiful dinner-tables we shall agree with Prudence that it is the happy family party which makes the pleasure, after all.



Bow-wow, little dog, have you any name?

Yes sir, two, but they don't mean the same,

One from my master, he calls me "Champ",

And one from the neighbors, they call me "Scamp."



YE MINSTREL AND YE MAYDE.

By FREDERICK B. OPPER.

PAUSE a moment, pray, my pretty
Rustic mayde!
Listen while I sing a ditty —
'T is my trade.

I will warble for your pleasure,
And I 'll thrum
On my soft guitar a measure —
Tumty-tum!

What!—you will not hear a sonnet
Or rondelle?
Then, since you insist upon it,
Fare you well!



THE TRUE STORY OF MARCO POLO.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

[*Began in the June number.*]

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE GREAT EMPEROR WENT TO WAR.

YOUNG Marco devoted a great deal of his space to accounts of the Great Khan's wars and fightings, and his hunting. Evidently, Marco was himself fond of sport, for he describes many kinds of game birds and beasts, and it is easy to see that he must have hunted somewhat himself, although he modestly avoids saying much about his own doings while he was in Cathay. His account of one of the Great Khan's battles is so vivid that we must quote what he has to say of it, as well as what he tells us of the Khan's title:

OF CUBLAY KAAH, THE GREAT KAAH NOW REIGNING,
AND OF HIS GREAT PUISSANCE.

Now am I come to that part of our book in which I shall tell you of the great and wonderful magnificence of the Great Kaan now reigning, by name CUBLAY KAAH; *Kaan* being a title which signifyeth "The Great Lord of Lords," or Emperor. And of a surety he hath good right to such a title, for all men know for a certain truth that he is the most potent man, as regards forces and lands and treasure, that existeth in the world, or ever hath existed from the time of our First Father Adam until this day. All this I will make clear to you for truth, in this book of ours, so that every one shall be fain to acknowledge that he is the greatest Lord that is now in the world, or ever hath been.

CONCERNING THE REVOLT OF NAYAN, WHO WAS
UNCLE TO THE GREAT KAAH CUBLAY.

Now this Cublai Kaan is of the right Imperial lineage, being descended from Chinghis Kaan, the first sovereign of all the Tartars. And he is the sixth Lord in that succession, as I have already told you in this book. He came to the throne in the year 1256, and the Empire fell to him because of his ability and valor and great worth, as was right and reason. His brothers, indeed, and other kinsmen disputed his claim, but his it remained, both because maintained by his great valor, and because

it was in law and right his, as being directly sprung of the Imperial line.

Up to the year now running, to wit, 1298, he hath reigned two and forty years, and his age is about eighty-five, so that he must have been about forty-three years of age when he first came to the throne. Before that time he had often been to the wars, and had shown himself a gallant soldier and an excellent captain. But after coming to the throne he never went to the wars in person save once. This befel in the year 1286, and I will tell you how he went.

There was a great Tartar Chief, whose name was NAYAN, a young man of thirty, Lord over many lands and many provinces, and he was Uncle to the Emperor Cublai Kaan of whom we are speaking. And when he found himself in authority this Nayan waxed proud in the insolence of his youth and his great power; for indeed he could bring into the field 300,000 horsemen, though all the time he was liegeman to his nephew the Great Kaan Cublai as was right and reason. Seeing then what great power he had, he took it into his head that he would be the Great Kaan's vassal no longer; nay, more, he would fain wrest his empire from him if he could. So this Nayan sent envoys to another Tartar Prince called CAIDU, also a great and potent Lord, who was a kinsman of his, and who was a nephew of the Great Kaan and his lawful liegeman also, though he was in rebellion and at bitter enmity with his sovereign Lord and Uncle. Now the message that Nayan sent was this: That he himself was making ready to march against the Great Kaan with all his forces (which were great), and he begged Caidu to do likewise from his side, so that by attacking Cublai on two sides at once with such great forces they would be able to wrest his dominion from him.

And when Caidu heard the message of Nayan, he was right glad thereat, and thought the time was come at last to gain his object. So he sent back answer that he would do as requested; and got ready his host, which mustered a good hundred thousand horsemen.

HOW THE GREAT KAAH MARCHED AGAINST NAYAN.

When the Great Kaan heard what was afoot, he made his preparations in right good heart, like one who feared not the issue of an attempt so contrary to justice. Confident in his own conduct and prowess, he was in no degree disturbed, but vowed that he would never wear crown again if he brought not those two traitorous and disloyal Tartar chiefs to an ill end. So swiftly and se-

cretly were his preparations made that no one knew of them but his Privy Council, and all were completed within ten or twelve days. In that time he had assembled good 360,000 horsemen and 100,000 footmen,—but a small force indeed for him, and consisting only of those that were in the vicinity. For the rest of his vast and innumerable forces were too far off to answer so hasty a summons, being engaged under orders from him on distant expeditions to conquer divers countries and provinces. If he had waited to summon all his troops, the multitude assembled would have been beyond all belief, a multitude such as never was heard of or told of, past all counting! In fact, those 360,000 horsemen that he got together consisted merely of the falconers and whippers-in that were about the court!

And when he had got ready this handful (as it were) of his troops, he ordered his astrologers to declare whether he should gain the battle and get the better of his enemies. After they had made their observations, they told him to go on boldly, for he would conquer and gain a glorious victory: whereat he greatly rejoiced.

So he marched with his army, and after advancing for twenty days they arrived at a great plain where Nayan lay with all his host, amounting to some 400,000 horse. Now the Great Kaan's forces arrived so fast and so suddenly that the others knew nothing of the matter. For the Kaan had caused such strict watch to be made in every direction for scouts that every one that appeared was instantly captured. Thus Nayan had no warning of his coming and was completely taken by surprise; insomuch that when the great Kaan's army came up, he was asleep. So thus you see why it was that the Emperor equipped his force with such speed and secrecy.

OF THE BATTLE THAT THE GREAT KAAH FOUGHT WITH NAYAN.

What shall I say about it? When day had well broken, there was the Kaan with all his host upon a hill overlooking the plain where Nayan lay in his tent, in all security, without the slightest thought of any one coming thither to do him hurt. In fact, this confidence of his was such that he kept no vedettes whether in front or in rear; for he knew nothing of the coming of the Great Kaan, owing to all the approaches having been completely occupied as I told you. Moreover the place was in a remote wilderness, more than thirty marches from the Court, though the Kaan had made the distance in twenty, so eager was he to come to battle with Nayan.

And what shall I tell you next? The Kaan was there on the hill, mounted on a great wooden bartizan, which was borne by four well-trained elephants, and over him was hoisted his standard, so high aloft that it could be seen from all sides. His troops were ordered in battalions* of 30,000 men apiece; and a great part of the horsemen had each a footsoldier armed with a lance set on the crupper behind him (for it was thus that the footmen were disposed of); and the whole plain seemed to be covered with his forces. So it was thus that the Great Kaan's army was arrayed for battle.

When Nayan and his people saw what happened, they were sorely confounded, and rushed in haste to arms. Nevertheless they made them ready in good style and formed their troops in an orderly manner. And when all were in battle array on both sides as I have told you, and nothing remained but to fall to blows, then might you have heard a sound arise of many instruments of various music, and of the voices of the whole of the two hosts loudly singing. For this is a custom of the Tartars, that before they join battle they all unite in singing and playing on a certain two-stringed instrument of theirs, a thing right pleasant to hear. And so they continue in their array of battle, singing and playing in this pleasing manner, until the great Naccara of the Prince is heard to sound. As soon as that begins to sound the fight also begins on both sides; and in no case before the Prince's Naccara sounds dare any commence fighting.

So then, as they were thus singing and playing, though



DRAWN FROM A CHINESE PICTURE.

THE KHAN'S WAR-DRUMS, CALLED NACCARAS.

ordered and ready for battle, the great Naccara of the Great Kaan began to sound. And that of Nayan also began to sound. And thenceforward the din of battle began to be heard loudly from this side and from that. And they rushed to work so doughtily with their bows and their maces, with their lances and swords, and with the arblasts† of the footmen, that it was a wondrous sight to see. Now might you behold such flights of arrows from this side and from that, that the whole heaven was canopied with them and they fell like rain. Now might you see on this side and on that full many a cavalier and man-at-arms fall slain, insomuch that the whole field seemed covered with them. For fierce and furious was the battle, and quarter there was none given.

But why should I make a long story of it? You must know that it was the most parous and fierce and fearful battle that ever has been fought in our day. Nor have there ever been such forces in the field in actual fight, especially of horsemen, as were then engaged—for, taking both sides, there were not fewer than 760,000

* Battalions.

† Cross-bows.

horsemen, a mighty force! and that without reckoning the footmen, who were also very numerous. The battle endured with various fortune on this side and on that from morning till noon. But at the last, by God's pleasure and the right that was on his side, the Great Kaan had the victory, and Nayan lost the battle and was utterly routed. For the army of the Great Kaan performed such feats of arms that Nayan and his host could stand against them no longer, so they turned and fled. But this availed nothing for Nayan; for he and all the barons with him were taken prisoners, and had to surrender to the Kaan with all their arms.

Now you must know that Nayan was a baptized Christian, and bore the cross on his banner; but this naught availed him, seeing how grievously he had done amiss in rebelling against his Lord. For he was the Great Kaan's liegeman, and was bound to hold his lands of him like all his ancestors before him.

HOW THE GREAT KAAH CAUSED NAYAN TO BE PUT TO DEATH.

And when the Great Kaan learned that Nayan was taken right glad was he, and commanded that he should be put to death straightway and in secret.

And when the Great Kaan had gained this battle, as you have heard, all the Barons and people of Nayan's provinces renewed their fealty to the Kaan. Now these provinces that had been under the Lordship of Nayan were four in number, to wit: the first called CHORCHA; the second CAULY; the third BARSOL; the fourth SIKINTINU. Of all these four great provinces had Nayan been Lord; it was a very great dominion.

And after the Great Kaan had conquered Nayan, as you have heard, it came to pass that the different kinds of people who were present, Saracens and Idolaters and Jews, and many others that believed not in God, did gibe those that were Christians because of the cross that Nayan had borne on his standard, and that so grievously that there was no bearing it. Thus they would say to the Christians: "See now what precious help this Cross of yours hath rendered Nayan, who was a Christian and a worshipper thereof." And such a din arose about the matter that it reached the Great Kaan's own ears. When it did so, he sharply rebuked those who cast these gibes at the Christians; and he also bade the Christians be of good heart, "for if the Cross had rendered no help to Nayan, in that It had done right well; nor could that which was good, as It was, have done otherwise; for Nayan was a disloyal and traitorous Rebel against his Lord, and well deserved that which had befallen him. Wherefore the Cross of your God did well in that It gave him no help against the right." And this he said so loud that everybody heard him. The Christians then replied to the Great Kaan: "Great King, you say the truth indeed, for our Cross can render no one help in

wrongdoing; and therefore it was that It aided not Nayan, who was guilty of crime and disloyalty, for It would take no part in his evil deeds."

And so thenceforward no more was heard of the floutings of the unbelievers against the Christians; for they heard very well what the Sovereign said to the latter about the Cross on Nayan's banner, and its giving him no help.

Marco makes one or two errors in his account of the Great Khan's warlike doings. This was not the only time that the Emperor went to war in person; for the Chinese annalists tell of at least one other occasion when he led his army against his brother and rival, Arikbuga, in 1261; and in his old age he took the field against Kaidu, a rebel in the North. Nayan, whose defeat and tragical death are so vividly described by Marco, was not the uncle of Kublai Khan; he was no more than a cousin many times removed.

A "bartizan" was a sort of tower, made of timber, and used for purposes of defense or attack. It would appear that the Great Khan went to war in person, riding in a great wooden tower which was carried on the backs of four elephants. On an elephant was also carried the big war-drum which Polo calls a *naccara*. This was an immense kettle-drum shaped like a brass cauldron, tapering to the bottom and covered with dried buffalo-hide which had been scraped thin and tightly stretched for the drum-head. These were sometimes three or four feet across at the top, and the noise from them when beaten was something terrific. Two of these monster drums would be slung on the back of an elephant, and the drummer, seated between the two, would beat first one and then another, when the signal was to be given to the fighting men.

Imagine 460,000 soldiers, infantry and cavalry, marching to battle with the gigantic drums sounding, flags flying, troops shouting, and over all the war-banner of the great Emperor, streaming from his castle borne on the backs of four elephants. Truly that was a "parlous and fierce and fearful battle," the like of which we have never seen in our day.

(To be continued.)



BY OLIVER HERFORD.



IS MAJESTY, the King
of Beasts,
Tired of fuss and formal feasts,
Once resolved that he
would go
On a tour incognito.

But a suitable
disguise
Was not easy to
devise;
Kingly natures do
not care
Other people's
things to
wear.

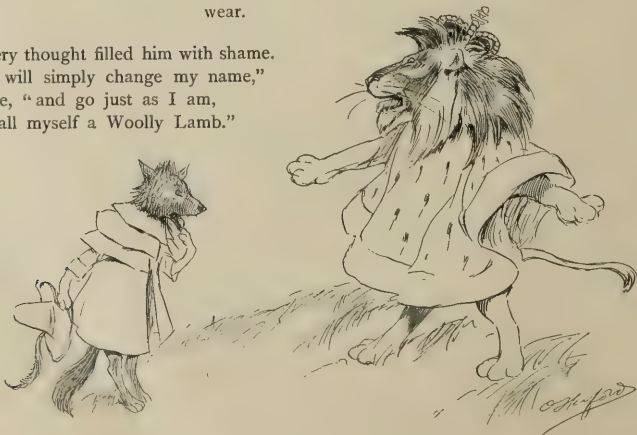
The very thought filled him with shame.
"No, I will simply change my name,"
Said he, "and go just as I am,
And call myself a Woolly Lamb."

And so he did, and as you 'll guess,
He had a measure of success.
Disguised in name alone, he yet
Took in 'most every one he met.

The first was Mister Wolf, who said
"Your Majesty—" "Off with his head!"
The angry monarch roared. "I am,
I 'd have you know, a Woolly Lamb."

Then Mistress Lamb, who, being near,
Had heard, addressed him: "Brother
dear —"

"Odds cats!" the lion roared, "my word!
Such insolence I never heard!"



His rage was a terrific sight
 (It almost spoiled his appetite).
 And so it went, until one day
 He met Sir Fox, who stopped to say
 (Keeping just far enough away,
 Yet in a casual, off-hand
 way,

As if he did n't care
 a fig),
 "Good morning to you,
 Thingumjig."



Now everybody, small and big,
 Knows what is meant by Thingumjig;
 But what is now a household word
 In those days never had been heard.
 Sir Fox himself invented it
 This great emergency to fit.

The King of Beasts, quite unprepared
 For this reception, simply stared.

Of course he was not going to show
 There was a word he did not know.
 He bowed, and with his haughtiest air
 Resumed his walk; but everywhere
 He went his subjects, small and big,
 Took up the cry of Thingumjig.

It followed him where'er he went;
 He did n't dare his rage to
 vent.
 Suppose it were a compli-
 ment?

His anger then would only show
 Here was a word he did not know!
 The only course for him, 't was clear,
 Was to pretend he did not hear.

And this he did until, at length,
 Long fasting so impaired his strength
 He gave his tour up in despair,
 Mid great rejoicing everywhere.



THE KING'S CASTLE IN NO MAN'S LAND.

(Third story of the series entitled "The City of Stories." Begun in the September number.)

BY FRANK M. BICKNELL.

AFTER reading the "End of Week after Next," the Princess and her companion walked about the city reading here and there bits of stories, so as to find one that was especially interesting. At length they turned into a street that seemed to promise entertaining reading. Accordingly they began the perusal of a tale entitled:

THE KING'S CASTLE IN NO MAN'S LAND.

ONCE on a time there lived a man named Avaro. He was so mean and miserly that he was heartily despised by all who knew him. None of his neighbors would even speak to him if they chanced to meet him in the street. He had no family, and he lived quite alone. He never asked people to visit him, and it is doubtful whether anybody would have come.

One summer day a strange old man with a long beard came trudging down the road. He had journeyed a great distance, and was warm and tired. Noticing that Avaro's house cast a deep shadow, the wayfarer thought it would harm no one if he were to sit down there on the grass to cool and rest himself a bit. But it chanced that Avaro was in an unusually bad temper that day. While counting his money in the morning he had lost a farthing piece. It had slipped between his fingers, and rolled away somewhere into a crack in the floor so that it could not be found. This awful

calamity had made the miser as cross as two sticks and sourer than last year's cider. When he saw the stranger seated before his house he rushed out of doors in a great rage.

"You lazy good-for-nothing!" he cried, "get up and begone! How dare you sit down in my beautiful shadow?"

"In what way am I wronging anyone by sitting here?" asked the old man; "is not the shade free?"

"Free!" screamed Avaro. "My beautiful shade free! Don't you suppose this house cost



"HOW DARE YOU SIT DOWN IN MY BEAUTIFUL SHADOW?"

money? Well, if the house were not here neither would the shade be; therefore the shade also cost money, did n't it? Off with you, vagabond, and never let me catch you about here again, using my costly shadow!"

"Certainly you are the meanest man alive," remarked the traveler, rising and taking up his staff, "and you have used me shabbily; nevertheless I will tell you something that will please you. Next week you will be made king."

The miser opened his eyes and his mouth

too, in amazement at this piece of news. But before he could fairly collect his wits to ask any question the old man had gone.

A few days after this the reigning king died suddenly, without leaving any children to succeed him. So, as the people must have a king, a council of twenty of the principal men met to see what should be done. And as it costs a great deal to keep up the dignity and state of a sovereign, it was decided that the wealthiest of the late king's subjects should be the one to succeed him on the throne.

Now it had been supposed that the Goldsmith — who was one of the council of twenty — was the richest man in the kingdom, but as it proved, this was not the case. When the decision was made public, Avaro came forward and presented his claim. Here was a disagreeable surprise to everybody, and particularly to the Goldsmith, his wife, and their pretty daughter, who already had begun to look on themselves as a royal family. Up to that time Avaro had feigned extreme poverty, and indeed it had cost him a severe pang at last to admit that he possessed so much wealth. But the advantages of being king were too great. So he showed beyond a doubt that his title to sovereignty was good, and the council of twenty were forced to accept him as their king.

From the very first no one liked the new ruler, and as time went by he grew more and more unpopular. On coming into power he cut down expenses in every possible way, and resorted to numberless mean and petty tricks by which money was turned into his own pockets. In a few weeks the court became so poor and shabby from Avaro's parsimony that the very rag-pickers were ashamed.

Finally the discontent grew to be so great and so widespread that the council of twenty held another meeting — this time to try and devise some means of getting rid of the monarch with whom they had so unluckily burdened themselves. However, Avaro's removal was not to be brought about so easily as had been his elevation to regal power. There was no law against stinginess, and unless he broke some law there could not be found a sufficient excuse for depriving the king of his throne. No one was able to suggest anything, and the

council were forced to confess themselves nonplussed.

Among them all no one had racked his brains harder for some way of getting Avaro deposed than the Goldsmith, and as nothing had come of it he went home in rather an unpleasant state of mind. As soon as he got into the house his wife and daughter eagerly began to question him about the result of the meeting. Of course he was obliged to tell them that all the deliberation had been to no purpose. He had scarcely made the confession when he was startled by a loud, boisterous laugh. Turning quickly about, he strode across the room toward the stove, behind which sat an overgrown, out-at-elbows lad. He was still laughing.

"Bobo, you triple idiot, what are you haw-hawing about? How dare you make fun of your betters, sirrah?" demanded the angry Goldsmith, uplifting his cane to chastise him.

"Ho! ho! I could n't help it," cried the youth, nimbly dodging the stick. "Don't strike me, master. I laughed to think of twenty wise men wearing out their wits over a matter that any fool could have settled in less than five minutes."

"My faith! did ever any one hear the like?" exclaimed the Goldsmith. "Think you, Bobo, that you, who are the biggest fool I know, could help us out of our trouble?"

"That indeed I could," replied Bobo.

"How, good Bobo?"

The youth shut one eye and looked very sly. "Master," quoth he, "that is a secret which passes not out of my own keeping. But I will bring the thing about on a certain condition."

"Pray, what may that certain condition be?" inquired the Goldsmith, in growing amazement.

"That you give me your daughter to wife," answered Bobo coolly.

When she heard these audacious words the Goldsmith's pretty daughter, who was as proud as she was pretty, could hardly believe her ears. That this poor fellow, who was looked on as little better than a simpleton, should dare ask her hand seemed preposterous.

"Upon my word," she exclaimed with flashing eyes, "the booby has gone mad — stark, staring mad — to dream that I would ever wed

with such as he!" and with a look of scorn at poor Bobo she left the room.

But her father took the matter more quietly. He wished very much to sit on the throne, and he was unwilling to let pass any chance. As he reasoned, he would run no risk in promising his daughter to Bobo conditionally, for if the youth failed there would be no harm done, and if he succeeded he would have proved himself clever enough to deserve her.

"Do you mean," he demanded, "that you can remove King Avaro from the throne without violence and by lawful methods?"

"Ay," replied the youth; "or, rather, I intend that King Avaro shall remove himself—that is, if you promise me your daughter," he added quickly.

"Very well," returned the Goldsmith, no longer hesitating; "rid us of Avaro and the maiden shall be yours."

Some weeks after these events it became known that the Prince Magnifico, who was traveling about the world for his own amusement, had decided to pay King Avaro's capital a visit. In fact, his royal highness shortly appeared in town and took up his abode in the finest house that money could hire. Magnifico was a fine, handsome young man of free and gay manners, and was good-hearted and generous to a fault. Naturally he took early occasion to pay his respects to the king. The latter received his visitor with seeming graciousness, though all the while he was wishing him at the other end of the earth. He knew that he would be expected to show the prince some attentions during his stay in the city, and he had no mind to pay out good money for what he reckoned as extravagant follies. Instead of offering refreshments to the prince and his attendants, he asked the former to go with him and look at the palace gardens,—which would cost nothing,—and as for the latter (who, he had no doubt, would have "eaten him out of house and home" if he had but given them the chance), he left them to shift for themselves.

While they were promenading through the garden the king happened to remark, with envious eyes, an unusually large diamond that Magnifico wore in his cap. Seeing that the

gem had attracted Avaro's notice, the prince removed it from its place that it might be examined more closely. As he was about to put it in the king's hand, however, a bird suddenly flew down, snatched the glittering stone in its beak, and then disappeared almost in a twinkling. Avaro gave a cry of horror and started forward as if to pursue the thief, but Magnifico said, with a light laugh:

"Let the bauble go; there are enough more like it to be had from the king's castle in No Man's Land."

"Eh?" exclaimed Avaro, pricking up his ears, "and do you hold the key to that wonderful castle?"

"Not I," returned Magnifico, with another laugh. "The door stands wide open to all. When the king of No Man's Land died, many years ago, he left a castle filled with treasures, and any one may go and help himself."

"Know you how the castle is to be reached?" queried Avaro, eagerly.

"Oh, yes; nothing can be easier to find. It lies within three days' journey from the boundaries of your kingdom. You have only to travel until you come to a strange old man with a long beard, sitting at the entrance to a wood. Bestow upon him a suitable alms, and he will direct you to the king's castle."

Soon the prince took his leave, much to the satisfaction of Avaro, who was in a violent hurry to get hold of the treasures of the king of No Man's Land. Without losing time he gathered a great number of oxen and pack-horses and started out.

A three days' march beyond the confines of his own dominions brought the king to the borders of an immense forest where a strange old man with a long beard was sitting. It was the very same person whom he had formerly driven away from the shade of his house, though Avaro did not know that. The miserly monarch fumbled a while in his pockets for a "suitable alms," and finally, not without much reluctance, he threw a copper toward the old man, and asked to be directed to the king's castle.

The old man looked disdainfully at the coin lying on the ground before him. "Is that all a rich king can afford to give a poor creature who asks charity?" he demanded, severely.

"I do not say I am rich, nor yet a king," answered Avaro, fearing to part with any more of his dearly loved money.

"Indeed! But it is a great train that follows you?"

"The Prince Magnifico is visiting me," replied Avaro, unblushingly.

"Ah," said the old man slowly, "you wish

me offer you a piece of advice that you will do well to follow. In the king's castle in No Man's Land is a great hall from which open one hundred doors. Ninety and nine of these you may freely pass through, but beware that you do not so much as lift the latch of the hundredth door, else ill-luck will surely befall you."

Without paying very much heed to the old

man's last words Avaro rubbed the herb upon his steed's nostrils, and dropping the reins on his neck rode forward at a quicker pace. In about an hour he came to a clearing, in the midst of which he saw the King's Castle. It was a grand and stately building, but Avaro had no thought of stopping to admire the beauty of its architecture. Galloping into the courtyard he dismounted, and leaving his horse with an attendant, he hurried through the lofty portals into the great hall. There, as the old man had said, were the hundred doors all alike, save that the last bore a placard: "It is forbidden to enter here."

With hands trembling from excitement Avaro pushed open the first of these hundred doors. What a sight then met his gaze! He was on the threshold of a large chamber filled with gold coins shining as if fresh from the mint. For some minutes he stood gloating over this mass of wealth; then he carefully shut that door and opened the next one. This time a room full of magnificent pearls was disclosed to view. After he had feasted his eyes upon them for awhile, he passed on to the third door. When he opened this he was nearly blinded by



"THE PAVEMENTS OF THE COURTYARD WERE NEARLY A HUNDRED FEET BELOW HIM AND WERE STILL SINKING RAPIDLY." (SEE PAGE 74.)

me to think you are not rich, nor a king, and that this train belongs to Prince Magnifico. Very good! So be it!" And his words were accompanied by a look that made Avaro shiver with dread.

But Avaro repeated his request to be shown the way to the king's castle. Whereupon the old man stooped, and plucking a small plant that grew at his feet, he threw it to Avaro, saying:

"Rub your horse's nose with the juice of that herb; then give him the rein and he will take you where you seek to go. But first let

the luster of a great heap of diamonds, not one of which could have been smaller than a robin's egg. He was now almost beside himself for

There was nothing alarming to be seen. Only a flight of stone steps leading downward. He began slowly to descend, and soon found



"'MASTER,' QUOTH BOBO, 'THAT IS A SECRET THAT PASSES NOT OUT OF MY OWN KEEPING!'"
(SEE PAGE 71.)

joy, and without waiting to investigate further, he rushed forth to summon his attendants and set them to work. He was in a feverish hurry to get the treasure into sacks that he might take it away before any one else should come to dispute his right to it.

For nearly a week, day and night, he kept his men at their labors. There was neither sleep nor rest for any one until all the ninety-nine doors had been opened, and the mines of riches that were revealed had been carried out of the castle. The amount that Avaro thus laid hold of was enormous, but if there had been ten times as much he would not have left a farthing's-worth behind.

At last, toward the end of the seventh day, the ninety-nine rooms stood quite empty, and every man and beast was loaded down with as much as he could possibly carry. And now Avaro turned his whole attention to the mysterious hundredth door, for despite the warning of the strange old man—or, rather, because of it—he was irresistibly tempted to penetrate its secret. He suspected that it concealed a treasure far greater than any he had yet seen. The thought of leaving behind anything for others to get was too much for his avaricious soul. He did not long hesitate, but presently raised the latch and pushed open the door.

himself in a well-lighted cellar. He glanced about him. The apartment was bare save for a large stone vase that stood in the center of it. Upon the vase was this inscription: "If you would behold a wonder throw a handful of earth into this vase."

Avaro was sure that some enormous treasure was about to be revealed to him, so he scooped up some

mold from the cellar floor and dropped it in upon a tiny brown seed that lay in the bottom of the vase. No sooner had he done so than a little green shoot appeared through the earth, and continued to grow even more rapidly than it had begun. In a very short time it had become a tree and had reached the top of the room. Meantime its branches were spreading to such an extent that Avaro realized that the place must be soon quite filled with the foliage. In some alarm he turned and hurried back up the stone steps. Suddenly there came a report as if a cannon had been fired. The trunk of the tree had burst the vase, and now its roots were striking deep into the ground, while its limbs shot upward with renewed vigor. At the same time a curious trembling and shaking motion made itself felt throughout the castle. Breathless with haste and terror, Avaro rushed into the great hall, intending to make his escape to the courtyard, where his followers were awaiting him. But on reaching the portals, what was his horror to find that the pavements of the courtyard were nearly a hundred feet below him, and—apparently—were still sinking rapidly. In fact the castle was being raised into the air by the marvelous growth of the tree in the cellar. In vain that he shrieked frantically for help; he was already

far beyond the reach of human hands. Moreover, while he was thus being borne aloft there suddenly appeared in the midst of his astonished attendants the strange old man with the long beard. Looking upward, this singular person addressed to Avaro these words, every one of which was distinctly audible:

"You have brought upon yourself your own punishment. Until some one meaner than you are shall come to take your place, you must remain where you are. Now, indeed, *you are not rich, neither are you a king, and your great train belongs to the Prince Magnifico.* He will know how to make a proper use of your ill-gotten gains; you will never see them more."

Whereupon the unhappy miser, now nearly three hundred feet above the earth, saw him ride away, followed by the entire company of men, horses and oxen.

Thus was Avaro left alone in the empty castle, while the immense treasure of which he had ruthlessly stripped it was carried off before

his Highness wished to marry and was on the lookout for a suitable bride. Then, of course, there was a great stir among the maidens. One evening Magnifico gave a great ball, to which all the fairest damsels in the kingdom were bidden. Naturally they came, every one, and among them, looking her very prettiest, was the Goldsmith's pretty daughter. To her the Prince showed marked favor from the first, and danced with her as often as his duties to his other guests would permit.

By and by, during a pause in the dancing, Magnifico stepped forward and thus addressed the company:

"My friends, I have called you together this evening for a particular reason. I desire to take a wife; but in a land where all the maidens are so beautiful, how can I decide which to choose? As you see, my position is a delicate one. I should like, therefore, to have the matter settled thus: if there be any maiden here who loves me truly, and whose heart tells her



"MAGNIFICO DREW BACK HAUGHTILY."

his very eyes. And as it is not likely that a meaner man than he will ever come into this world, probably Avaro remained in the King's Castle in No Man's Land until he died.

In the mean time Prince Magnifico had continued to live at the capital and was becoming very popular there. Soon it became known that

that I love her, let her come and place her hand in mine."

This was a strange and unusual method of procedure, and it caused some wonderment among those assembled. But all eyes were turned expectantly in one direction—toward the Goldsmith's daughter, who, blushing very

much, now stepped forth, and hesitatingly approached the Prince. Her embarrassment was great, but it was soon to be far greater, for when she stretched out her hand to lay it in that of Magnifico, the latter drew back haughtily and said, with a meaning look:

"Upon my word, the girl must have gone mad to think a king would condescend to"—but at that very moment a messenger rushed into the ball-room with the news that a large train of oxen and pack-horses had just arrived, bringing an enormous amount of wealth for Prince Magnifico. And there also appeared a strange old man with a long beard, whom the Prince received with a tender embrace.

"Good people," cried this last comer, addressing the astonished assemblage, "in Prince

Magnifico behold your lawful sovereign, the long-lost son of your former king!—now most happily restored to you. As for Avaro, he will return no more. Greet, therefore, your rightful lord."

At this revelation everybody was wild with delight. The air was filled with the sounds of rejoicing, and the entire country soon was ringing with shouts of "Long live King Magnifico!"

But what about the Goldsmith's daughter? Well, the young King promptly told her that he loved her very much; they were happily married, and dwelt together in perfect accord to the end of their lives.

So, although the Goldsmith did not get to be king, he lived to be the father of a queen, which certainly is something of an honor.

(To be continued.)



TEDDY'S DREAM AFTER GETTING HIS NEW CAMERA.



CHANGING DAYS.

BY RUDOLPH F. BUNNER.

Soon the days that hide behind
The little bedroom window-blind,
They that come and peep within
Eyes from dreamy sleep to win,
Soon they'll bear a different face,
Soon they'll wear another grace.

We shall greet them open-eyed,
Though behind white hills they hide;
We shall find them gone away,
Oh! so early, while we play.

But just now — "betwixt, between,"
Grass grows yellow, grass grows
green;
Days are short, or days are long,
As the cloud-flocks closer throng;
Or the gray cloud-curtains rise,
Showing sunsets to our eyes —
Sunset clouds and lights that lie
Trailing in the western sky,
While at dusk the wind, grown bold,
Plucks the loosened leaves of gold.

A THANKSGIVING-DAY PROBLEM.

(A Prize Puzzle. See page 84.)

BY MARY SEYMOUR.

WALTER and Grace have been making merry, this Thanksgiving Eve, over my newly acquired title of "Colonial Dame." They do not understand why I value it. I wish I could interest them in those old pioneer days to which I now seem to have a closer tie, but how to do it is a problem. If only their curiosity can be aroused in some way, the charm of the subject will surely lead to a deeper interest and more thoughtful study. It is worth trying, at least, and as they both delight in the mystery that attaches to an unknown quantity, they shall be supplied with something to puzzle them in the quieter hours of their few days' vacation. I will set Walter and Grace to thinking, with just a hint of their personality, of some of the people who made our country's history in the earlier colonial days.

They will learn to reverence the names of such men as the good bishop to whom Pope ascribed "every virtue under heaven" (1), the author of "The Freedom of the Will" (2), and the self-denying "Apostle of the Indians" (3).

Their love of adventure will be stirred by the perilous life of the colonist who named New England (4), and by the strange career of the Scotch seaman who, being sent on the ship "Adventure" to suppress a crime, committed it himself and became an outlaw (5). They will trace the long and tedious journeys of the explorer (6) who claimed Louisiana and named it for his sovereign, and of the missionary (7) who, besides his companion, was the first European to see the Mississippi River after De Soto. They will grieve for the fate of the navigator (8) who, in a ship with a luminous name, sailed up the noble river by which he is best remembered, and afterward was left by a mutinous crew to perish in the waters of a great bay also named after him.

They will marvel at the strange mixture of austerity and credulity in the divine (9) who, in reference to the Salem witchcraft, declared that "the devils were familiar with Latin, Greek,

and Hebrew, but were less skilled in the Indian languages." They will wish that more could be learned of the first child of English descent born in America (10) than merely her name and parentage. They will follow with interest the stormy paths of the colonial governors, among whom were "— the Headstrong" (11), after whose farm or *bouwerij* the Bowery in New York is named, and the illustrious statesman (12) to whom Milton referred as "young in years, but in sage counsel old." Their admiration will be excited by the generous efforts of the philanthropist (13) who came to found a colony as a refuge for insolvent debtors, and they will mark the contrast between him and the "Tyrant of New England" (14).

The marriage of the man (15) who began the first systematic cultivation of tobacco will engage their attention. They will learn of the captain (16) who silenced with drums the reading of the hated governor's commission and hid a charter in a famous tree, of the eloquent young Englishman (17) who crossed the Atlantic seven times to preach in America, and of the colonist (18) on the lid of whose chest was signed the political compact of the Pilgrims on board the "Mayflower."

They will be sorry that the "Virginia Rebel" (19) is not remembered by a better title. They will look with horror at the gallows erected on Boston Common where a woman (20) was hanged for belonging to a proscribed Christian sect. But turning from this, they will be grateful to the governor (21) who appointed the first Thanksgiving Day, and sent out four men fowling, "that they might in a more special manner rejoice together."

They will lament the fate of the old man (22) who was pressed to death under heavy weights for refusing to plead guilty or not guilty to the charge of witchcraft, and will laugh at the bargain made by the controversial woman (23) who, with her adherents, bought the island which

has been called the "Eden of America" for forty fathoms of wampum, twenty hoes, and ten coats.

Then there will be the delightful story of the Indian woman who was presented at King James's court as "The Lady Rebecca" (24), and the romance of the matrimonial envoy (25) of the first commissioned military officer in New England (26).

They will be reminded of the marvelous possibilities of small beginnings, as they learn of the young clergyman (27) who gave half his slender estate and half his library to found the oldest college in America. They will honor the humane and friendly sachem (28) who made the first treaty with the white men in New England, kept sacred for fifty years, and the brave, high-minded naturalist (29) who won a victory over the astonished Mohawks, when for the first time they saw white men and heard the sound of muskets.

They will learn of the lavish way in which royalty bestowed power by the vast domain granted the first lord proprietary (30) of the State named after the Queen of Charles I., and

by the immense territory controlled by the man (31) who made what Voltaire said was "the only league between the aborigines and the Christians which was never sworn to and never broken." They will accord respect to the conscientious leader (32) of a colony who tried to form a state with no laws but those of Moses, and therefore would have no trial by jury.

They will note the difference between the short-sighted governor (33) who thanked God there were no free schools nor printing-presses in his colony to breed sedition, and the man (34) whose epitaph begins with the lines,

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa traveled, and in Asia wed.

And surely a glow of noble impulse will be kindled as they mark the single-hearted devotion of the "Apostle of Soul-liberty" (35), the first person in Christendom to establish civil government on the doctrine of the liberty of conscience.

So they, not I, shall solve the problem, and so shall they learn something of the time when Thanksgiving Day was young.



THE PARTY OVER THE FENCE: "Why don't you let me play on your team? My hair 's all right, and I 'm a first-rate kicker."

THE RHYME OF
TEN LITTLE RABBITS



BY
KATE N. MYTINGER



1

little rabbit, one
went out in the
field to run.

2

little rabbits, two
Said they didn't
know what to do.



3

little rabbits, three
Said: "Let us
climb a tree."

4

little rabbits, four
Said: "Let's swing
on the old barn door."



5

little rabbits, five
Said: "We're glad
just to be alive."



6

little rabbits,
six

Said: "We like to
pick up sticks."



7

little rabbits,
seven

Said: "We wish we
were eleven."



8

little rabbits,
eight

Said: "Come let us run
through the gate"



9

little rabbits,
nine

Said: "Then let us
form in line."



10

little rabbits,
ten

all got in line - and then-

wasn't it fun to see them run?

THE CURIOSITY-SHOP.

NAMING NAILS.

ANY boy who has been about a carpenter shop, or has handled a saw and hammer himself, knows all about the different kinds of nails,—fourpenny, eightpenny, tenpenny, and so on,—and perhaps he has sometimes wondered why the different sizes are known as “pennies.”

Originally, an eightpenny nail, for example, was called an “eight-pound” nail, because a thousand nails of that particular size weighed eight pounds. Carpenters were not particular about pronouncing the names very clearly, and in a short time an eight-pound nail was known as an “eight-pun” nail; from that it became changed to “eight-pen;” and then somebody, thinking “pen” was a contraction for “penny,” changed it to “eightpenny,” and that’s the way it has remained to this day. It is somewhat curious that a pound should have worked its way down to a penny, and that when we say penny we really mean pound.

A “SETTING” HEN.

Is it not a strange thing that so many of us speak of a “setting” hen without realizing that it is not a correct expression? If we hear a farmer say, “My hen is setting on her eggs,” we think that sounds all right; but should he say, “My boy is setting on the grass,” we would think he was not a very good English scholar, and yet the one is as much of a mistake as the other.

A hen does not “set”; she “sits” on her eggs, just as we say a boy “sits” on his chair; but nevertheless the mistake has been made so often, and for so long a time, that to very many people it would sound like a mistake to say the right thing—a sitting hen.

“SETTING THE RIVER ON FIRE.”

SOMETIMES, when a person wants to make an unpleasant remark in a pleasant sort of way about a dull boy, he will say, “That boy will never set the river on fire.” Now, that is all very true; for even the smartest man in the world could never set a stream of water on fire, and so perhaps many of you who have heard this expression have wondered what is meant by setting the river on fire.

In England, many, many years ago, before the millers had machinery for sifting flour, each family was obliged to sift its own flour. For doing this, it was necessary to use a sieve, called a temse, which was so fixed that it could be turned round and round in the top of a barrel. If it was turned too fast the friction would sometimes cause it to catch fire; and as it was only the smart, hard-working boys who could make it go so fast as that, people

got into the way of pointing out a lazy boy by saying that he would never set the temse on fire. After a while these sieves went out of use, but as there were still plenty of stupid boys in the world, people kept on saying that they would never set the temse on fire. Now, the name of the river Thames is pronounced exactly like the word “temse”; and so, after many years, those persons who had never seen or heard of the old-fashioned sieve thought that “setting the temse on fire” meant setting the river Thames on fire. This expression became very popular and traveled far and wide, until the people living near other streams did not see why it was any harder for a slothful boy to set the Thames on fire than any other river, and so the name of the river was dropped, and everybody after that simply said “the river,” meaning the river of his particular city or town; and that is how it is that people to-day talk of setting the river on fire.

AN APPLE PROBLEM.

ONCE upon a time, there were two old men who sat in the market early every morning and sold apples. Each one had thirty apples, and one of the old men sold two for a cent, and the other old man sold three for a cent. In that way the first old man got fifteen cents for his basket of apples, while the second old man received ten cents; so that together they made twenty-five cents each day. But one day the old apple-man who sold three for a cent was too sick to go to the market, and he asked his neighbor to take his apples and sell them for him. This the other old man very kindly consented to do, and when he got to the market with the two baskets of apples, he said to himself, “I will put all the apples into one basket, for it will be easier than picking them out of two baskets.” So he put the sixty apples into one basket, and he said to himself, “Now, if I sell two apples for one cent, and my old friend sells three for one cent, that is the same thing as selling five apples for two cents. Therefore I will sell five for two cents.” When he had sold the sixty apples he found he had only twenty-four cents, which was right; because there are twelve fives in sixty, and twice twelve are twenty-four. But if the other old man had been there, and each one had sold his apples separately, they would have received twenty-five cents. Now, how is that explained?

EAVESDROPPERS.

Do you know why a person who listens at a key-hole is called an eavesdropper?

About two hundred years ago, there was a cer-

tain very powerful secret society which would allow no outsider to hear or see what went on at its meetings. There were some people in those days, just as there are now, who spent much of their time in prying into other persons' affairs, and they tried in all sorts of ways to discover what this society was doing. They kept on trying until several of them were caught and punished, and that put an end to their prowling around and listening at knot-holes or chinks or the wall; for when a man was caught at this trick he was condemned to be suspended for a short time under the eaves of a shed while it was raining hard, until the water ran in under his collar and out at his shoes; and from that day until this a prying person has been called an "eavesdropper."

REAL GIANTS.

WE have become so accustomed to looking for giants only in fairy-tales and fables, that we are apt to forget that there have been some real giants in the world, and some of them have been quite big enough to have been characters in a fairy-tale.

Perhaps one of the best known real giants is Goliath. He was nine feet four inches tall, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that he filled his enemies with fear. Another giant mentioned in the Bible was Og, king of Bashan. We judge he was a giant from the fact that his bed was thirteen and a half feet long, and unless he slept in a bed entirely too big for him, he must have been much larger and far more imposing than Goliath. Coming down to later times, we hear of Gabara, an Arabian, who lived in the first century of the Christian era. He was a tremendous fellow—nine feet nine inches in height. Then there was Eleazer, who lived about the same time. He was even bigger than the Arabian giant, and more than a foot taller than Goliath; in fact, he was ten feet six inches high—probably the biggest man of whom we have any definite record. Several centuries later came Andronicus II. He was also a ten-footer, but lacked several inches of being as tall as Eleazer. Charlemagne was another giant ruler. He was eight feet tall, and was so strong that he could squeeze together three horse-shoes at once with his hands. Maximus, one of the Roman emperors, was likewise a giant, being six inches taller than Charlemagne. But the giants are not all confined to ancient history. In the beginning of the seventeenth century there lived in England a man by the name of John Middleton, who was nine feet three inches tall, and his hands were seventeen inches long and eight and a half inches broad. The present century has produced a number of giants, but none of them have come up to Goliath in their height. One of the largest was Patrick Cotter, who died in 1865. He was eight feet seven and a half inches high. Some of the others are Chang Woo Goo, the Chinese giant, seven and a half feet tall; Captain Bates, seven feet eleven inches; Gilly, a Swede, eight feet in height; and Big Frank seven feet eight inches. We do not hear much about real giants, but there have been several of them, one of

whom is said to have been over nine feet tall. Alice Gordon, who died in 1737, was seven feet high.

BARBER POLES.

WHEN a man wants his whiskers trimmed or a boy needs a hair-cut, he looks around for a place that has a red-and-white pole in front of it, and as soon as he sees such a pole he knows he has found a barber shop. But why does a barber always have this kind of a sign in front of his shop?

In times gone by, before the world knew as much about medicine as it does now, everybody thought it was the proper thing to get rid of some of his blood now and then, especially in spring-time. This was called blood-letting, and was done by the barbers, who also pulled teeth, and did several other things in those days besides cutting hair. The operation of blood-letting required the use of a small pole or stick, which the patient held in his hand, and two bandages—one to wrap around the arm before the cut was made, and the other to bind the wound after the bleeding was over. Two bandages, ready for use, were kept wound around a red pole and displayed in the door or window as a sign to the public. After a time, instead of going to the trouble of winding strips of cloth about the pole, white stripes were painted on the pole to represent the bandages, and from that day until this barbers have always used that kind of a sign. There are very few barbers to-day who know why they use a red-and-white pole, and some of them try to give it a patriotic meaning by painting their signs red, white, and blue. This is all very well, for a man has a right to do what he likes with his sign, but it takes away what little sense still remains in using a blood-letting sign for a barber shop.

MUSTACHES.

TALKING of barbers very naturally brings to mind the interesting subject of mustaches; for what boy is there who does not look eagerly forward to the proud time when he can raise a mustache? The wearing of mustaches is such a universal custom that we might suppose it never had a special meaning or beginning; but the fact is, that it did have a beginning several hundred years ago, and served a very important purpose for a while. You will remember that for several centuries the Moors had possession of Spain, but were finally conquered or driven out by the Christians. The Moors were believers in Mohammedanism, and having made many converts, it was not always an easy matter to tell a Mohammedan from a Christian; and as there were constant conflicts between the people of the two religions, the Christians decided to adopt some sign by which they could be distinguished from the unbelievers. So they let the hair grow on the upper lip and on the chin, in order to produce, as nearly as possible, the form of a cross, and in that way they were able to recognize one another at all times, and flock together in times of danger.

LIST OF PRIZES OFFERED FOR ANSWERS TO "A THANKSGIVING-DAY PROBLEM."

For the best answers to the Thanksgiving-day puzzle on page 78, according to the conditions of the competition, ST. NICHOLAS offers the following prizes:

One prize of Five Dollars.

Two prizes of Four Dollars each.

Five prizes of Three Dollars each.

Ten prizes of Two Dollars each.

Twelve prizes of One Dollar each.

These, amounting to sixty dollars, will be given in the form of brand-new one-dollar bills. Directions for preparing and forwarding answers are given below. The competition is limited to subscribers, or regular readers, of ST. NICHOLAS before November 15, 1896, and no competitor may send more than one copy.

The Committee of Judges in awarding prizes will take into account not only the correctness of the answers, but the age of the sender and the neatness of the manuscript. All answers must be received at the office of ST. NICHOLAS before November 15, 1896, and no competitor may send more than one copy.

Do not write letters or notes that require a reply, as the Editor cannot undertake to answer questions concerning the competition. The conditions are fully stated here.

Each number represents a question to be answered by the name of a man or woman. Arrange the answers in the order of the questions, and number them on the left-hand margin.

Give your name, age, and address at the top of each page of the answers, leaving space enough above to fasten the pages together. Use sheets of note-paper size, and black ink, and write on only one side of the paper.

Address: Office of ST. NICHOLAS,

Union Square, New York City;

And write in left-hand lower corner of the envelop "Prize Puzzle."

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE gladly avail ourselves of the permission kindly accorded by Mr. Robert Goelet to reprint the famous portrait of his little daughter Beatrice, which forms the frontispiece of the present number. The original painting by John S. Sargent is one of the masterpieces of American art, and we rejoice in the pleasure which the engraved copy will give to our readers. It is pleasant to think, also, that in days to come many a one, young and old, in turning over the pages of the magazine, will be delighted to come upon this rare picture—a beautiful figure of a sweet little child, marvelously portrayed by one of the greatest of our American painters.

PORTLAND, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am on a trip around the New England coast, and a few days ago, while at Portsmouth, I crossed the river to the Kittery Navy Yard, where I saw the old frigate "Constitution."

The Constitution is moored alongside of an old ship-house. She is painted yellow, and is housed over by a large roof. On the end of the poop deck, facing the bow, are printed in raised, gilt letters, "Don't give up the ship," which is the watchword of the American navy.

There is very little left of the original ship; and these are two posts, called bitts, which were used for hoisting the mizzen topsails. The bottom timbers are very

rotten, and the ship takes in two feet of water per day. I will now close, and remain

Your interested reader, A. C. LANGDON.

THIS letter will recall to our readers the article about the famous frigate, "Constitution," which was printed in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1895. Many readers will remember, also, the incident recorded in that article of a boy's leap from the masthead of the Constitution; and in connection with this we gladly print the following letter from Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont. Two correspondents questioned the truth of the incident, soon after our article was published, and an editorial note relating to the incident was printed in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1895. Mrs. Frémont's letter seems to confirm the story that a boy did really leap from the masthead of a United States frigate, and she states that he was a son of Commodore Rodgers.

LOS ANGELES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: By chance I read your editorial note (June number, 1895) referring to the jump from the masthead of a boy on the old "Constitution." I do not know the ballad, nor have I seen the February number to which you refer. But the fact itself I was familiar with in my early life—told me again and again by a young daughter of Commodore Rodgers. A pet monkey had snatched off her brother's cap, and run with it up the mast—I think Frederick was the boy's name. He followed it, dangerously high, when his father was called. Coming on deck, he took in the situation, and met it

with the order to Fred, "Jump overboard!" which he did. The atmosphere and inherited habit of instant, unquestioning obedience was the trait of Fred's mind.

"His not to reason why."

Added, was faith in his father.

Truth is a force of nature, and is always worth following up. Where it illustrates beautiful trust in a parent, it is more than ever good to make sure of its comforting evidence.

Young Rodgers was drowned by the swamping of a small boat in the bay of New York, while still very young.

JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT.

ST. NICHOLAS gladly prints the following clever verse entitled "The Elfin Kite," and also four word-puzzles in rhyme—all written by a little Chicago boy only eight years old.

THE ELFIN KITE.

BY STARR HANFORD LLOYD.

ONCE on a time, one summer night,
A merry elf sent up a kite;
And when he let it fly away,
It sailed so fast, by night and day,
It reached the blue sky very soon,
And ever since has been the moon.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS.

My *first* is in rough, but not in kind,
My *second* is in thought, but not in mind;
My *third* is in bring, but not in take,
My *fourth* is in pudding, but not in cake;
My *fifth* is in single, but not in pair,
My *whole* is a bird that flies in the air.

My *first* is in slipper, but not in boot;
My *second* is in aim, but not in shoot;
My *third* is in rain, but not in hail,
My *fourth* is in kite, but not in tail;
My *whole* is a well-known singer.

My *first* is in robber, but not in thief,
My *second* is in truth, but not in belief;
My *third* is in tiger, but not in bear,
My *fourth* is in rabbit, but not in hare;
My *fifth* is in sea, but not in land,
My *sixth* is in brass, but not in band;
My *whole* is used all over the land.

My *first* is in think, but not in tell,
My *second* is in spring, but not in well;
My *third* is in swim, but not in float,
My *fourth* is in ship, but not in boat;
My *fifth* is in bruise, but not in hurt,
My *sixth* is in clay, but not in dirt;
My *seventh* is in French, but not in Dutch,
And my *whole* a dude likes very much.

YONKERS, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years of age, and like you very much. I can hardly wait for you to come.

I am collecting stamps, and have collected eleven hundred, all different. I have been collecting ever since I was six.

I hope to see this letter printed.

I had a gray squirrel. His name was "Dick." He used to run around the house with me, and take nuts out of my pocket, and eat out of my hand. One morning I came downstairs and found him dead. My uncle said a cat

or weasel frightened him to death, as squirrels are very timid animals.

Your interested reader,

ALLEN S. DAVENPORT.

SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As you have now given prizes several times, and the competing children had to be ten years of age, I write to ask you if you will not do something for the children under ten. I am only eight, and I should so like to try for a prize.

Your loving friend,

MARION ANGELLOTTI.

Yes, Marion, we will remember your request.

SELMA, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been an inmate of our home for nearly nine years, owing to the kindness of a dear friend.

I am thirteen years old, and have a sister eleven, and four brothers.

I am very fond of cats. Not long ago one of my dear little white kittens had a fit, and the boys carried it to a field and shot it. Its name was "Mr. Hobbs." "Dearest," who really is Mr. Hobbs's mother, and "Fauntleroy," the other ball of fur, miss it very much. I had an "Earl," but he scratched the baby, so I had to give him up.

I am very much interested in stamps, but my collection is slim, as I am a beginner.

Selma is a dear little city, situated on the north side of the Alabama River. The streets are wide, and bordered with grand old oaks. There are many handsome buildings, considering the size of the place. I have always lived here, and love my home dearly.

I remain your constant reader,

JULIA BLAIR B—.

VILLA ESCULAPE, KIFISSIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Greek boy nine years old. I have passed my examinations very well, and we came to Kifissia for the summer, where Papa built a nice house called Villa Esculape. The house is finished, but the garden is not yet. Papa is having a little house built for the hens.

I have a little tortoise in Athens named "Flack," and my brother has another called "Louis." I have also two cats; one is "Blanc-blanc," and her kitten, "Black." I love Blanc-blanc. I found her on a road, one day, brought her home, and kept her ever since. She was a nice little kitten and her eyes were closed. I gave away the other little ones that I had, and kept her. I had such pity for her; she would have died had I not found her that day.

We had great fun here the day before yesterday. Papa hired two donkeys for us, and we went trotting to Keffallari with our servant. I love the country, and am so glad to stay here for three months.

Mama knows many American ladies, and likes them very much.

I love ST. NICHOLAS, it has such a lot of interesting stories. I like very much "His Father's Price." I know French very well. I read more English and French stories than Greek ones.

We have fireworks here at the station every Saturday and Sunday about nine o'clock in the evening. One ship all lighted up fell down off the line. Happily, no one was burned, but all were afraid and ran away.

Your loving reader, EPAMINONDAS P. CAVADIAS.

AMERICAN SCHOOL, ATHENS, GREECE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are now much excited about Crete, where the Greeks and Turks are fighting.

Small bands of Cretans have been coming to Athens lately to stir up the people, and they sit in cafés and tell the crowds that gather about them their troubles. They are tall and broad-chested men, and wear big baggy trousers, like the French Zouaves.

The Cretan women have given these men ear-rings and other valuables to sell and raise money for ammunition.

A few days ago, at midnight, five hundred of these insurgents left for Crete, armed to the teeth. These men are going back to die rather than stand the Turks' hard measures.

There is only one factory in Greece for turning out cartridges, and this one can turn out only 1500 a day. There was a slight explosion there a few days ago.

I am an American boy twelve years old, and have lived in Greece four years. I always look forward to the end of the month to see you, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Your interested reader, GARDNER RICHARDSON.

SAGINAW, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although we have taken you for more than eight years, I have never before written to you; but do not think that it is because I do not appreciate you, for I could not possibly get along if it were not for your coming once a month. I have been sick ever since the first of January, '95, but am now much better, and hope soon to be as well as ever. I have a fine little black French-Canadian pony that was given me last fall, which I have already almost learned to ride. His name is "Dick." I wish to tell you about the experience one of my sister's kittens had. When it was quite small, a dog—a rat-terrier, I believe—pounced suddenly upon it one day, and shook it severely, breaking, as it afterward proved, one of its hind legs. When we first discovered its condition, we thought that perhaps its leg was only out of joint, and not liking to kill it, we took it to a doctor,—a friend of ours,—thinking that if it was so he could pull it into place without any trouble; but before we knew it, he was bringing it up, its leg in a plaster cast. He had chloroformed it, fixed its leg, and brought it up to us, and it was still unconscious. Well, the cat went around with the cast on for a couple of weeks, and then we soaked it off in warm water, and that cat is as well to-day as any cat.

Your ever-devoted reader, DANIEL W. HARDIN.

TRINIDAD, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live three miles from Trinidad. We live in the valley of the Las Animas River, and can see the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, nearly eighty miles distant. When we climb a hill we can see the Spanish Peaks.

This is more of a mining than a farming country. There are three large coal-mines within a few miles of my home. The people around here are nearly all Mexicans. On that account, though we live in the country, we drive to town to school. I have been going to school for four years now.

I am ten years old, and I have three brothers and two sisters. I am the middle girl.

Your faithful reader, FRED A. HILL.

COHASSET, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine for two years, and I like it very much.

The other day I went up to Boston, and went down on the "Chute." I don't know as you know what it looks like, so I will tell you. It is very much like a toboggan-slide. Half of it has cracks with water running down through them. In the middle of this half there is a track. On the other half there is no water, only a track which cars run up. On the other track a boat goes down. The people get in the cars and ride to the top; there they get into the boat and shoot down into a pond at the bottom. Good-by, from DOROTHY BOLLES.

IPSWICH, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two friends of yours who live in the historical old town of Ipswich, in Essex County, Mass.

We saw, a few months ago, in your magazine, a poem on Ipswich. A few days ago we went to the unveiling of a memorial tablet to some of the well-known men who have lived and worked here, and the orator spoke of the false alarm given, that the British troops had landed on Ipswich Beach, and were advancing toward the town. When he said this we instantly thought of the poem.

We remain your sincere friends,

JULIA H. and ELIZABETH T—.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are spending the summer at Highland Park. Our place is right by the lake, on a high bluff.

We have a family of cats—the mother and her three kittens. One day a northeasterly storm came, and the waves were very big. After supper papa went out and saw the mother cat down at the beach, right close to the water. Every time a wave came in she would spring back and watch her opportunity to catch a fish. At last she caught one about six inches long. She then brought it up the bluff. When she saw papa she looked as if she had been stealing chickens, and sneaked off with it to her kittens.

We thought it very strange that she should take so much pains to catch fish for her family when they are well fed. We never heard of cats going fishing before, and thought you might be interested.

Is it not an unusual thing for cats to go fishing?

ESTHER R. CUSTER.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Edna B. Mastick, Eleanor Hall, Cynthia Arter, Cosette Minton, J. Marion Lewis, Charlie S. Bullon, Helen M. S., Lydia H. L., Winifred Mary Elwell, F. F., Miriam S., Alice M. Gorham, Jessie Laura Dollard, Nellie W. Staples, H. L. Warner, Gertrude E. H., Anna Q. C., Margaret M. Thomasson, Julia Colby, Lily Bernard, Virginia L. Austin, Julia and Esther B., D. H. Cheairs.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

A BUDGET OF BOXES. 1. Letter. 2. Coal. 3. Snuff. 4. Pill. 5. Match. 6. Cake. 7. Chatter. 8. Band. 9. Hat. 10. Spice. 11. Powder. 12. Jewel. 13. Music. 14. Cash.

DIVIDED CITIES. 1. Arch-angel. 2. Liver-pool. 3. Ham-burg. 4. Can-ton. 5. My-sore. 6. Washing-ton. 7. Mad-rid. 8. Leg-horn. 9. Mus-cat. 10. Tehe-ran. 11. Cay-enne. 12. Del-hi.

OBSCURE RECTANGLE. 1. A. 2. Art. 3. Arrow. 4. Tours. 5. Wring. 6. Snare. 7. Grand. 8. Ensur. 9. Dunce. 10. Ec-lat. 11. Eaten. 12. Tehee. 13. Needs. 14. Edict. 15. Scare. 16. Tryst. 17. Est. 18. T.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Flame. 2. Lorel. 3. Armil. 4. Meine. 5. Ellen.

SEVERAL SYLLABLES. 1. The quality of mercy is not strained. 2. Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC. Roentgen. 1. Mortar. 2. To our puzzlers: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from M. McG.—"Jersey Quar-tette"—Josephine Sherwood—L. O. E.—Sigourney Fay Nininger—Nessie and Freddie—Morton Atwater—Katharine S. Doty—Lucy L. Atwater.

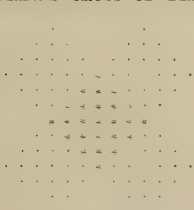
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Alma Floeckher, 1—Fedora Edgar, 2—Ralph Garrison, 1—E. J. Hatch and H. P. Gill, 3—Louise H. Curtis, 3—Paul Reese, 11—Helen C. Marble, 1—"May and '99," 8—Virginia Bartle, 1—Nannie G. Clay, 1—Eunice H. Linsly, 1—G. B. Dyer, 10—Ermah Livermore Paulette, 4—Katharine L. Baird, 1—Georgianna A. Hallcock, 3—Elizabeth G. Roper, 1—"Dondy Small," 11—Florence and Edna, 7—Florence Winslow, 1—R. G. and L. S., 1—Sarah L. Wadley, 2—Gladys E. Vause, 2—Effie K. Talboys, 10—Allie M. Davidson, 1—Warren B. Blake and B. W., 3—Claudine Piper, 5—Helen L. Enos, 1—Wm. A. Lochren, 11—"Jamaica Plain Trio," 2—Clara D. Lauer Co., 10—Randolph S. Bourne, 6—Caroline E. Chase, 4—"Brynhydd," 1—Betty G., 3—M. K., and K., 9—Allid and Adl, 10—Chiddington, 8—"In the Mountains," 7—W. Y. W., 8—A. Poirier, 4—Marguerite Sturdy, 8—"Two Little Brothers," 10—Jo and L., 11—Marjory Gane, 7—"Woodside Folks," 8—Daniel Hardin and Co., 5—Mamma and Jack, 5—"Merry and Co.," 8—Belle A. Goldman, 6—Laura M. Zin-ser, 7—A. M. Z., 11—Grace Edith Thallon, 11—"Camp Lake," 10—S. Stankowitch, 2—"The Butterflies," 4—Victor J. West, 3.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. PART of the face. 2. A famous city. 3. Lyric poems. 4. A point of the compass.

L. AND M. HARDENHOOK.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In crystal. 2. A globe. 3. A bay-window. 4. Things of small importance. 5. A feminine name. 6. A meadow. 7. In crystal.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In crystal. 2. To allow. 3. A morning reception. 4. Divers. 5. An old word meaning "round." 6. To consume. 7. In crystal.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In crystal. 2. Ready.

Banjo. 3. Kettle. 4. Mandolin. 5. Hatchet. 6. Jug. 7. Knife. 8. Scorpion.

ZIGZAG. The Colossus of Rhodes. Cross-words: 1. Timothy. 2. Thither. 3. Theresa. 4. Bracket. 5. Teutons. 6. Whistle. 7. Galileo. 8. Aimless. 9. Prussia. 10. Refusal. 11. Husband. 12. Wonders. 13. Francis. 14. Grecian. 15. Schemes. 16. Scholar. 17. Holiday. 18. Jupiter. 19. Bishops.

CHARADE. Mogul.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Armenia. Cross-words: 1. drAma. 2. foRge. 3. leMon. 4. whEel. 5. fuNny. 6. knife. 7. plAte. DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE. 1. O. 2. Aye. 3. Aisle. 4. Oysters. 5. Elve. 6. Ere. 7. S. 11. 1. B. 2. Met. 3. Merry. 4. Berries. 5. Trics. 6. Yes. 7. S. III. 1. Basil. 2. Aware. 3. Samoa. 4. Irous. 5. Leash. IV. 1. A. 2. Art. 3. Alarm. 4. Arabian. 5. Triad. 6. Mad. 7. N. V. 1. A. 2. Ute. 3. Ultra. 4. Attract. 5. Erase. 6. Ace. 7. T.

3. To uncover. 4. A breed of dog. 5. An attempt. 6. A snake-like fish. 7. In crystal.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In crystal. 2. An islet. 3. A feminine nickname. 4. Baleful. 5. Weary. 6. Three-fourths of a word meaning "to guide." 7. In crystal.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In crystal. 2. A cover. 3. A rocking stone. 4. A barge. 5. Noted the time of. 6. A masculine nickname. 7. In crystal. K. S. D. AND W. A.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE.

A NEEDY rover is my first;
My second is in cunning versus;
My third, a very common stone;
My fourth, more silent, you will own.
My fifth are lords of noble line.
Now guess this five-word square of mine.
MARJORIE S. COMSTOCK.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the five words described contains four letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the initial letters will spell a word signifying poets. The twenty letters which form the five words may be rearranged so as to form the surnames of four famous poets. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Animals that fly by night. 2. Certain small insects. 3. To plant and fix deeply in the earth. 4. To refuse. 5. A tax or fine.

NELLIE R. T.



BY PERMISSION OF BOURDIN, WARREN & CO.

FROM A PAINTING BY TUDOUZE.

"AS THEY DANCED THEM A MEASURE ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIV.

DECEMBER, 1896.

NO. 2.

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THE PICTURE.

A LITTLE lady, a very young knight,—
Just a girl and a boy in each other's sight,—
Oh, their smiling faces were clear and bright,
Their velvets and satins with gems bedight!
Gold and laces and pearls had she,
And he was superb as a lad could be.
Their cheeks were rosy, their hearts were light,
As they danced them a measure on Christmas night.

'T was: "Ah, my lady!" and "Yea, my lord!"
And he touched as lightly his jeweled sword
As if 't were a flower; yet he knew with pride
The trick of the weapon that decked his side.
And she,—why, the very sweep of her gown
Told how, in valor and grand renown
From sire to son, through court and crown,
The name she bore had been handed down!

And what was her name? And who was the boy? —
The two who danced in their stately joy.
I do not know, and I hardly care —
Their story is neither here nor there.
For girls and boys, young, merry, and fair,
Gladden our firesides everywhere.
They thrive and flourish to-day, as then —
The little ladies, the little men!
And, grand or humble, their hearts are light
When they tread them a measure on Christmas night.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM.

BY EDWIN S. WALLACE.

DURING the Christmas season, when the thoughts of the civilized world turn to Bethlehem, many will wonder how the people there keep this greatest religious holiday. Very few American children can ever visit the little city among the Judean hills. Yet a number of travelers from America and Europe come to the Holy Land every year, and possibly some ST. NICHOLAS readers may be among those who on this Christmas day will crowd the streets

place of Jesus, it is the birthplace of Israel's great warrior-king, David.

Bethlehem to-day has barely eight thousand inhabitants, and in appearance is not attractive. The streets are too narrow for vehicles; in fact, there is but one street in the town wide enough for carriages, and it is so very narrow that they cannot pass each other in it. The streets were made for foot travelers, donkeys, and camels.

Bethlehem is about five miles south of Jeru-



VIEW OF BETHLEHEM. THE BUILDING ON THE LEFT IS THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

of the little city nestled among its fig-trees and olive-orchards.

It is a little city, and it does not take many people to crowd it; but, besides being the birth-

place of Jesus, it is the birthplace of Israel's great warrior-king, David. Leaving the larger city by the Jaffa gate, we take a carriage and ride rapidly over the fine road built but a few years ago. The carriage we are in and those we meet are wretched



A NEARER VIEW OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

affairs. The horses are to be pitied, first, because they are not well cared for, and second, because their drivers are regular Jehus who drive them "furiously" up hill and down. In less than an hour we are in the marketplace of Bethlehem, in front of the Church of the Nativity.

Let us suppose we have arrived on Christmas eve, in time to wander about and to become acquainted with the little city.

Of course it has changed in appearance since the time of the birth of Christ. It is larger, and better built. Now, as then, the houses are of stone, and, as cities and customs change but little in the East, we may safely infer that modern Bethlehem houses are much like those of nineteen hundred years ago. Perhaps some of the old buildings that were in existence so long ago may still be standing. Of course the great Church of the Nativity was not then erected, nor were any of the large religious buildings we

see. These are the memorials of a later date, built in honor of Him whose earthly life began here. One would have to be unmindful of his surroundings and very unimaginative not to wonder what the place was like on that night the anniversary of which we are celebrating.

We know that then, as on this December 24, it was filled with people. But those people had come for a different purpose. Augustus Caesar, the master of the then known world, had issued an imperial decree ordering a general registration of all his subjects. This was for the purpose of revising or completing the tax-lists. According to Roman law, people were to register in their own cities—that is, the city in which they lived, or to which their village or town was attached. According to Jewish methods they would register by tribes, families, and the houses of their fathers. Joseph and Mary were Jews, and conformed to the Jewish custom. It



A THROG OF PILGRIMS ENTERING BETHLEHEM ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

was well known that he and Mary were of the tribe of Judah and family of David, and that Bethlehem was their ancestral home. Accordingly, they left the Nazareth home, in the territory of Zebulun, and came to David's "own city," in the territory of Judah.

They came down the east bank of the Jordan, crossed the river at Jericho, and came up among the Judean hills and valleys till they reached Bethlehem. It was a long journey, and a wearisome one; and, on arriving, a place of rest was the first thing sought. Evidently they had no friends living in the place; or, if they had, their houses were already filled. It was necessary that shelter be had, and immediately. In the khan, or inn, there was no room; so there was nothing to do but occupy a part of the space provided for cattle. It was not an unusual thing to do, and is often done to-day in these Eastern villages. In fact, they were about as comfortable there as in any khan. At a khan one may procure a cup of coffee and a place to

lie down on the floor; but each guest provides his own bed and covering. This was all Joseph and Mary could have obtained in the inn, had there been room for them. And here in Bethlehem, in a stable, or a cave used for stabling animals, Jesus was born, and Mary "wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger."

There is one short walk we should take before entering the Church of the Nativity and the cave beneath it. This is to the "Field of the Shepherds," about a mile east of the church, and the traditional place where the shepherds were watching their flocks on that momentous night. This may not be the exact place where the angels appeared, but there is no reason why we may not accept the tradition which has placed the event here. It has often been wondered why the shepherds had their flocks out all night in the winter time; and the wonder is easily satisfied when we know that these were not ordinary flocks of sheep nor ordinary shep-

herds. These flocks were those specially selected for sacrifice in the Temple at Jerusalem, at the great Passover season, and were kept in the fields all the year. The shepherds were specially appointed.

Some time during that winter night the shepherds were dazzled by a light more brilliant than the stars, and roused by voices not of earth. The Christ, whose future sacrifice their flocks were to symbolize, was born; and the angels were singing the good tidings. These shepherds were the first to hear and to spread the marvelous news.

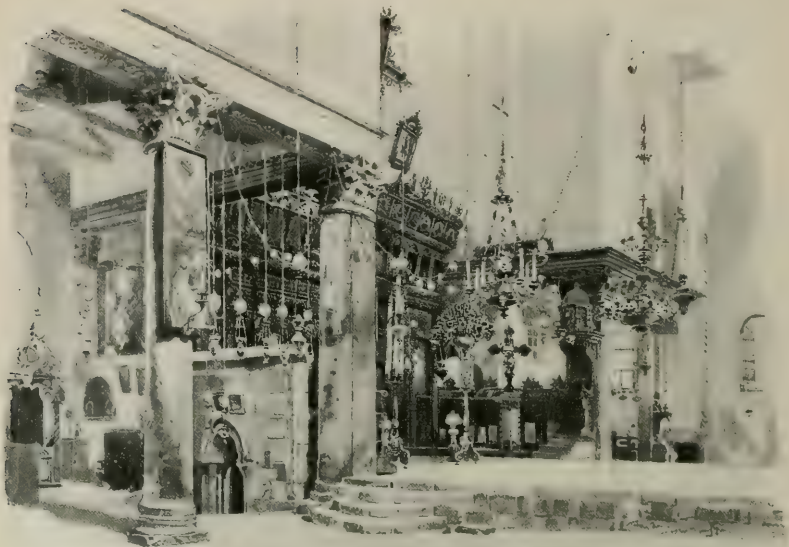
Because of the event the angels were heralding, men have built the great Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, and, indeed, all the great Christian churches and cathedrals of the world. It is because of this that people from every country in Europe and America will join the throng of native Christians in the "City of the Nativity," and rejoice in memory of the angels'

song. It is because of this that there is to-day so much of "peace on earth" and "good-will toward men."

And now we return in time to see the procession of bishops, priests, and people that is forming in the square in front of the church. Each is dressed in his most gorgeous robes. Turkish soldiers line both sides of the street to keep the way open for the procession to pass. The Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem has just arrived. The procession of priests, carrying banners and immense candles, meets him, then turns, and all go into the Latin chapel through the main entrance. Following, we are surprised to find the main entrance so small. It can admit but one at a time, and that one must stoop to enter. From the masonry it can be seen that the entrance was once much larger. The reason for the change was that the Mohammedans at one time did all in their power to injure and annoy the Christians, and even



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.



CHANCEL OF THE CHURCH, AND ENTRANCE TO THE GROTTO OF THE NATIVITY.

used to ride on horseback into the very church. The door therefore was made small to protect the church from this sacrilege.

Once inside, we see we are in a very ancient structure. Part of the masonry dates from the time of Constantine, who built a magnificent basilica on this site, about the year 330 of our era. All we can see of the oldest work, however, probably dates from not later than Justinian's time, about 550 A.D. In any case, the church is a venerable building, and it has witnessed some stirring scenes. In it Baldwin the Crusader was crowned king of Jerusalem. It has been repaired a number of times; and once, when it needed a new roof, King Edward IV. of England gave the lead to make one. This was about the year 1482. The lead roof did good service for about two hundred years, and might have lasted much longer had not the Moham-

medans melted it up to make bullets. However, another roof was soon provided.

Inside, the building consists of a nave and double aisles. The aisles are separated by two rows of columns made of red limestone. These columns have plain bases, and are surmounted by Corinthian capitals. They are nineteen feet high, and at the top of each a cross is engraved. The church is now owned by the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Christians.

Religious services will be held all night in the Latin chapel of St. Catherine. At midnight a solemn mass will be said by the Patriarch of Jerusalem. The chapel is full of people, many of whom are sitting on the floor.

Before the procession descends into the Grotto of the Nativity we make our way there, so as to have a better view.

Originally it was simply a natural cave in

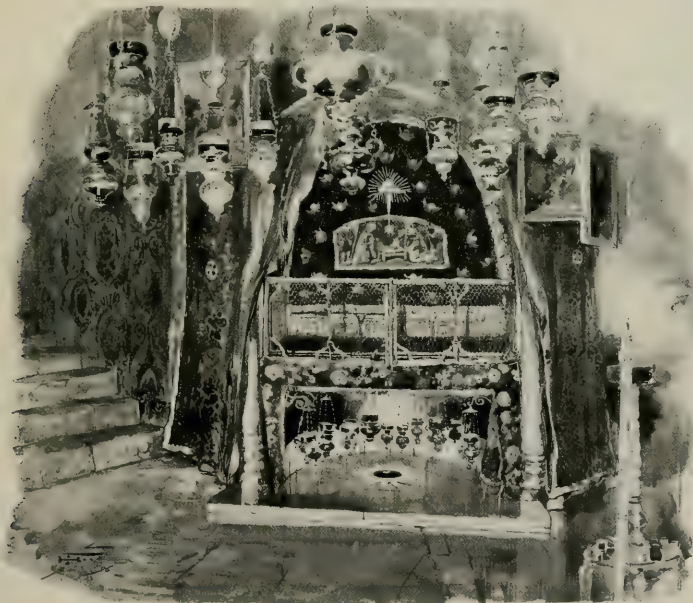
the limestone rock. Now little of the native rock is seen. Marble slabs cover the floor and line the walls. The ceiling, which is about ten feet high, is resplendent with thirty-two brass lamps. Their light enables us to examine the many pictures, portraying scenes in the life of Jesus, which the devotion of Christians has hung about the walls; but these pictures are generally very poor as specimens of art. At the east end of the cave there is a small recess in the rock before which hang fifteen lamps. In the floor of this recess a bright silver star is inlaid; it is nearly all worn away by the constant kissing it receives. Around the star is an inscription in Latin, which tells us that "Here, of the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ was born."

Turning just a little to the right from this Place of the Star, and descending a few steps, we are in a small chamber called the Grotto of the Manger. The original manger is, of course, not here; it probably never was preserved, and

many stories about it are inventions of a much later date. Here, also, is a little altar on the place where the Wise Men from the East prostrated themselves before the infant Jesus. These three—the places of the birth, the manger, and the adoration—are all in what is called the Chapel of the Nativity.

Passing out of this Chapel by the steps leading into the Greek Church of St. Mary, we are again in the streets of Bethlehem.

It is a relief to get away from the glare of lamps, the smoke of candles, and the heavy odors of burning incense, and to breathe again the fresh air blowing over the Judean hills. The streets are very quiet, for all not in the church have retired to their homes. Occasionally people leave the church, and are driven away in their carriages to Jerusalem, though most will remain all night. We can wander through the streets and over the neighboring hills, for the clear moon makes it almost as bright as day.



IN THE CHAPEL OF THE NATIVITY.

How peaceful it all is! Indeed, it seems a most suitable place for the coming to the world of "the Prince of Peace."

soon it is daybreak and we know that it is Christmas in Bethlehem.

But we miss much of the accustomed joy of

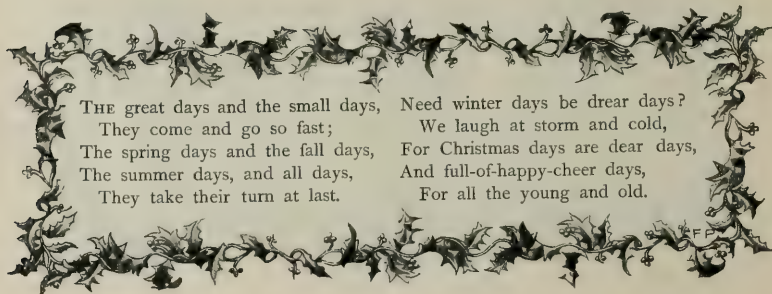
the day. At home there would be good cheer, the companionship of loved ones, and the giving and receiving of gifts. Here there is little of this, the home life of the people is so different from ours. Christmas day in Bethlehem is not the Christmas day we know; it is full of religious ceremonies, and when these are over young and old go back to their accustomed life. The faces of the boys and girls I saw in Bethlehem last Christmas were not such faces as I should have seen in any city or village in America. And I knew the reason. It was because Christmas to them was much the same as any other day of the year. And so it requires more than Bethlehem to make Christmas what we like to have it. It requires loving home life and the presence of the spirit of the Christ Child in the heart.



THE GROTTTO OF THE MANGER.

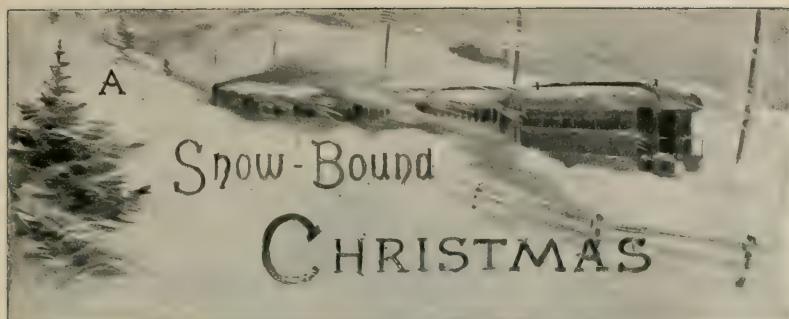
Faint streaks of the dawn are beginning to show in the sky above the hills of Moab. Rapidly they grow longer and brighter, and

And yet, who would not be glad to spend one Christmas eve and day where He who made the glad day possible was born?



THE great days and the small days,
They come and go so fast;
The spring days and the fall days,
The summer days, and all days,
They take their turn at last.

Need winter days be drear days?
We laugh at storm and cold,
For Christmas days are dear days,
And full-of-happy-cheer days,
For all the young and old.



BY FRANCES COLE BURR.

MOST of the occupants of the small room sat gazing out of the windows into the snow-filled air. There were windows enough to go around, though the room was long and narrow, and contained six or eight persons. All day they had spent together in this one room, each sitting quietly in his place. There had been but little conversation. The tall dark man with the white mustache and tired face had slept much, with his head resting on his folded overcoat. A boy opposite, who showed sullen anger and defiance in every line of his young face, had watched him, and wondered how a man could sleep in the daytime. The boy did not know that those long, nervous white hands, wielding a surgeon's knife, had saved a life the day before, and the tired eyes had watched for many hours following. An earnest, bright-faced young girl near by had observed him, too, while he slept, as she eyed all her neighbors, with keen interest. There was the old lady in the corner, a man with sample-cases piled at his side, the shabby little woman holding a big baby, and a middle-aged man with stolid, joyless countenance, who had read three newspapers through from beginning to end without a change of expression, and since then had sat staring straight before him. The girl in her active mind had tried to combine these various personages into a story, but she gave it up with a little sigh for their commonplaceness.

An ill-assorted company it was. Surely they

would have chosen to spend the day before Christmas together for no other reason than, as it happened, they all wished to travel over this branch road, which ran between the northern line from Little Falls and the Grand Central.

The day was nearly over, and the journey should have been; but the snow, which had been falling steadily since morning, grew heavier, the speed of the train perceptibly decreased, and the engine groaned and labored. The engineer watched apprehensively as they drew near a certain cut, narrow and deep, through the hills. It was drifted high; and meeting that soft, still, resistless opposition, the great engine slowed and stopped.

The drifting snow hid the familiar landmarks, and so it happened that, just as the passengers were anxiously questioning one another as to the cause of the stop in that lonely place, Jim Case, the fireman, swinging himself off the engine, slipped over a culvert, and in the fall of only a few feet broke his arm with startling ease and completeness. He was lifted back, white and fainting; and, when the brisk conductor hurried into the passenger-coach, he responded to the anxious queries with a brief "Snowed up," and then, addressing the dark man, he said:

"I don't suppose you're a doctor, are you?"

"Yes," said the man, with an inquiring glance;

"Does some one need me?"

The conductor looked relieved.

"Now, ain't that luck!" said he. "Surgeon,

too, I guess?" The doctor nodded assent. In a few words the conductor told of the accident amid exclamations of mingled sympathy and dismay from the listeners. And as the doctor picked up his small black bag and followed him into the forward car, the conductor continued:

"Not many of you travel on this road, but I thought that was your trade when I took your ticket. I gave a job to a surgeon once when I was hurt in a wreck. That was a good while ago, but I have never forgot the look or the feel of his hand — so steady and strong and white," he added with an apologetic smile.

"Here we are, Jim!" he called out cheerily; "here is the doctor and the head nurse. You just break your bones and we will do the rest, you know."

The fireman lay stretched upon the floor, his head resting languidly on a pile of waste, and a pretty five-year-old boy sobbing with fright was kneeling close beside him.

"Who is this little fellow?" asked Dr. Carleton, after the examination was over, and he was skilfully bandaging the injured arm.

"He's mine, poor little chap!" said the fireman, with a tender glance, though his lips were white with pain. The boy, who was a sturdy little fellow just out of dresses, stopped his sobs as he heard his father's voice, and looking up at the doctor asked: "Now will we go to grandma's, and have a Christmas?"

The man winced again, and closed his eyes; and the conductor explained in a kindly aside:

"Little chap's mother is dead; just buried her a week ago. She had him filled up chuck-full of Christmas, and seems as if he could n't give it up. They are going on to Jim's mother's.

She's going to take care of Jamie; and I guess the old lady had promised to have a tree."

Jamie was listening eagerly, and broke in, forgetting his shyness:

"Yes; a Christmas tree and candles. For grandma said so."

"Seems as if that is all he thinks of," said the fireman; "his poor mother — she —" and he stopped, and closed his eyes again.

"Shall we go now?" insisted

Jamie. "You said that we'd get there the night before Christmas."

"Now, young fellow," broke in the conductor, "you know this is road

"JAMIE STOPPED CRINGING, TO TASTE THE BROTH."
(SEE PAGE 102.)

luck. You are a railroad man, and must learn to keep a stiff upper lip when things go wrong; brace up, and let that tree wait a day or so."

But Jamie's sobs broke out afresh. Fireman Jim's head turned languidly away.

"I should think some of those women might know what to do for the boy," said the conductor. The doctor nodded.

"Take him away, and have him amused if you can," said he. "He troubles his father. He



ought to have something to eat,"—the doctor hesitated, and then added,—“though I suppose it does no good to say so. Have you anything—any way of making a cup of tea, or any beef extract? Do you go prepared for these emergencies?”

The conductor shook his head.

“I’m afraid not,” he said, “unless some of the passengers might have something left from lunch. We were due at 5:30, you know, and we get our supper in town.”

“Well, you might inquire,” said the doctor; “he would feel better after having a bit of something.”

So the conductor, carrying the crying Jamie, went back to the passenger-car. He found the young girl the center of what seemed almost a social circle.

The good-natured baby, who had been drowsily nodding, was sound asleep in one of the farthest seats, as content as a veteran traveler in a Pullman state-room, while his mother sat shyly on the outskirts of the little company. The traveling man’s sample-cases, covered with a napkin, formed an improvised table; and upon this the stock of eatables was being spread.

“Well, anyhow, we sha’n’t be starved,” the old lady said; “that there basket”—pointing to a huge covered wicker—“is full of fixin’s I was taking to John’s folks. I expect it won’t seem so like Christmas to the children if they don’t have them leaf-cookies and

the gingerbread animals; and they *are* good if I do say it that ought n’t; but I’m sure I never

thought, when I was bakin’ ’em, that they would save our lives.”

“We’ll hope they need not do quite so much for us,” laughed the pretty girl, whose name on the one modest trunk in the rear car was *D. M. Marsh*; “but we will not touch the children’s cookies unless we are starved into such robbery. How glad I am Aunt Mary made me take this great box of luncheon! I hardly made an impression on it this noon.” And she brought out an unopened jar of pressed chicken. “This will be our Christmas turkey!” she announced.

“Is n’t there some way of melting that down into soup?” asked the conductor, who came in just at this point.

“How is the injured man?” inquired the



CUTTING THE CHRISTMAS TREE FOR JAMIE.

commercial traveler, while the old lady held out her motherly arms for Jamie, as she said :

"You poor lamb! Is it his pa that 's killed?"

"He 's all right," said Conductor Brooks; "only his arm is broken, and he is knocked out and faint. The doctor was asking for some soup, or something to brace him a little. If that was chicken broth, now, it would just fit."

"Why, we can make broth in just a few minutes," said Miss Marsh; and in a moment she had brought from her trunk a pretty chafing-dish, and lighted it, the old lady nodding approval.

"Alcohol, too," the girl said, laughing; "left over from the last oyster-spread at college."

The lamp was quickly adjusted, and into the bright pan went part of the jellied chicken.

"It 's a privilege, nowadays, to see a young girl know somethin' about cookin'!" said the old lady, while the stolid-faced man silently proffered a match; and Jamie stopped crying to taste the broth, when an appetizing odor began to diffuse through the car.

During all that had passed the boy had hardly left his dark corner. He did not wish to talk. It was nobody's business where he was going, and some one would be sure to ask. But he looked on, and thought how bright and quick and pleasant the girl was. When the broth was sent to Jim, and the doctor returned, the remainder of Aunt Mary's bread and butter and pickles was spread, with various additions from the others' lunch-baskets. Part was reserved for breakfast, and the little group whose common misfortune had thawed all reserve supped together merrily if not bountifully. The boy declined all but a single sandwich. He was hungry, but the angry, defiant pride which had hardened his face all day melted somewhat, and he felt less like eating.

"And to-morrow is Christmas!" said the traveling man, whose name was Osgood. "I 've worked like two men to get through and have the day at home with the wife and babies, and it is hard to be stalled up so near."

"And there 's my son John and Milly and the children. I have n't missed a Christmas with them since John was married. They all come to me Thanksgivin'," said the old lady; "but we 're all alive, and that 's a great mercy."

"Never mind," said Miss Marsh; "we 'll have the evening at home. But I wish I had n't stayed with Aunt Mary until the last moment."

"I want a Christmas!" sobbed Jamie, his ready tears bursting forth again. "Mama said I should have a Christmas; an' gramma 's got a tree, an' I—want—a—Christmas!"

Again the big conductor told the short sad little story of the dead mother who had promised a happy day to the boy; and Miss Marsh looked steadily out of the car window a half-minute, while her eye brightened and a resolve formed.

"Jamie boy," said Miss Marsh, "you shall have your Christmas. It 's Christmas here just the same as all over the world; and you shall have a real one."

He looked up in joyful trust. "An' a tree?"

"Yes, dear; a real tree," said the girl. The others listened in astonishment. The old lady opened her lips to remonstrate, but shut them again. The traveling man whistled softly and skeptically, and the doctor looked on amused. Only Jamie and the boy gazed at her with implicit confidence.

"When shall I have it?" asked Jamie.

"To-morrow—Christmas morning," said the girl, brightly. "Now go to papa and go right to sleep, and in the morning—you 'll see!" With tears undried, but with a face beaming with happiness, Jamie let himself be carried away to his makeshift bed by his father's side.

"An' a tree," he said, as the sleepy eyes closed; "an' candles, an'—"

"Well?" said Mr. Osgood, with a quizzical smile of doubt. But before Miss Marsh could reply the boy said briefly:

"I 'll get it. I saw 'em before it got dark."

He had already buttoned his coat, and seizing the red-handled ax that hung near the stove, he bravely leaped out into the drifts.

"Those little evergreens, you know," said Miss Marsh; "they are just a few feet away—he can see them by the light from the windows, I think; and we can make it pretty, somehow," she continued eagerly; "Jamie 's such a little lad, and Christmas means so much to him."

Mr. Osgood nodded.

"But what 's goin' to be on the tree?" asked the practical old lady. "It 's all foolishness goin' to so much trouble for that one child, and we a-tremblin' you may say, between life and death! But I declare for 't, I hate to have the

day go by and do nothin'; and even if we're rescued to-morrow, as that conductor says he thinks probable,—which I don't more 'n half believe—what with gettin' home, and explainin' when you *do* get there,—which please mercy we may!—why, the day 's as good as gone. An', anyhow, I've got a pair of red knit mittens for John's Alexander, and I'm going to give 'em to that poor motherless lamb, an' you can hang 'em on the tree for one thing, Miss Marsh."

"Splendid!" said Miss Marsh. "And I have a red skating-cap in my satchel—I believe it will just fit him."

"Is he too small for a knife?" asked Mr. Osgood. "Let's see—about five, is n't he? My wife makes six the knife-line; I guess I'd better not," and he returned it to his pocket.

"Hold on!" said he, with sudden inspiration. "I've some illustrated catalogues here that could pass for picture-books—yes, and cards too—our new ones"; and, diving into his cases, he brought out a pile of brilliant pictures.

"Will Miss Santa Claus accept this?" asked Dr. Carleton, offering a pocket microscope. Just then the door opened, and the boy came in, dragging triumphantly a small evergreen.

Every one laughed excitedly, and it "did begin to seem somethin' like," as the old lady said. Then how they worked! The tree was braced firmly at the end of the aisle, the lumps of ice and snow shaken off, and a more durable quality of soft cotton flakes from Dr. Carleton's surgical stores added. Leaf-cookies and astonishing gingerbread animals dangled from the branches, and Alexander's red mittens waved in welcome. Even the man of the immovable visage helped, with something like a softening of his hard features; and when he fastened to a branch a red blank-book and pocket pencil, there was an outburst of laughing applause.

Meanwhile Dr. Carleton talked quietly with the shabby little woman; he had asked about the baby's teething, and she unconsciously gave him much of her simple story. Her husband had lost his place in the little town where they had lived. He had found work in the city, and she was going to meet him. They had no "folks." She worked in a factory before she was married. No; the baby had n't cut any teeth yet. She hoped she would n't fuss or be sick

about it. She did n't know much about babies. The doctor listened with sympathy, and, a little later, wrapping a bright goldpiece in a bit of paper, he marked it, "For Baby Burns to cut her teeth on," and it was added to the tree.

The boy looked on with a dull ache in his throat. He hoped it was not going to be sore. How sick he had been with those bad throats, and how good mother always was! Mother was filling the children's stockings at home now. She always managed to have something for them, somehow. Poor mother! She would have it all to bear alone now. How could he leave her? Why did n't he think of her part? "But I won't go back," he said to himself. "I *can't* go back now. I'll come home rich some day, and give mother everything she wants; but I won't sneak back now." Then he did n't care to think more.

"I can make a top," he whispered to Miss Marsh, "if I have a piece of wood. Shall I?"

"He would like it best of all, I know," said Miss Marsh heartily; and then she added aloud, "Now we must have a star for the top. What can we do about it?"

"Well, I guess it's good enough," said the old lady. "I guess he won't miss the star."

But the girl looked from one to another in perplexed appeal.

"Why must there be a star?" asked the boy shyly.

Miss Marsh hesitated a moment. She did not know much about boys, this brotherless college girl; but she said, almost as shyly as he:

"Don't you think the Christmas star is the most beautiful thing in the world? You know the Christ Child was born beneath a star; and I think it meant, for one thing, that for every new life there is a star set in heaven that will light the life all the way, if once we catch a glimpse of it, and know it is there for us."

The boy listened breathless. He could not have told just what the girl's words meant; but the moral courage that all day had been struggling to live took new strength, and slowly began to shape itself into a resolution. They stood looking at each other, when the traveling man, who was down again in his cases, emerged in triumph, waving some tinfoil.

"Cut out the star from that pasteboard box,"

"Never you mind where we be!" said the old lady. Her bonnet was awry, and her spectacles on her forehead. "You just help h'ist up that star, and then we're all done."

Christmas morning, Jamie woke round-eyed and expectant.

"I want my tree," he said; "and I want my breakfast." And as the waiting holiday-makers were impatient as he, the breakfast was hurried through, and then they all filed in, Jamie in Conductor Brooks's arms, his father, who was doing bravely, coming behind, followed by the engineer. Jamie gazed at the tree as if dazed by his surprise; but after the first moment, a smile of radiant, ecstatic joy spread over the round, baby face. Not a word or sound—only that beaming, blissful smile. It was irresistible; and with shouts of laughter the tree was despoiled of its offerings, and Jamie's cup of happiness was full. In the midst of the merriment Miss Marsh glanced at the boy. He was gazing at the star with a curious expression, and she thought of their words the night before. In her bodice was thrust a pin whose head was a tiny golden star—the badge of her class society. She drew it out, and pressing it into one of the leaf-cookies which were being passed about, she handed it to him with a whispered "Merry Christmas!" He saw it, and there was a quick rush of color to his face, and tears to his eyes—and that little star weighed down the balance of decision on the right side, and made a man of him. But the girl never knew.

When the laughing talk had quieted a little, Jamie turned confidently to Miss Marsh.

"Now the story," he said.

"What story, laddie?" she asked.

"The Christmas story. Mama said there is a Christmas story, and she saved it up for Christmas day. It is the nicest story I ever heard, mama said."

Every one was still for a moment. Poor Jim turned away. "She would have made a good man of him," was the thought in his heart. The girl felt her own heart beat quickly. Could she? Before all these strange people? What

would they think! No, she could n't; she would have a chance to talk to Jamie alone before the day was over. That would be much better. But the childish eyes gazed expectantly into hers, and with a swift thought of the dead mother she lifted the little boy gently to her knee, and with softly flushing cheeks, and voice that trembled a little, she began:

"Long ago, in a beautiful country over the sea, there were shepherds in the fields keeping watch over their flocks by night."

The sweet voice grew stronger as the simple words of the wonderful story held the listeners in solemn silence. The little woman's tears dropped on her baby's head as she heard of the mother for whom there was no room in the inn, and a vague, trembling prayer went up from her burdened heart to the Christ who was a child.

The boy's eyes shone with new light as he thought of the star set in heaven for the Christ who was a boy, and with a thrill of newly awakened love and appreciation he placed his own weary, hard-worked mother on her throne in her boy's heart.

There were eloquent sermons preached in the churches that Christmas day, and wonderful music was sung; but, as truly as in his visible temples, Christ was preached and worshiped about that little tree, whose balsam breath went up as frankincense and myrrh.

A little later in the day, after the relief had come and the train pulled into the city station, the Christmas party stopped a moment for the last handshakings and farewells. Twenty-four hours before they would have parted with scarcely a glance at one another. Now they seemed old friends. The busy doctor hurried away first, followed by a long, grateful look from the baby's mother.

"I'll never forget it of him," she thought.

The boy took a step toward Miss Marsh. One of her hands was tight in Jamie's chubby clasp, the other was held in the old lady's.

He looked a moment, then turned with a resolute face, and walked to the ticket-office.

"Give me a ticket on the first train that goes back to Little Falls," he said.

MASTER SKYLARK.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER IV.

OFF FOR COVENTRY.

At the Bridge street crossing Nick paused irresolute.

Around the public pump a chattering throng of housewives were washing out their towels, and hanging them upon the market-cross to dry. Along the stalls in Middle Row the grumbling shopmen were casting up their sales from tallies chalked upon their window-ledges, or cuffing their tardy apprentices with no light hand.

John Gibson's cart was hauling gravel from the pits in Henley street to mend the causeway at the bridge, which had been badly washed by the late spring floods, and the fine sand dribbled from the cart-tail like the sand in an hour-glass.

Here and there loutish farm hands waited for work; and at the corner two or three stout cudgel-men leaned upon their long staves, although the market was two days closed, and there was not a Coventry merchant in sight to be driven away from Stratford trade.

Goody Baker with her shovel and broom of twigs was sweeping up the market litter in the square. Nick wondered if his own mother's back would be so bent when she grew old.

"Whur be-est going, Nick?"

Roger Dawson sat astride a stick of timber in front of Master Geoffrey Thompson's new house, watching Tom Carpenter, the carver, cut fleurs-de-lis and curling traceries upon the front wall beams. He was a tenant-farmer's son, this Roger, and a likely good-for-naught.

"To Coventry," said Nick, curtly.

"Wilt take a fellow wi' thee?"

Poor company might be better than none.

"Come on."

Roger lumbered to his feet and trotted after.

"No school to-day?" he asked.

"Not for me," answered Nick, shortly, for he did not care to talk about it.

"Faither wull na have I go to school, since us ha' comed to town, an' plough-land sold for grazings," drawled Roger; "Muster Pine o' Welford saith that I ha' learned as much as faither ever knowed, an' 't is enow for I. Faither saith, it maketh saucy rogues o' sons to know more than they's own dads."

Nick wondered if it did. His own father could neither read nor write, while he could do both, and had some Latin, too. At the thought of the Latin he made a wry face.

"Joe Carter be-eth in the stocks," said Roger, peering through the jeering crowd about the pillory and post; "a broke Tom Samson's pate wi' 's ale-can yestreen."

But Nick pushed on. A few ruddy-faced farmers and drovers from the Red Horse Vale still lingered at the Boar Inn door and by the tap-room of the Crown; and in the middle of the street a crowd of salters, butchers, and dealers in hides, with tallow-smeared doublets and doubtful hose, were squabbling loudly about the prices set upon their wares. In the midst of them Nick saw his father, and scurried away into Back Bridge street as fast as he could, feeling very near a sneak, but far from altering his purpose.

"Job Hortop," said Simon Attwood to his apprentice at his side, looking out suddenly over the crowd, "was that my Nick yonder?"

"Nay, master, could na been," said Job, stolidly; "Nick be-eth in school by now—the clock ha' struck. 'T was Dawson's Hodge and some like ne'er-do-well."

CHAPTER V.

IN THE WARWICK ROAD.

THE land was full of morning sounds as the lads trudged along the Warwick road together. An ax rang somewhere deep in the woods of Arden; cart-wheels rattled on the stony road; a blackbird whistled shrilly in the hedge, and they heard the deep-tongued belling of hounds far off in Fulbroke park.

Now and then a heron, rising from the river, trailed its long legs across the sky, or a kingfisher sparkled in his own splash. Once a lonely fisherman down by the Avon started a wild duck from the sedge, and away it went pattering up-stream with frightened wings and red feet running along the water. And then a river-rat plumped into the stream beneath the willows, and left a long string of bubbles behind him.

Nick's ill-humor soon wore off as he breathed the fresh air, moist from lush meadows, and sweet from hedges pink and white with hawthorn bloom. The thought of being pent up on such a day grew more and more unbearable, and a blithe sense of freedom from all restraint blunted the prick of conscience.

"Why art going to Coventry, Nick?" inquired Roger suddenly, startled by a thought coming into his wits like a child by a bat in the room.

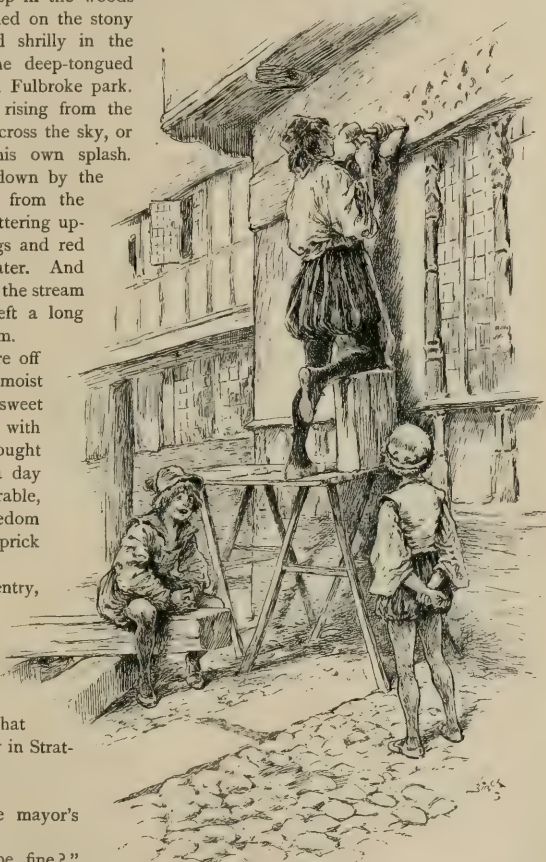
"To see the stage-play that the burgesses would na allow in Stratford."

"Wull I see, too?"

"If thou hast eyes—the mayor's show is free."

"Oh, feckins, wun't it be fine?" gaped Hodge. "Be it a tailors' show, Nick, wi' Herod the king, and a rope for to hang Judas? An' wull they set the world afire wi' a torch, an' make the earth quake fearful wi' a barrel full o' stones? Or wull it be Sin in a motley gown a-thumping

the Black Man over the pate wi' a bladder full o' peasen—an' angels wi' silver wingses, an' saints wi' goolden hair? Or wull it be a giant nine yards high, clad in the beards



"WHUR BE-EST GOING, NICK?" ASKED ROGER DAWSON."

o' murdered kings, like granny saith she used to see?"

"Pshaw! no," said Nick; "none of those old-fashioned things. These be players from

London town, and I hope they 'll play a right good English history-play, like 'The Famous Victories of Henry Fift,' to turn a fellow's legs all goose-flesh!"

Hodge stopped short in the road. "La!" said he, "I 'll go no furdur if they turn me to a goose. I wunnot be turned goose, Nick Attwood—an' a plague on all witches, says I!"

"Oh, pshaw!" laughed Nick; "come on. No witch in the world could turn thee bigger goose than thou art now. Come along wi' thee; there be no witches there at all."

"Art sure thou 'rt not bedaffing me?" hesitated Hodge. "Good, then; I be na feared. Art sure there be no witches?"

"Why," said Nick, "would Master Burgess John Shakspeare leave his son Will to do with witches?"

"I dunno," faltered Hodge; "a told Muster Robin Bowles it was na right to drownd 'em in the river."

Nick hesitated. "Maybe it kills the fish," said he; "and Master Will Shakspeare always liked to fish. But they burn witches in London, Hodge, and he has na put a stop to it—and he 's a great man in London town."

Hodge came on a little way, shaking his head like an old sheep in a corner. "Wully Shaxper a great man?" said he. "Why, a's name be cut on the old beech-tree up Snitterfield lane, where 's uncle Henry Shaxper lives, an' 't is but poorly done. I could do better wi' my own whittle."

"Ay, Hodge," cried Nick; "and that 's about all thou canst do. Dost think that a man's greatness hangs on so little a thing as his sleight-of-hand at cutting his name on a tree?"

"Wull, maybe; maybe not; but if a be a great man, Nick Attwood, a might do a little thing passing well—so there now!"

Nick pondered for a moment. "I do na know," said he, slowly; "heaps of men can do the little things, but parlous few the big. So some one must be bigging it, or folks would all sing very small. And he doeth the big most beautiful, they say. They call him the Swan of Avon."

"Avon swans be mostly geese," said Hodge, vacantly.

"Now, look 'e here, Hodge Dawson, don't

thou be calling Master Will Shakspeare goose. He married my own mother's cousin, and I will na have it."

"La, now," drawled Hodge, staring, "'t is nowt to me. Thy Muster Wully Shaxper may be all the long-necked fowls in Warrickshire for all I care. And, anyway, I 'd like to know, Nick Attwood, since when hath a been 'Muster Shaxper'—that ne'er-do-well, play-acting fellow?"

"Ne'er-do-well? It is na so. When he was here last summer he was bravely dressed, and had a heap of good gold nobles in his purse. And he gave Rick Hawkins, that 's blind of an eye, a shilling for only holding his horse."

"Oh, ay," drawled Hodge; "a fool and a's money be soon parted."

"Will Shakspeare is no fool," declared Nick hotly. "He 's made a peck o' money there in London town, and 's going to buy the Great House in Chapel lane, and come back here to live."

"Then a 's a witless azy!" blurted Hodge. "If a 's so great a man amongst the lords and earls, a 'd na come back to Stratford. An' I say a 's a witless loon—so there!"

Nick whirled around in the road. "And I say, Hodge Dawson," he exclaimed, with flashing eyes, "that 't is a shame for a lout like thee to so miscall thy thousand-time betters. And what 's more, thou shalt unsay that, or I will make thee swallow thy words right here and now!"

"I 'd loike to see thee try," Hodge began; but the words were scarcely out of his mouth when he found himself stretched on the grass, Nick Attwood bending over him.

"There! thou hast seen it tried. Now come, take that back, or I will surely box thine ears for thee."

Hodge blinked and gaped, collecting his wits, which had scattered to the four winds. "Whoy," said he, vaguely, "if 't is all o' that to thee, I take it back."

Nick rose, and Hodge scrambled clumsily to his feet. "I 'll na go wi' thee," said he, sulkily; "I will na go whur I be whupped."

Nick turned on his heel without a word, and started on.

"An' what 's more," bawled Hodge after

him, "thy Muster Wully Shaxper be-eth an old gray goose, an' boo to he, says I!"

As he spoke, he turned, dived through the thin hedge, and galloped across the field as if an army were at his heels.

Nick started back, but quickly paused. "Thou needst na run," he called; "I've not the time to catch thee now. But mind ye this, Hodge Dawson, when I do come back, I'll teach thee who thy betters be — Will Shakspeare first of all!"

"Well crowed, well crowed, my jolly cockerel!" on a sudden called a keen, high voice beyond the hedge behind him.

Nick, startled, whirled about just in time to see a stranger leap the hedge, and come striding up the road.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MASTER-PLAYER.

HE had trim, straight legs, this stranger, and a slender, lithe body in a tawny silken jerkin. Square-shouldered, too, was he, and over one shoulder hung a plum-colored cloak bordered with gold braid. His long hose were the color of his cloak, and his shoes were russet leather, with rosettes of plum, and such high heels as Nick had never seen before. His bonnet was of tawny velvet, with a chain twisted round it, fastened by a jeweled brooch through which was thrust a curly cock-feather. A fine white Holland-linen shirt peeped through his jerkin at the throat, with a broad lace collar; and his short hair curled crisply all over his head. He had a little pointed beard, and the ends of his mustache were twisted so that they stood up fiercely on either side of his sharp nose. At his side was a long Italian poniard, in a sheath of

russet leather and silver filigree, and he had a reckless, high and mighty fling about his stride that strangely took the eye.

Nick stood, all taken by surprise, and stared.

The stranger seemed to like it, but scowled nevertheless. "What! How now?" he cried, sharply. "Dost like or like me not?"

"Why, sir," stammered Nick, utterly lost for



"HODGE FOUND HIMSELF STRETCHED ON THE GRASS, NICK ATTWOOD BENDING OVER HIM."

anything to say — "why, sir,—" and knowing nothing else to do, he took off his cap and bowed.

"Come, come," snapped the stranger, stamping his foot, "I am a swashing, ruffling, des-

perate Dick, and not to be made a common jest for Stratford dolts to giggle at. What! These legs, that have put on the very gentleman in proud Verona's streets, laid in Stratford's common stocks, like a silly apprentice's slouching heels? Nay, nay; some one should taste old Bless-his-heart here first!" and with that he clapped his hand upon the hilt of his poniard, with a wonderful swaggering tilt of his shoulders. "Dost take me, boy?"

"Why, sir," hesitated Nick, no little awed by the stranger's wild words and imperious way, "ye surely are the master-player."

"There!" cried the stranger, whirling about, as if defying some one in the hedge. "Who said I could not act? Why, see, he took me at a touch! Say, boy," he laughed, and turned to Nick, "thou art no fool. Why, boy, I say I love thee now for this, since what hath passed in Stratford. A murrain on the town! Dost hear me, boy?—a black murrain on the town!" And all at once he made such a fierce stride toward Nick, gritting his white teeth, and clapping his hand upon his poniard, that Nick drew back afraid of him.

"But nay," hissed the stranger, and spat with scorn; "a town like that is its own murrain — let it sicken on itself!"

He struck an attitude, and waved his hand as if he were talking quite as much to the trees and sky as he was to Nick Attwood, and looked about him as if waiting for applause. Then all at once he laughed—a rollicking, merry laugh, and threw off his furious manner, as one does an old coat. "Well, boy," said he, with a quiet smile, looking kindly at Nick, "thou art a right stanch little friend to all of us stage-players. And I thank thee for it in Will Shakspeare's name; for he is the sweetest fellow of us all."

His voice was simple, frank, and free; so different from the mad tone in which he had just been ranting, that Nick caught his breath with surprise.

"Nay, lad, look not so dashed," said the master-player, merrily; "that was only old Jem Burbage's mighty tragic style; and I—I am only Gaston Carew, hail fellow well met with all true hearts. Be known to me, lad; what is thy name? I like thy open, pretty face."

Nick flushed. "Nicholas Attwood is my name, sir."

"Nicholas Attwood? Why, it is a good name. Nick Attwood,—young Nick,—I hope Old Nick will never catch thee—upon my word I do, and on the remnant of mine honour! Thou hast taken a player's part like a man; and thou art a good fellow, Nicholas Attwood, and I love thee. So thou art going to Coventry to see the players act? Surely thine is a nimble wit to follow fancy nineteen miles. Come. I am going to Coventry to join my fellows; wilt thou go with me, Nick, and dine with us this night at the best inn in all Coventry—the Blue Boar? Thou hast quite plucked up my downcast heart for me, lad, indeed thou hast; for I was sore of Stratford town—and I shall not soon forget thy plucky fending for our own sweet Will. Come, say thou wilt go with me."

"Indeed, sir," said Nick, bowing again, his head all in a whirl of excitement at this wonderful adventure—"indeed I will, and that right gladly, sir." And with heart beating like a trip-hammer, he walked along, cap in hand, not knowing that his head was bare.

The master-player laughed a simple, hearty laugh. "Why, Nick," said he, laying his hand caressingly upon the boy's shoulder, "I am no such great to-do as all that. Upon my word, I'm not! A man of some few parts, perhaps, not common in the world; but quite a plain fellow, after all. Come, put off this high humility, and be just friendly withal. Put on thy cap; we are but two good faring-fellows here."

So Nick put on his cap, and they went on together, Nick in the seventh heaven of delight.

About a mile beyond Stratford, Welcombe wood creeps down along the left. Just beyond, the Dingles wind irregularly up from the foot-path below to the crest of Welcombe hill, through straggling clumps and briery hollows, sweet with nodding bluebells, ash, and hawthorn.

Nick and the master-player paused a moment at the top to catch their breath and to look back.

Stratford and the valley of the Avon lay spread before them like a picture of peace, studded with blossoming orchards and girdled

with spring. Northward the forest of Arden clad the rolling hills. Southward the fields of Feldon stretched away to the blue knolls beyond which lay Oxford and Northamptonshire. The ragged stretches of Snitterfield downs scrambled away to the left; and on the right, beyond Bearley, were the wooded uplands where Guy of Warwick and Heraud of Arden slew the wild ox and the boar. And down through the midst ran the Avon southward, like a silver ribbon slipped through Kendal green, to where the Stour comes down, past Luddington, to Bidford, and away to the misty hills.

"Why," exclaimed the master-player—"why, upon my word, it is a fair town—as fair a town as the heart of man could wish. Wish? I wish 't were sunken in the sea, with all its pack of fools! Why," said he, turning wrathfully upon Nick, "that old Sir Thingumbob of thine, down there, called me a caterpillar on the kingdom of England, a vagabond, and a common player of interludes! Called me vagabond! Me! Why, I have more good licenses than he has wits. And as to Master Bailiff Stubbes, I have permits to play from more justices of the peace than he can shake a stick at in a month of Sundays!" He shook his fist wrathfully at the distant town, and gnawed his mustache until one side pointed up and the other down. "But, hark 'e, boy, I'll have my vengeance on them all—ay, that will I, upon my word, and on the remnant of mine honour—or else my name 's not Gaston Carew!"

"Is it true, sir," asked Nick hesitatingly, "that they despitely handled you?"

"With their tongues, ay," said Carew bitterly; "but not otherwise." He clapped his hand upon his poniard, and threw back his head defiantly. "They dared not come to blows—they knew my kind! Yet John Shakspeare is no bad sort—he knoweth what is what. But Master Bailiff Stubbes, I ween, is a long-eared thing that brays for thistles. I'll thistle him! He called Will Shakspeare rogue—hast ever looked through a red glass?"

"Nay," said Nick.

"Well, it turns the whole world red. And so it is with Master Stubbes. He looks through a pair of rogue's eyes and sees the whole world

rogue. Why, boy," cried the master-player vehemently, "he thought to buy my tongue! Marry, if tongues were troubles he has bought himself a peck! What! Buy my silence? Nay, he'll see a deadly flash of silence when I come to my Lord the Admiral again!"

CHAPTER VII.

"WELL SUNG, MASTER SKYLARK!"

It was past high noon, and they had long since left Warwick castle far behind. "Nicholas," said the master-player in the middle of a stream of amazing stories of life in London town, "there is Blacklow knoll." He pointed to a little hill off to the left.

Nick stared; he knew the tale: how grim old Guy de Beauchamp had Piers Gaveston's head upon that hill for calling him the Black Hound of Arden.

"Ah!" said Carew, "times have changed since then, boy, when thou couldst have a man's head off for calling thee a name—or I would have yon Master Bailiff Stubbes's head off short behind the ears—and Sir Thomas Lucy's too!" he added, with a sudden flash of anger, gritting his teeth and clenching his hand to his poniard. "But, Nicholas, hast thou anything to eat?"

"Nothing at all, sir."

Master Carew pulled from his pouch some barley cakes and half a small Banbury cheese, yellow as gold, and with a keen, sharp savour. "'T is enough for both of us," said he, as they came to a shady little wood with a clear, mossy-bottomed spring running down into a green meadow with a mild noise, murmuring among the stones. "Come along, Nicholas; we'll eat it under the trees."

He had a small flask of wine, but Nick drank no wine, and went down to the spring instead. There was a wild bird singing in a bush there, and as he trotted down the slope it hushed its wandering tune. Nick took the sound up softly, and stood by the wet stones a little while, imitating the bird's trilling note, and laughing to hear it answer timidly, as if it took him for some great new bird without wings. Cocking its shy head, and watching him

shrewdly with its beady eye, it sat almost persuaded that it was only size which made them different, until Nick clapped his cap upon his head and strolled back, singing as he went.

It was only the thread of an old-fashioned madrigal which he had often heard his mother sing, with quaint words 'long since gone out of style and hardly to be understood, and between the staves a warbling, wordless refrain which he had learned out on the hills and in the fields, picked up from a bird's glad-throated morning-song.

He had always sung the plain-tunes in church without taking any particular thought about it; and he sang easily, with a clear, young voice which had a full, flute-like note in it like the high, sweet song of a thrush singing in deep woods.

Gaston Carew, the master-player, was sitting with his back against an oak, placidly munching the last of the cheese, when Nick began to sing. He started, straightening up as if some one had called him suddenly out of a sound sleep, and turning his head, listened eagerly.

Nick mocked the wild bird, called again with a mellow, warbling trill, and then struck up the quaint old madrigal with the bird's song running through it. Carew leaped to his feet, with a flash in his dark eyes. "My soul! My soul!" he exclaimed in an excited undertone. "It is not — nay, it cannot be — why, 't is — it is the boy! Upon my heart, he hath a skylark prisoned in his throat! *Well sung, well sung, Master Skylark!*" he cried, clapping his hands in real delight, as Nick came singing up the bank. "Why, lad, I vow I thought thou wert up in the sky somewhere, with wings to thy back! Where didst thou learn that wonder-song?"

Nick colored up, quite taken aback. "I do na know, sir," said he; "mother learned me part, and the rest just came, I think, sir."

The master-player, his whole face alive and eager, now stared at Nicholas Attwood as fixedly as Nick had stared at him.

It was a hearty little English lad he saw, about eleven years of age, tall, slender, trimly built, and fair. A gray cloth cap clung to the side of his curly yellow head, and he wore a sleeveless jerkin of dark-blue serge, gray home-

spun hose, and heelless shoes of russet leather. The white sleeves of his linen shirt were open to the elbow, and his arms were lithe and brown. His eyes were frankly clear and blue, and his red mouth had a trick of smiling that went straight to a body's heart.

"Why, lad, lad," cried Carew, breathlessly, "thou hast a very fortune in thy throat!"

Nick looked up in great surprise; and at that the master-player broke off suddenly, and said no more, though such a strange light came creeping into his eyes that Nick, after meeting his fixed stare for a moment, asked uneasily if they would not better be going on.

Without a word the master-player started. Something had come into his head which seemed to more than fill his mind; for as he strode along he whistled under his breath, and laughed softly to himself. Then again he snapped his fingers, and took a dancing step or two across the road, and at last fell to talking aloud to himself, though Nick could not make out a single word he said, for it was in some foreign language.

"Nicholas," he said suddenly, as they passed the winding lane that leads away to Kenilworth — "Nicholas, dost know any other songs like that?"

"Not just like that, sir," answered Nick, not knowing what to make of his companion's strange new mood; "but I know Master Will Shakspeare's 'Then nightly sings the staring owl, to-who, to-whit, to-who!' and 'The ousel-cock so black of hue, with orange-tawny bill,' and then, too, I know the throstle's song that goes with it."

"Why, to be sure — to be sure thou knowest old Nick Bottom's song, for is n't thy name Nick? Well met, both song and singer — well met, I say! Nay," he said hastily, seeing Nick about to speak; "I do not care to hear thee talk. Sing me all thy songs. I am hungry as a wolf for songs. Why, Nicholas, I must have songs! Come, lift up that honeyed throat of thine, and sing another song. Be not so backward; surely I love thee, Nick, and thou wilt sing all of thy songs for me."

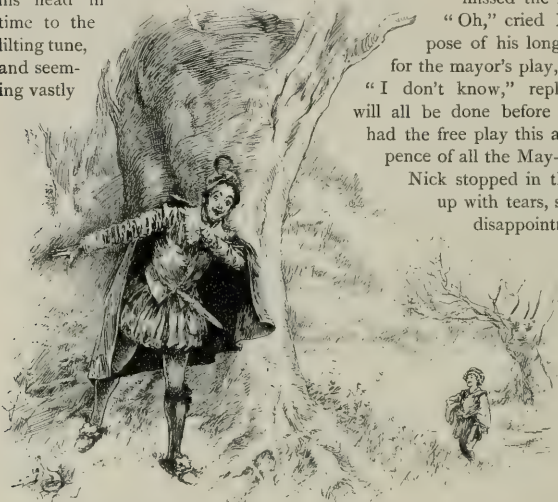
He laid his hand on Nick's shoulder in his kindly way, and kept step with him like a bosom friend, so that Nick's heart beat high with pride,



"WHAT? HOW NOW?" CRIED THE STRANGER, SHARPLY. 'DOST LIKE OR LIKE ME NOT?'"

and he sang all the songs he knew as they walked along.

Carew listened intently, and sometimes with a fierce eagerness that almost frightened the boy; and sometimes he frowned, and said under his breath, "Tut, tut, that will not do!"—but oftener he laughed without a sound, nodding his head in time to the lilting tune, and seeming vastly



"UPON MY HEART, HE HAS A SKYLARK PRISONED IN HIS THROAT!"
THE MASTER-PLAYER EXCLAIMED.

pleased with Nick, the singing, and last, but not least, with himself.

And when Nick had ended, the master-player had not a word to say, but for half a mile gnawed his mustache in nervous silence, and looked Nick all over with a long and earnest look.

Then suddenly he slapped his thigh, and tossed his head back boldly. "I'll do it," he said; "I'll do it if I dance on air for it! I'll have it out of Master Stubbes and canting Stratford town, or may I never thrive! My soul! it is the very thing. His eyes are like twin holidays, and he breathes the breath of spring. Nicholas, Nicholas Skylark,—Master Skylark,—why, it is a good name, in sooth, a very good name! I'll do it—I will, upon my word, and on the remnant of mine honour!"

"Did ye speak to me, sir?" asked Nick, timidly.

"Nay, Nicholas; I was talking to the moon."

"Why, sir, the moon has not come yet," said Nick, staring into the western sky.

"To be sure," replied Master Carew, with a queer laugh. "Well, the silvery jade has missed the first act."

"Oh," cried Nick, reminded of the purpose of his long walk; "what will ye play for the mayor's play, sir?"

"I don't know," replied Carew, carelessly; "it will all be done before I come. They will have had the free play this afternoon, so as to catch the pence of all the May-day crowd to-morrow."

Nick stopped in the road, and his eyes filled up with tears, so quick and bitter was the disappointment. "Why," he cried,

with a tremble in his tired voice, "I thought the free play would be on the morrow—and now I have not a farthing to go in!"

"Tut, tut, thou silly lad!" laughed Carew, frankly; "am I thy friend for naught? What! let thee walk all the way to Coventry, and never see the play? Nay, on my

soul! Why, Nick, I love thee, lad; and I'll do for thee in the twinkling of an eye. Canst thou speak lines by heart? Well, then, say these few after me, and bear them in thy mind."

And thereupon he hastily repeated some half a dozen disconnected lines, in a high, reciting tone.

"Why, sir," cried Nick, bewildered, "it is a part!"

"To be sure," said Carew, laughing, "it is a part—and a part of a very good whole, too—a comedy by young Tom Heywood, that would make a graven image split its sides with laughing; and do thou just learn that part, good Master Skylark, and thou shalt say it in to-morrow's play."

"What, Master Carew!" gasped Nick. "I—truly? With the Lord Admiral's players?"

"Why, to be sure!" cried the master-player in great glee, clapping him upon the back. "Didst think I meant a parcel of dirty tinkers? Nay, lad; thou art just the very fellow for the part—my lady's page should be a pretty lad, and, soul o' me, thou art that same! And, Nick, thou shalt sing Tom Heywood's newest song—it is a pretty song; it is a lark-song like thine own."

Nick could hardly believe his ears. To act with the Lord Admiral's company! To sing with them before all Coventry! It passed the wildest dream that he had ever dreamed. What would the boys in Stratford say? Aha! they

would laugh on the other side of their mouths now!

"But will they have me, sir?" he asked doubtfully.

"Have thee?" said Master Carew, haughtily. "If I say go, thou shalt go. I am master here. And I tell thee, Nick, that thou shalt see the play, and be the play, in part, and—well, we shall see what we shall see."

With that he fell to humming and chuckling to himself, as if he had swallowed a water-mill, while Nick turned ecstatic cart-wheels along the grass beside the road, until presently Coventry came in sight.

(To be continued.)

A NEW MOTHER GOOSE JINGLE.



Sing a song of Christmas-time,
Mistletoe and holly,
Two impatient little girls,
Genevieve and Dolly.
When the door was opened
They shouted in their glee,
And wouldn't you have shouted too
To have so fine a tree?



Dorothy G. Rice

THE LAST THREE SOLDIERS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[*Began in the November number.*]

CHAPTER IV.

A DAY OF DISCOVERIES.

WHILE Andy, with the help of the detail, was cutting and notching the timber for ladders, the Captain and the three young soldiers of the station made a breakfast, standing, from their haversacks and canteens, and looked about them over the wild country at their feet, and off at the blue peaks which rose above and around the valley of Cashiers, and then at the ridges in the opposite direction, drawn like huge furrows across the western horizon, showing fainter and fainter in color until the blue of the land was lost in the blue of the sky.

The men worked with a will, so that by ten o'clock the main ladder, which was just a chestnut stick deeply notched on the outer side, was firmly set in the ground against the face of the cliff. The landing-shelf was found to extend into a natural crevice so that the short upper ladder was set to face the bridge, and so as to be entirely concealed from the view of any one approaching from below.

When everything was in readiness, Lieutenant Coleman was the first to ascend, with the powerful telescope of the station strapped on his shoulders; and the others quickly followed, except the three troopers who remained behind to unpack the mules and bring up the rations and outfit for the camp.

At the point where they landed there was little to be seen of the top of the mountain beyond a few stunted chestnuts which clung to the rocks and were dwarfed and twisted by the wind; and nearly as many dead blue limbs lay about in the thin grass as there were live green ones forked against the sky. There was the suggestion of a path bearing away to the left, and following this they came to a series of steps

in the rocks, partly natural and partly artificial, which brought them on to a higher level where an extended plateau was spread out before them. On the western border they saw the line of trees overhanging the Cove side—the same that had looked like berry-bushes the night before from the cabin where they had halted for the moon to go down. From this point the crest of the Upper Bald was in plain view across the Cove, but anxious as they were to open communication with the other mountain, the flags had not yet come up, and there was nothing left for them to do but continue their exploration. It was observed, however, that the trees overhanging the Cove would conceal the flagging operations from any one who might live on the slopes of the mountains in that direction, and, moreover, that by going a short distance along the ridge to the right a fine backing of dark trees would be behind the signal-men. Philip would have scampered off to explore and discover things for himself, but the Captain restrained him and directed that the party should keep together. Andy carried his long rifle, and Philip and Bromley had brought up their carbines, so that they were prepared for any game they might meet, even though it were to dispute progress with a bear or panther. Since they had come up the ladders the region was all quite new to Andy, and he no longer pretended to guide them.

Back from the last ridge the ground sloped to a lower level, much of which was bare of trees and so protected from the wind that a rich soil had been made by the accumulation and decay of the leaves. At other points there were waving grass and clumps of trees, which latter shut off the view as they advanced, and opened up new vistas as they passed beyond them. It could be seen in the distance, however, that the southern end of the plateau was closed in by a ledge parallel to and not unlike



"LIEUTENANT COLEMAN WAS THE FIRST TO ASCEND, WITH THE TELESCOPE OF THE STATION STRAPPED ON HIS SHOULDERS."

that which they had already scaled, except that it was much more formidable in height.

There was a stream of clear, cold water that was found to come from a great bubbling spring. It broke out of the base of this southern ledge, and, after flowing for some distance diagonally across the plateau, tumbled over the rocks on the Cashiers valley side and disappeared among the trees.

After inspecting this new ledge, which was clearly an impassable barrier in that direction, and as effectually guarded the plateau on that side as the precipices which formed its other boundaries, the Captain and his party turned back along the stream of water, for a plentiful supply of water was more to be prized than anything they could possibly discover on the mountain.

"There is one thing," said Andy, as they walked along the left bank of the stream, "that you-all can depend on. Risin' in the spring as hit does, that branch will flow on just the same, summer or winter."

"Probably," said Lieutenant Coleman; "but then, you know, we are not concerned about next winter."

A little further on a rose-bush overhung the bank, and at the next turn they found a grapevine trailing its green fruit across a rude trellis which was clearly artificial. A few steps more and they came to a foot-log flattened on the top; and, although it tottered under them, they crossed to the other side, and, coming around a clump of chincapin-bushes, they found themselves at the door of a poor hut of logs, whose broken roof was open to the rain and sun. The neglected fireplace was choked with leaves, and weeds and bushes grew out of the cracks in the rotting floor; and, surely enough, in one dry corner stood the very brown keg that Josiah Woodring had brought up the mountain. In the midst of the dilapidation and the rotting wood about it, it was rather surprising that the cask should be as sound as if it were new, and the conclusion was that it had been preserved by what it originally contained.

Just then there was a cry from Philip, who had gone to the rear of the hovel; and he was found by the others leaning over the grave of the old man of the mountain, and staring at

the thick oak headboard which bore on the side next the cabin these words:

ONE WHO WISHES TO BE FORGOTTEN.

The letters were incised deep in the hard wood, and seemed to have been cut with a pocket-knife. It was evident from the amount of patient labor expended on the letters that the work had been done by the unhappy old man himself, perhaps years before he died. Of course, it had been set up by Josiah, who must have laid him in his last resting-place.

"That looks like Jo-siah was no liar, any more than he was a murderer and robber," said Andy; "and if the little man could live up here twenty-five years, I reckon you young fellers can get along two months."

A spot for camp was selected a few rods up the stream from the poor old cabin and grave. This was at a considerable distance from the ridge where the station was to be, but it had two advantages to balance that one inconvenience. In the first place, it was near the water, and then no smoke from the cook-fire would ever be seen in the valley below. Accordingly, the stores were ordered to be brought to this point, and Corporal Bromley hurried away to the head of the ladders to detain such articles as would be needed at the station on the ridge. Below the ledge the mules could be seen quietly browsing the grass, and, to the annoyance of Lieutenant Coleman, a blue haze was softly enveloping the distant mountains, as in a day in Indian summer, so that it was no longer possible to think of communicating with the next station, which was ten miles away.

That being the case, the afternoon was spent in pitching the tents and making the general arrangements of the camp. Owing to the difficulty of transportation, but the bare necessities of camp-life were provided by the government; and, notwithstanding his rank, Lieutenant Coleman had only an "A" tent, and Bromley and Philip two pieces of shelter-tent and two rubber ponchos. It was quickly decided by the two soldiers to use their pieces of tent to mend the roof of the hut of the old man of the mountain, and to store the rations as well as to make their own quarters therein. From the Commissary Department their sup-

plies for sixty days consisted, precisely, of four 50-pound boxes of hard bread, 67 pounds 8 ounces bacon, 103 pounds salt-beef, 27 pounds white beans, 27 pounds dry peas, 18 pounds rice, 12 pounds roasted and ground coffee, 8 ounces tea, 27 pounds light-brown sugar, 7 quarts vinegar, 21 pounds 4 ounces adamantine candles, 7 pounds 4 ounces bar soap, 6 pounds 12 ounces table-salt, and 8 ounces pepper. The medical chest consisted of 1 quart of commissary whisky and 4 ounces of quinine. Besides the flags and telescope for use on the station, their only tools were an ax and a hatchet. On ordinary stations it was the rule to furnish lumber for building platforms or towers, but here they were provided with only a coil of wire and ten pounds of nails, and if platforms were necessary to get above the surrounding trees they must rely upon such timber as they could get, and upon the ax to cut away obstructions. Fortunately for this particular station they could occupy a commanding ridge, and send their messages from the ground.

Philip had by some means secured a garrison flag, which was no part of the regular equipment; and through Andy they had come into possession of a dozen live chickens and a bag of corn to feed them. On the afternoon before the departure of the troopers, the Captain, who had now established the last of the line of stations, confided to Lieutenant Coleman his final directions and cautions. He asked Andy to point out Chestnut Knob, which was the mountain of the blue pin, and whose bald top was in full view to the right of Rock Mountain, and not more than eight miles away in a southeasterly direction, and, as Andy said, just on the border of the low country in South Carolina. This was the mountain, the Captain informed Lieutenant Coleman, from which in due time, if everything went well in regard to a certain military movement, he would receive important messages to flag back along the line.

What this movement was to be was still an official secret at headquarters, and Lieutenant Coleman would be informed by flag of the time when he would be required to be on the lookout for a communication from the mountain of the blue pin. At the close of his directions, the Captain, standing very stiff on his heels and

holding his cap in his hand, made a little speech to Lieutenant Coleman in which he complimented him for his loyalty and patriotic devotion to the flag, and reminded him that in assigning him to the last station the commanding general had thereby shown that he reposed especial confidence in the courage, honor and integrity of Lieutenant Frederick Henry Coleman of the 12th Cavalry, and in the intelligence and obedience of the young men who were associated with him. This speech, delivered just as the shadows were deepening on the lonely mountain top, touched the hearts of the three boys who were so soon to be left alone, and was not a whit the less impressive because Andy plucked off his coonskin cap and cried, in his homely enthusiasm, that "them was his sentiments to the letter!"

It was understood that there should be no signaling by night, and no lights had been provided for that purpose; so that, there being nothing to detain them on the plateau, they decided to accompany the Captain and Andy back to the bridge and see the last of the escort, as it went down the mountain.

Two of the troopers, contrary to orders, had during the day been as far as the deserted cabin of Josiah Woodring, and one of these beckoned Philip aside and told him where he would find a sack of potatoes some one had hidden away on the other side of the gorge, which, with much disgust, he described as the only booty they had found worth bringing away.

So great is the love of adventure among the young that there was not one of the troopers but envied his three comrades who were to be left behind on the mountain; but it was a friendly rivalry, and, in view of the possibilities of wild game, they insisted upon leaving the half of their cartridges, which were gladly accepted by Philip and Bromley.

The moon was obscured by thick clouds, and an hour before midnight the horses were saddled, and with some serious, but more jocular, words of parting, the troopers started on the march down the mountain, most of them hampered by an additional animal to lead. The Captain remained to press the hand of each of the three young soldiers, and when at last he rode away and they turned to cross the

frail old bridge, whose unprotected sides could scarcely be distinguished in the darkness, they began to realize that they were indeed left to their own resources, and to feel a trifle lonely, as you may imagine.

Before leaving that side of the gorge, however, Corporal Bromley had shouldered their precious cartridges, which had been collected

yards behind, Philip was stumbling along with the sack of potatoes on his shoulder. They had advanced in this order until the head of the straggling column was scarcely more than a stone's throw from the cliff, when a small brown object, moving in the leaves about the foot of the ladder, uttered a low growl and then disappeared into the deeper shadow of the rock.



"CORPORAL BROMLEY TOOK POSITION WITH A RED FLAG HAVING A LARGE WHITE SQUARE IN THE CENTER."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

in a bag, and on the other side Philip secured the sack of potatoes; and thus laden they trudged away across the open field and among the rocks and bushes, guided by the occasional glimpses they had of the cliff fringed with trees against the leaden sky. It was of the first importance that the cartridges should be kept dry, and to that end they hurried along at a pace which scattered them among the rocks and left but little opportunity for conversation. Lieutenant Coleman was in advance, with Philip's carbine on his arm; next came Corporal Bromley, with the cartridges; and, a hundred

At the same moment the rain began to fall, and Corporal Bromley stepped one side to throw his bag of cartridges into the open trunk of a hollow chestnut. While he was thus engaged, with the double purpose of freeing his hands and securing the cartridges from the possibility of getting wet, his carbine lying on the ground where he had hastily thrown it, Lieutenant Coleman fired at random at the point where he had indistinctly seen the moving object. The darkness had increased with the rain, and, as the report of the carbine broke the quiet of the mountain, a shadowy ball of fur scampered by

him, scattering the leaves and gravel in its flight. The mysterious object passed close to Bromley as he was groping about for his weapon, and the next moment there was a cry from Philip, who had been thrown to the ground, and his potatoes scattered over the hillside.

"Whatever it was," said Philip, when he presently came up laughing at his mishap, "I don't believe it eats potatoes, and I will gather them up in the morning."

As it was too dark for hunting, and the cartridges were in a safe place, Lieutenant Coleman and Corporal Bromley slung their carbines and followed Philip, who was the first to find the foot of the ladder.

It was not so dark but that they made their way safely to the camp, and, weary with the labors of the day, they were soon fast asleep in their blankets, unmindful of the rain which beat on the "A" tent and on the patched roof of the cabin of the old man of the mountain.

CHAPTER V.

THE CIPHER CODE.

ON the morning of July 4th the sun rose in a cloudless sky above the mountains, and the atmosphere was so clear that the most remote objects were unusually distinct. The conditions were so favorable for signaling that, after a hurried breakfast, the three soldiers hastened to the point on the ridge which they had selected for a station. Corporal Bromley took position with a red flag having a large white square in the center, and this he waved slowly from right to left, while Lieutenant Coleman adjusted his spy-glass, resting it upon a crotched limb which he had driven into the ground; and at his left Philip sat with a notebook and pencil in hand, ready to take down the letters as Lieutenant Coleman called them off. There are but three motions used in signaling. When the flag from an upright position is dipped to the right, it signifies 1; to the left, 2; and forward, 3. The last motion is used only to indicate that the end of the word is reached. Twenty-six combinations of the figures 1 and 2 stand for the letters of the alphabet.

It is not an easy task to learn to send messages by these combinations of the figures 1 and 2, and it is harder still to read the flags miles away through the telescope. The three soldiers had had much practice, however, and could read the funny wigwag motions like print. If any two boys care to learn the code, they can telegraph to each other from hill to hill, or from farm to farm, as well as George and Philip. You will see that the vowels and the letters most used are made with the fewest motions—as, one dip of the flag to the left (2) for I, and one to the right (1) for T. Z is four motions to the right (1111); and here is the alphabet as used in the Signal Service:

A,	11,	O,	12,
B,	1221,	P,	2121,
C,	212,	Q,	2122,
D,	111,	R,	122,
E,	21,	S,	121,
F,	1112,	T,	1,
G,	1122,	U,	221,
H,	211,	V,	2111,
I,	2,	W,	2212,
J,	2211,	X,	1211,
K,	1212,	Y,	222,
L,	112,	Z,	1111,
M,	2112,	&, 2222,	
N,	22,	ing, 1121,	

tion, 2221.

When the flag stops at an upright position, it means the end of a letter—as, twice to the right and stop (11), means A; one dip forward (3) indicates the end of a word; 33, the end of a sentence; 333, the end of a message. Thus 11-11-11-3 means "All right; we understand over here; go ahead"; and 11-11-11-333 means "Stop signaling." Then 212-212-212-3 means "Repeat; we don't understand what you are signaling"; while 12-12-12-3 means "We have made an error, and if you will watch we will give the message to you correctly."

Now, if Lieutenant Coleman wanted to say to another signal-officer "Send one man," the sentence would read, in figures, "121, 21, 22, 111, 3, 12, 22, 21, 3, 2112, 11, 22, 33." But in time of war the signalmen of the enemy could read such messages, and so each party makes a cipher code of its own, more or less difficult; and the code is often changed. So if Lieutenant Coleman's cipher code was simply

to use for each letter sent the fourth letter later in the alphabet, his figures would have been quite different, and the letters they stood for would have read:

W-i-r-h s-r-i q-e-r.
S-e-n-d o-n-e m-a-n.

So, after fifteen minutes of waiting, during which time the flag in Corporal Bromley's hand made a great rustling and flapping in the wind, moving from side to side, Lieutenant Coleman got his glass on the other flag, ten miles away, and found it was waving II-II-II-3 — "All right." Corporal Bromley then sent back the same signal, and sat down on the bank to rest. What Lieutenant Coleman saw at that distance was a little patch of red dancing about on the object-glass of his telescope; he could not see even the man who waved it, or the trees behind him. Promptly at Bromley's signal "All right," the little object came to a rest; and when it presently began again, Lieutenant Coleman called off the letters, which Philip repeated as he entered them in the book. For an hour and a half the messages continued repeating all the mass of figures which had come over the line during the last three days.

When the Mountain of the Nineteenth Red Pin had said its say as any parrot might have done, for it was absolutely ignorant of the meaning of the figures it received and passed on (for the reason that it had no officer with

the cipher), Lieutenant Coleman took from his pocket a slip of paper on which he had already arranged his return message to Chattanooga. When this had been despatched, the lieutenant took the note-book from Philip, and went away to his tent to cipher out the meaning of the still meaningless letters.

They were sufficiently eager to get the latest news, for they knew that the army they had just left had been advancing its works and fighting daily since the 22d day of June for the possession of Kenesaw Mountain. The despatches were translated in the order in which they came, so that it was a good half-hour before Lieutenant Coleman appeared with a radiant face to say that General Sherman had taken possession of Kenesaw Mountain on the day before. "And that is not all," he cried, holding up his hand to restrain any premature outburst of enthusiasm. "Listen to this! 'The "Alabama" was sunk by the United States steamer "Kearsarge" on the 19th day of June, three miles outside the harbor of Cherbourg, on the coast of France.'"

Corporal Bromley was not a demonstrative man, yet the blood rushed to his face, and there was a glittering light in his eyes which told how deeply the news touched him; but Philip, on the contrary, was wild with delight, and danced and cheered and turned somersaults on the grass.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER FROM DR. HOLMES.

BY ISABELLA GRAHAM MURDOCH.

A CLASS of young girls sat one afternoon in a class-room of Elmira College, talking over the subject for their next composition. As the hour for their literature lesson drew near, one of them said that she wished "there was something new to write about."

The teacher smiled as she came in, for she had heard these last words, and she had a plan

that promised something new. Before dismissing the literature class the teacher said:

"Girls, instead of a composition next week, we will begin to have 'Afternoons with the Poets,' taking first those who are alive, and then going back to those who came earlier. The girls may choose, in turn, some poet to write about, and bring in an essay about him. The

best essay will be read in class by the writer, and if the plan works well we shall all learn a great deal from it."

The girls were enthusiastic over the new idea, and each had a poet to suggest; but, to begin with, the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes met with general favor.

That afternoon the girl who had first proposed the name of Dr. Holmes went home determined to present the merits of her favorite writer and poet to the very best advantage in her essay. She did little but read his writings for the next few days, and then her thoughts traveled backward, and she pictured again, in memory, her first glimpse at the life and letters of the dear "Autocrat."

It was when she was a little girl and had gone with an older sister into the country for the summer. There was a professor from Yale College, with his family, boarding at the same house, and he always read aloud after breakfast to those of the party who cared to hear. This little girl was always one of his audience, and generally crawled under the piano, where she could listen, or could doze during the difficult parts of the wise professor's reading. But when he brought out first "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table," and then "The Autocrat at the Breakfast-Table," her attention never failed, and hers was always the voice that said, "Please go on," when the professor paused in reading from those famous books.

All this came back to her mind that night, as she sat reading and writing by turns; and then a bright idea came to her—she would write to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and would ask him for an incident in his early life for her essay!

How pleased the girls would be! She never doubted the great man would answer her letter; and he did. Here is his letter, and you will find a facsimile of it on the following pages:

BOSTON, March 15th, 1880.

MY DEAR MISS ISABELLA,

Here is one little incident of my life which I have never told in print.

When I was a little boy I got upon a raft one day,—a few boards laid together,—which floated about in a pond—a very small pond, but rather bigger round than a dinner-table. It was big enough, anyhow, to drown a

little boy, and came pretty near doing it; for, while I was stooping over the edge of the raft, I slipped and went souze into the water.

I remember a great sound in my ears—"guggle, guggle," I said it was, when they asked me about it—and a desperate struggle—and a feeling that I was going to be drowned, just as little Sam Childs had been; and then—all at once my whole past life seemed to flash before me as a train of cars going a thousand miles an hour, if such a speed were possible, would pass in one long crowded streak before the eyes of a person standing by the railroad.

I had never heard that this was a common experience with persons who are near drowning, but I have since heard of many cases where the same flash of their past lives has come before drowning people who have been rescued and have told about it.

You may put this story in your essay, if you like.

I get a great many letters from young persons, and it takes a great deal of my time to answer them—so I think I am quite good-natured this evening to tell you all this—don't you think so, dear Miss Isabella?

Very truly yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Then came the pleasure of showing the letter to her teacher and best friends, and later of surprising the assembled class with her essay. The girls at first refused to believe the story as told, but the teacher promptly assured them that Dr. Holmes's letter was genuine.

Some of his own words that were also quoted in the essay I think fitting to append here, for young folk would do well to bear them in mind. The bit is taken from his "Autocrat at the Breakfast-Table."

"When we are yet small children there comes up to us a youthful angel, holding in his right hand cubes like dice, and in his left hand spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory, and on each is written in letters of gold—'Truth.' The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath, with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out upon every one of them the three letters L, I, E. The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches at both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world; they roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that

things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner, and to go out of the way when he most wants them, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. Thus he learns — thus we learn — to drop the streaked and speckled globes of falsehood, and to hold fast the white angular blocks of truth."

Boston, March 15th 1880.

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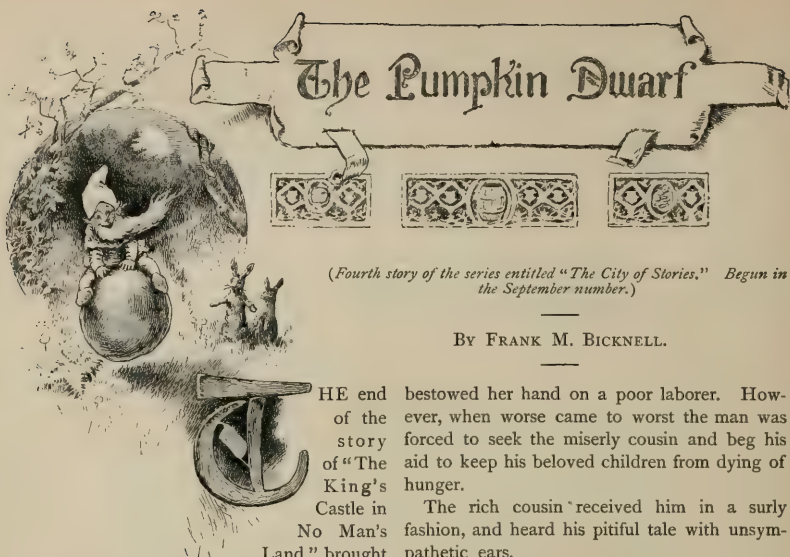
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Very truly yours
 Oliver Wendell Holmes.



(Fourth story of the series entitled "The City of Stories." Begun in the September number.)

BY FRANK M. BICKNELL.

THE end of the story of "The King's Castle in No Man's Land" brought the Princess and the Third Son to the entrance of another street, which bore the curious title of "The Pumpkin Dwarf Street."

So they walked on at a moderate pace that they might read the story of

THE PUMPKIN DWARF.

THERE was once a poor laborer who lived in a wretched hut, standing in the midst of a barren field, where nothing green would grow. For feeding his family he depended solely on such paltry earnings as he could pick up by hiring himself out to some of the neighboring farmer folk; and when times were hard even this resource frequently failed him. One winter, when there was a great famine in the country, the poor man was driven to his wit's end to scrape together enough to keep his little ones from starving.

Now it chanced that his wife had a cousin, living in a village some miles distant, who was a rich man and could easily have helped them had he been so disposed. But, unhappily, he was as stingy as he was rich, and, moreover, he had taken offense at his kinswoman for having

bestowed her hand on a poor laborer. However, when worse came to worst the man was forced to seek the miserly cousin and beg his aid to keep his beloved children from dying of hunger.

The rich cousin received him in a surly fashion, and heard his pitiful tale with unsympathetic ears.

"Well," said he coldly, when the laborer had ended his story, "did I not foretell these miseries? What else could my cousin look for after having cast her lot with such as you—a luckless wight, with whom nothing ever can prosper? Ye may blame yourselves. Get you hence, and trouble me no more! It is late, and high time that all people were at home and asleep!"

These were harsh words, but the poor man was in desperate straits, so he stood his ground yet a little longer, begging and pleading so earnestly that a stone might almost have been melted to pity. And, finally, to get rid of him, the rich cousin went to his cupboard, and taking down a moldy loaf, threw it upon the table with a scowl, saying:

"Take this; and, since you are so helpless, come here on Monday week, and I will try and find work for you." Yet while he was making this offer he thought, within his heart, "In a week hence they all will be dead of hunger, and thus I shall be well rid of them."

But the poor laborer, returning more thanks for the wretched crust and for the grudging

promise than they deserved, took his leave with a somewhat lightened heart.

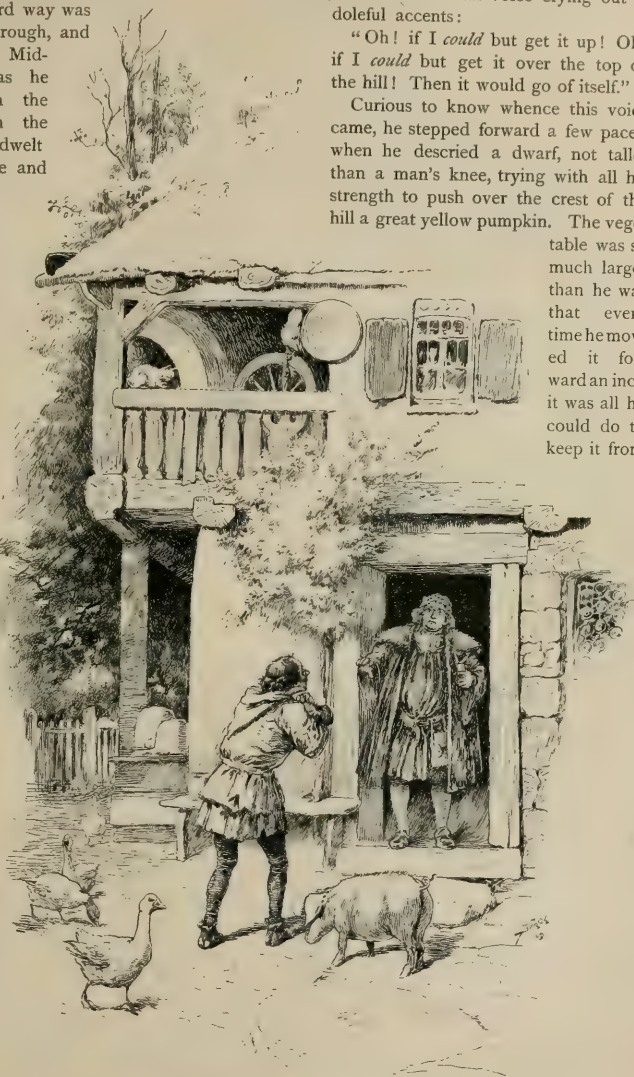
His homeward way was long, the road rough, and the hour late. Midnight struck as he passed through the village wherein the wealthy cousin dwelt. Though footsore and weary, he remembered the hungry mouths at home, and pushed bravely on until, by and by, he came to the last hill that lay between him and his poor hut. The steep and rugged road that he had now to traverse ran on through a thick wood for almost its entire length. As he toiled on toward the top of the hill, the moon, risen some hours before, began to shine down on his path; and as its cheerful rays chased away the gloom of the forest a weight suddenly seemed to be lifted from his breast, and he was filled with hope, as if a piece of good luck were about to befall him.

Presently, when he had nearly reached the summit, he heard a small voice crying out in doleful accents:

"Oh! if I *could* but get it up! Oh! if I *could* but get it over the top of the hill! Then it would go of itself."

Curious to know whence this voice came, he stepped forward a few paces, when he descried a dwarf, not taller than a man's knee, trying with all his strength to push over the crest of the hill a great yellow pumpkin. The vege-

table was so much larger than he was that every time he moved it forward an inch it was all he could do to keep it from



THE POOR LABORER BEGS AID OF THE RICH COUSIN.

rolling back two inches. Again and again he had failed, and now was well-nigh exhausted.

Seeing his plight, the laborer took pity on him, and, springing forward in the nick of time, by a vigorous push he sent it over the crest. Without a word of thanks, without even a look at his benefactor, the dwarf gathered his long beard under his arm, and, hopping nimbly on top of the moving pumpkin, he began to bowl merrily down the mountain-side, and soon was lost to view.

"So! so!" exclaimed the laborer; "there is one who believes that a good action is its own reward. At least he might have left a *thank you* behind him; that would cost nothing."

But he did the dwarf injustice, for when he reached the foot of the hill the little man was awaiting him, perched upon his pumpkin, and smiling benevolently in the moonlight.

"Laborer," said he, "thou hast a kind heart, and the service thou hast done me deserves some return. Ask whatsoever thou wilt, and thy wish shall be granted."

Now the poor laborer was not versed in the ways of the world, else he might have asked of the generous dwarf almost anything rather than what, in his simple-mindedness, he did ask for.

"Sir," said he, "next week I am promised work; give me but enough to keep me and mine from starving till the end of this week, and I shall be content."

"Go home," answered the dwarf, "draw a bucket of water from the well, and there shalt thou find all and more than thou desirest."

Having said these words, he struck his foot smartly upon the ground, and the pumpkin suddenly rolled away among the bushes, and, with its rider, disappeared from sight.

Then the laborer made haste home, and, going straight to the well, he let the bucket down into the water. Upon trying to draw it up again, he found it much heavier than it had ever been before; and when at last he succeeded in getting it to the top, what was his amazement to see that it was filled to the brim with shining gold pieces! He was not long in making known to his wife and children the wonderful news, and they all joined him in thanking Heaven for the help that had come to them in their sore need.

It was then too late to go to town to buy

food, but luckily there was no need of doing so. When the poor man took the moldy loaf from his pocket, behold! it had become as white, sweet, and fresh as on the day it was baked. Moreover, although not a large loaf to look at, it really was quite inexhaustible to cut from, and yielded a hearty supper for the whole family, without diminishing in the least.

From that night forth all went well with the laborer—a laborer no longer, for he was as rich now as formerly he had been poor. Not only was he able to live in comfort himself, but he also did much good among his poverty-stricken neighbors, and relieved a great deal of suffering by his many gifts of food and fuel.

Meanwhile, how fared it with the miserly cousin? Let us see. On the Saturday following the first visit of the poor man he received a second one from him.

"Here, cousin," said the former laborer, laying a gold piece on the table, "this is to pay for your bread, and many thanks to you."

The rich man was too much amazed even to pick up the coin. That a poor wretch who had come to him not seven days before in a starving condition should now be able to repay him for a worthless crust in this princely fashion was quite incomprehensible. He could only stare stupidly until, the other making a move to go, he managed to stammer:

"Hold, cousin! Not so fast. How came you by this money—you who only last week had such ado to keep soul and body together?"

As there seemed to be no good reason for concealment, the man related how he had helped a dwarf roll a pumpkin over the top of a hill, and had received a quantity of gold as a reward for the service.

After his kinsman had gone, the rich man could get no peace for thinking of what he had heard. Though already he had wealth enough and to spare, still his miserly soul was not content. All his greed and covetousness had been aroused, and would not let him rest until he had promised himself to set out upon the same road over which the poor man had traveled, in the hope that he, too, might have the luck to meet the pumpkin dwarf.

Accordingly, at sundown he saddled his horse and rode forth. It had become quite dark

when he began to ascend the mountain, and as he neared the top, where he expected to see the dwarf, his heart began to beat violently.

"Suppose he should not be there!"

thought he, divided between hope and fear.

ing the summit of the mountain, to behold the quaint little man who was struggling with the pumpkin, just as his cousin had described him. Whether this was the same pumpkin the laborer had



seen nobody knows, but certainly it was the very same dwarf.

"Oh, if I could but get it over!" he was complaining. "Oh, if I could but get it over the crest of the hill! Then it would go of itself."

As he heard these words the rich man quickly dismounted from his steed and gave the pumpkin a rude shove with his foot.

Thereupon it went flying over the crest and down the other side so swiftly that the dwarf had not time to jump on, but was forced to run behind his queer vehicle as fast as his short legs

But in a few minutes all his doubts were set at rest, and great was his satisfaction, on reach-

ing the summit of the mountain, to behold the quaint little man who was struggling with the pumpkin, just as his cousin had described him. Whether this was the same pumpkin the laborer had

came to the foot of the hill the dwarf had just overtaken his pumpkin, and was sitting upon it, panting and breathless after his chase.

words, for of a truth the adventure had not turned out as he had expected. He had counted upon being allowed to demand whatever he liked, and he had promised himself he would not be such a simpleton as the poor laborer had been.

But he had no choice; the dwarf had rolled himself out of sight the moment he had ceased speaking; and there was nothing for him to do but to make

the best of his way back home, consoling himself as well as he could with the thought that a bucketful of gold, *and more*, was not by any means to be despised. And, too, he thought of a plan presently whereby he might get a great deal more out of the dwarf than his stupid kinsman had done. He proposed to

take the largest cask he could find and hang it from the chain in lieu of the bucket, thus securing a greater quantity of gold.

Now, how did this fine scheme succeed? Well, having with much trouble attached the cask and dropped it into the well, the rich man set to work to draw it up again. This was a hard task, and his back and arms ached well ere it was accomplished. But he toiled on, encouraged by the thought of the

"Thou art little used to aiding others and strangely unskilled from want of practice," said the manikin crossly. "However, none but fools look for down on the back of a hedgehog. Thou shalt have thy just reward. Get thee home, draw from the well a bucket of water, and that for which thy cousin asked, and more, shall be thine."

The rich man was rather abashed by these

"THE RICH MAN WAS QUITE AFRAID OF HIM, KNEE-HIGH THOUGH HE WAS."



great treasure he was about to possess. At last all of the chain was wound over the windlass and the cask-bucket was within his grasp. Trembling with eagerness he bent to seize it, when, to his bitter disappointment, he beheld simply a cask full of water—nothing more, nothing less.

The unhappy miser turned pale at this discovery. At first he was quite overwhelmed at the unexpected turn of affairs, but soon he brightened up a bit, for it occurred to him that he might yet succeed if he were to replace the original bucket. But it was quite the same as before. No matter how many times he lowered it, the bucket always came up holding water. At last, he flew into a rage at the dwarf, whom he called by all manner of abusive names.

In the midst of his tirade the little man suddenly appeared, seated on his pumpkin and rolling along at a furious rate. When he had arrived within a few paces of the spot where the rich man stood, he leaped lightly to the ground. It seemed as if he must have heard what had just been said about him, for his ears were red as if they were tingling smartly and his eyes flashed so fiercely that the miser was quite afraid of him, knee-high though he was.

"Miserable worm!" he cried in a voice shaking with passion, "what cause hast thou for complaint? If thou hadst not already enough and more, have I deceived thee? Have I made thee any promise that has not been fulfilled to the very letter? Thy cousin begged for enough to keep him and his from starving *until*

the week's end; hast thou not there that for which he asked, and even more?"

The dwarf pointed toward the caskful of water as he spoke, and the miser started as he realized the significance of his words. He could not but admit that he had got exactly what his cousin had asked for. The only difference in the two cases was that the poor man had met the dwarf early on Sunday morning, whereas he had met him late on Saturday evening; and, as he had taken supper before starting out, a glass of water certainly was enough for the brief remainder of the week, scarcely a quarter of an hour of which was yet to pass.

"Thy cousin served me from goodness of heart," continued the dwarf, "but thou hast done so from a base desire to increase thine own gains. For thy many iniquities I bestow on thee, from this day forth, the ill-luck that formerly attended thy cousin, while for him shall be the prosperity all and more than that which hitherto has waited undeserved on thee."

Having pronounced these fateful words the dwarf vaulted into his seat on the pumpkin and disappeared like a flash, leaving the avaricious cousin in no very pleasant state of mind.

Both the curse and the blessing of the little man were carried out to the letter, and thenceforth the once wealthy cousin grew poorer and poorer, so that except for the kindness of his cousin, he would have been obliged to beg his bread from door to door. But the other lived a long and happy life, and was always most fortunate in all that he undertook.





· SANTA · CLAUS'S · PONY ·

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

It was a little town in Belgium. There were the storks' nests on the high red roofs to which the children pointed, as they pattered by in their little wooden shoes, or *sabots*; and there were small carts drawn by the strong draught-dogs of Flemish breed, looking at their owners with patient, faithful eyes. There were old churches and houses, telling a story in wood or stone to every passer-by.

In one of these old houses, built with queer gables and little balconies and with a date and the name of the builder carved over the door, once lived two boys—Jan and Peter Stein. They were sons of a thrifty, honest Flemish burgher, who gave with an open hand to "God's poor," of whom there were very many after the sad wars of those days. There were so many, indeed, that the good burgher's own household lived very plainly, except at the joyous Christmas-time, when all Christians keep feast.

The children in Belgium have a charming

Christmas legend about Santa Claus's Pony. They always place their wooden *sabots* on the window-ledge, stuffed full of oats, hay, and fodder for the "dear Christmas pony." In the early morning they run on tiptoe to look; and behold! the hay is all gone, and the shoes are brimming over with toys and sweetmeats! Then the children clap their hands with glee, and wish they could only have waked in time to see the pony munching his oats. That would have been such fun!

Christmas week in Burgher Stein's household was one of great plenty; and not only every friend but every beggar that knocked at the side door had a share. There were black puddings and liver puddings, geese stuffed with chestnuts, and more than one noble turkey with truffles; and for at least a week beforehand was the little mother busy in the kitchen, mixing the rich Walloon wafers, that made little Peter's mouth water even when he happened to be thinking of them on a midsummer day.

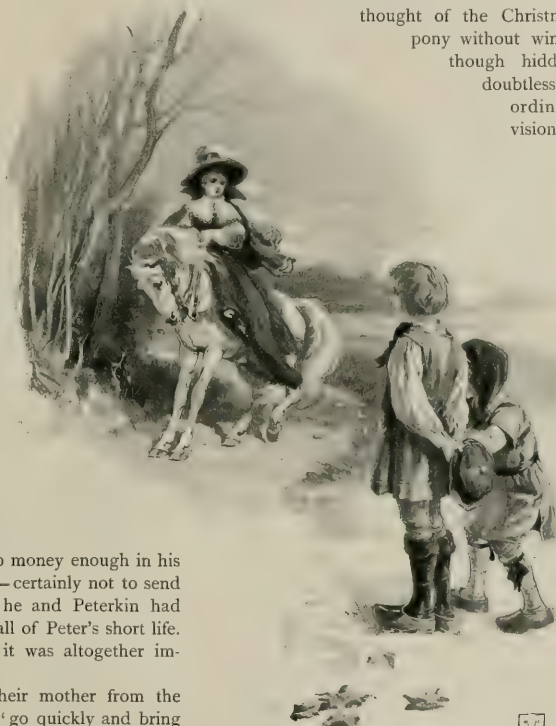
Jan was four years and a half older than Peter, and he did not care so much either about the plain living all the year or the stuffed geese and wafers at Christmas; he wanted to go to school at the "Griffin House," as he called the old stone building carved with griffins and dragons for water-spouts and gargoyles and gable-ends, where they taught drawing and carving and architecture, as well as other things less delightful. Now, he and Peter went to school to Captain Jacob, who asked very little money, but also taught very little learning. How could he, when he had been fighting all the time until he lost his leg? If Jan had wanted, indeed, to hear about battles and sieges—but Jan's heart was set upon building up in stone and marble some of the fairy dreams he had in his brain. He loved even the queer old stone griffins on the school-house with the quirks in their impossible tails. But the tender-hearted burgher could never keep money enough in his purse to send Jan there—certainly not to send both of his boys—and he and Peterkin had never been separated in all of Peter's short life. No; Jan's heart sank; it was altogether impossible.

"Go, boys," called their mother from the spicy, steaming kitchen, "go quickly and bring home the red cow. She has strayed away to the marsh; but be careful, boys, don't stay out after sunset. It is Christmas eve, remember."

As if they had forgotten it for one moment during the day! As if their Sunday *sabots* were not already arranged on the tall window-ledge, and filled with oats and hay and grass for the Christmas pony! To Peterkin's affectionate

heart the Christmas pony was a wonderful and glorified creature. On summer holidays when Santa Claus was busy in his workshop, fashioning toys for winter delights, he imagined the white pony with its fiery, shining eyes and long waving mane and tail, as free, like himself, and enjoying many an untrammelled run and caper in a Paradise-pasture. Having once seen a picture of the Greek Pegasus, he confessed to

his brother that he never thereafter thought of the Christmas pony without wings, though hidden, doubtless, to ordinary vision by



"A LITTLE GIRL RIDING A WHITE PONY, AT THE SIGHT OF WHICH LITTLE PETER'S BREATH CAME QUICK."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

his long, silvery mane. He believed firmly that one night he had actually heard him neigh softly, and paw at the wooden ledge.

Both the boys were restless—"Christmas was in their bones"—and so they ran with

delight along the frozen path to the marshes to find "Kneidel," the strayed red cow.

The ground was so level that they could see all around them for a great distance; and there, sure enough, was Kneidel, looking disappointedly at the withered grasses on the farther edge of the marsh. She seemed redder than ever in the glow of the sky, which was a deep red with a few dark clouds above like smoke.

"It looks like a goblin smithy," said Jan.

"Where they shoe with silver the Christmas pony," added Peter, laughing.

He put his hands on each side of his mouth to call Kneidel home, when a sudden sharp, ringing sound, as of hoofs striking on the frozen ground, made him pause, and around a small body of woods on one side of them came a little girl of thirteen or fourteen years riding a white pony, at the sight of which little Peter's breath came quick, and his cheeks flushed; for had it not bright eyes, and long silky mane and tail, and was not the bridle shining with rich metal-work.

Its rider, the young girl, drew rein, and checked her pony's speed as soon as she saw the boys. Her eyes were black and lustrous, and her hair dark. She did not look like the girls of Flanders, nor was her dress like theirs; and when she spoke it was with a decidedly foreign accent.

"You are Flemish boys I see," she said, addressing Jan, and her voice was very sweet. "Can you tell me in what direction the castle lies? I thought it could be seen anywhere in this flat country."

"It is the old windmill that cuts off the view here," answered Jan, "but after you cross the marsh yonder it is visible again. It is not far away."

"Then I will wait for the others," said the little lady, for so she seemed to be from her manner and look. "I was going to spend Christmas Eve with my godmother — at the castle — and my father did not return. So, as I wished *very* much to go, the steward and the governess prepared to go with me, and they were so slow — oh, so slow! — that my pony ran away, and I find myself lost." But there was a ring of mischievous laughter in the last sentence, and Jan suspected the pony was not altogether to blame.

"Is this the Christmas pony?" suddenly

asked Peterkin, after an absorbed contemplation of the pretty white creature.

"Is it? — oh, yes, it is Santa Claus's pony!" she answered with a merry glance at Jan; and eyes, lips, and dimples overbrimming with silent laughter. She evidently remembered the Flemish legend.

"Come," she said suddenly to Jan, with child-like impulse, "since I have to wait, tell me about yourselves; tell me what *you* would rather have — oh, of all things in the whole wide world! — for your Christmas gift!"

Children's hearts fly quickly open, and Jan was soon telling her, while she listened with wide, eager eyes, of his dream of going to the "Griffin House" and learning to build churches and palaces; and how he could not do it, because he could never have the heart to rob "God's poor" of his father's aid in charity. Nor would he go without little Peter.

They were talking so eagerly that another rider was with them before they noticed his approach: a tall, dignified, dark-looking gentleman, wrapped in a long Spanish cloak and wearing a plumed hat. At the sight of him, and the sound of the young girl's rapturous cry, "Father!" Jan's lips closed, and a sullen and lowering look came over his frank face. He replied but curtly to their thanks, and turned to his brother. "Call Kneidel, Peter, and let us go home."

"Kneidel has gone, brother"; and so she had, like a sensible cow, mindful of supper and shelter; and the sunset fires of the winter sky were burned almost to embers.

They had separated, the young rider with a hurt, amazed look on her face, when Jan turned back and said to the gentleman, "Do not cross the marsh there. The holes are black and deep, and dangerous for horses. Take the longer road around. You will be at your goal the sooner — and the safer."

"You do not like to warn us," said the Spaniard, looking curiously at his half-averted, reluctant face. "Why?"

"Because you are Spanish," answered the lad, his honest gray eyes suddenly aflame.

"Who is your father?" questioned the Spaniard.

Jan's heart filled with dismayed apprehen-

sion. He remembered that he had told the daughter, already, however.

"There is no need to tell," he answered sturdily. "I have not been treacherous to you, at least"; and his eyes sought the girl's eyes in warning.

She spoke quickly in spite of a frown on her father's brow: "No; you have been a generous foe. We owe you only thanks."

There was a suspicion of tears about her long lashes, and Jan found it hard to listen to little Peter as they hastened homeward.

"It is strange she should have

Jan Stein's desire was fulfilled. He and Peter went to the Griffin School and learned all about carving and building in wood and stone. They used to plan together what they would build as soon as they were grown; big churches, perhaps, and stately houses, but certainly a town-hall for their own dear town, for the old one

had been quite ruined by Spanish shells. Jan would have it adorned with pictures from its own history, and with carvings of familiar leaves and blossoms, and of common animals with their homely, everyday ways.

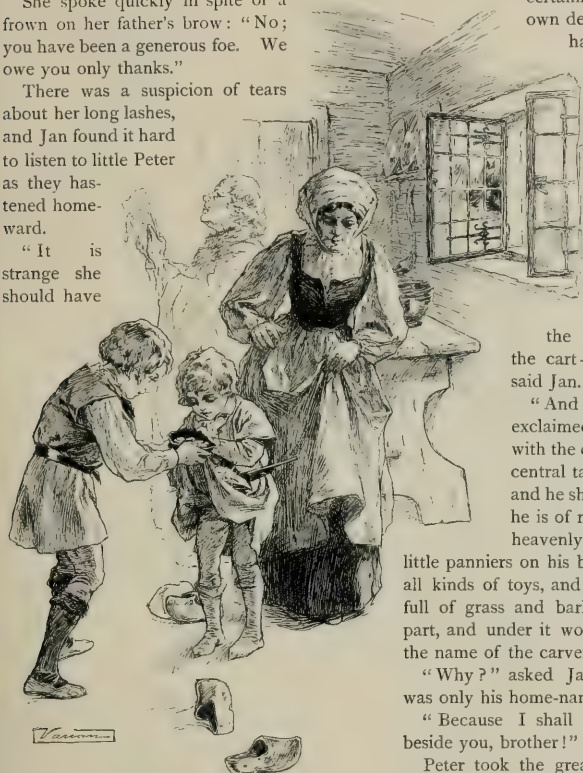
"The storks on their rough nests, and the big dogs harnessed to the cart—these would I have," said Jan.

"And the Christmas pony!" exclaimed Peter, his eyes kindling with the enthusiasm. "On the central tablet would I carve him, and he should have wings, to show he is of no common stock, but of heavenly breed and nurture, and little panniers on his back out of which crowd all kinds of toys, and in front a child's *sabots* full of grass and barley. That should be my part, and under it would be only *Peterkin*, for the name of the carver."

"Why?" asked Jan, wonderingly, for this was only his home-name.

"Because I shall be always 'little Peter' beside you, brother!"

Peter took the greatest delight in thinking how great and famous Jan would be some day; and then, he thought, Jan would meet the little Spanish lady, and they would be true friends. Peter did not live to see Jan's success, for he died while they were students. But I think Jan did no work without writing under his own name that of *Peter Stein*, since surely it was his brother's thought as well as his, though only Jan's hand carved it in stone!



the Christmas pony," he was saying in a perplexed tone.

"Strange things always happen at Christmas," his brother answered dreamily.

Next morning a silken purse of gold pieces hung outside the window with a scroll attached:

"For Jan and Peter Stein, that they may go to the School of the Griffins.

From Santa Claus's Pony."

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CHILDREN.

(As sung by Santa Claus.)

REPORTED BY EMILIE POULSSON.

Reporter's Note No. 1.

I CAN'T tell where I heard it;
But yet I can't be wrong.
I must have heard old Santa Claus
Sing something like this song,
Or how could I have told you,
Or ever have found out
That Santa Claus could sing at all,
Or what he sang about?

SONG.

The children of the present
Are wondrous wise, 't is said;
No superstitious thoughts are found
In any little head.

("But bless their hearts!" laughed Santa,
Right merrily laughed he.
"They cannot bear to give *me* up;
They still believe in me—
Oh, yes!
Some still believe in me.")

They don't believe in fairies—
They don't believe in gnomes.
Enchanted castles they "pooh-pooh!"
And likewise haunted homes.
They don't believe in mermaids
With flowing sea-green locks;
And brownies they disdain—except
Those made by Palmer Cox.

("But bless their hearts!" laughed Santa,
Right merrily laughed he.
"They cannot bear to give *me* up;
They still believe in me—
Oh, yes!
Some still believe in me.")

They don't believe in witches,
They don't believe in ghosts;
They don't believe in woodland nymphs,
Nor in the goblin hosts.

They don't believe in giants,
In magic cloak or hat;
They only smile at "bogie men"
(I'm *very* glad of that).

(And then again laughed Santa,
Right merrily laughed he.
"They cannot bear to give *me* up;
They still believe in me—
Oh, yes!
Some still believe in me!")

They don't believe in Crusoe!
Nor yet in William Tell!
And some have even thrown aside
The cherry-tree as well!
But every year at Christmas
Their faith in me revives.
"Oh, good old Santa Claus," they say,
"We've loved you all our lives!"

("Yes, bless their hearts!" laughed Santa,
Right merrily laughed he.
"They cannot bear to give *me* up;
They still believe in me—
Oh, yes!
Some still believe in me.")

Reporter's Note No. 2.

This song shows how he values
You faithful little folks,
Who still believe in Santa Claus
In spite of many jokes.
So hang your stockings, youngsters,
And write notes trustful-ly;
And don't *you* pain the dear old chap
By in-cre-du-li-ty.

("For bless their hearts!" sings Santa,
Right merrily sings he.
"They cannot bear to give *me* up;
They still believe in me—
Oh, yes!
Some still believe in me.")

THE TRUE STORY OF MARCO POLO.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

[*Began in the June number.*]

CHAPTER XIV.

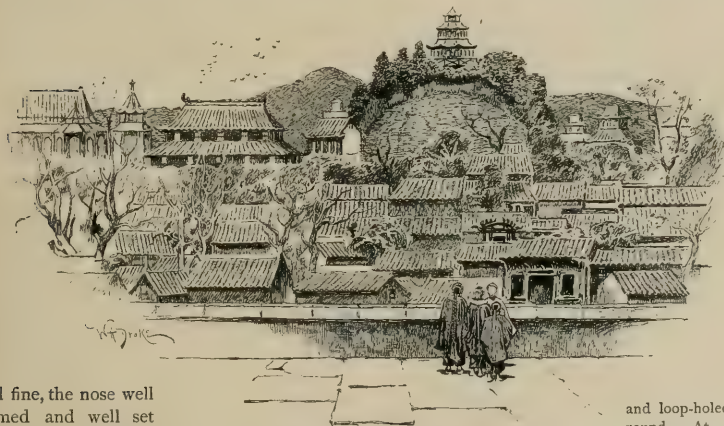
THE BEAUTIFUL PALACE OF KUBLAI KHAN.

THE personal appearance of the Great Khan, as described by Marco, was as follows: "He is of good stature, neither tall nor short, but of middle height. He has a becoming amount of flesh, and is very shapely in all his limbs. His complexion is white and red, the eyes black

of the glories of the imperial palace at Cambaluc, otherwise known as Peking:

You must know that for three months of the year, to wit, December, January, and February, the Great Kaan resides in the capital city of Cathay, which is called CAMBALUC, and which is at the northeastern extremity of the country. In that city stands his great Palace, and now I will tell you what it is like.

It is enclosed all round by a great wall forming a square, each side of which is a mile in length; that is to say, the whole compass thereof is four miles. It is also very thick and a good ten paces in height, whitewashed



THE PALACE OF THE GREAT KHAN.

and fine, the nose well formed and well set on." But the portrait of Kublai Khan, drawn

by a Chinese artist, does not exactly correspond with the pen portrait given here by Marco. We know also, from Marco's own narrative, that the Emperor was subject to gout in his later life, and we are led to infer that he was rather corpulent, as he is represented in the drawing given by the Chinese artist. After explaining that the family of the Great Khan are variously named and provided for, Marco goes on to tell

and loop-holed all round. At each angle of the wall there is a very fine

and rich palace in which the war-harness of the Emperor is kept, such as bows and quivers, saddles and bridles, and bowstrings, and everything needful for an army. Also midway between every two of these Corner Palaces there is another of the like, so that taking the whole compass of the enclosure you find eight vast Palaces stored with the Great King's harness of war. And you must understand that each Palace is assigned to only one kind of article; thus, one is stored with bows, a second with saddles, a third with bridles, and so on in succession right round.

The great wall has five gates on its southern face, the middle one being the great gate which is never opened on any occasion except when the Great Kaan himself goes forth or enters. Close on either side of this great gate is a smaller one by which all other people pass; and then towards each angle is another great gate, also open to people in general; so that on that side there are five gates in all.

Inside of this wall there is a second, enclosing a space that is somewhat greater in length than in breadth. This enclosure also has eight palaces corresponding to those of the outer wall, and stored like them with the King's harness of war. This wall also hath five gates on the southern face, corresponding to those in the outer wall, and hath one gate on each of the other faces as the outer wall hath also. In the middle of the second enclosure is the King's Great Palace, and I will tell you what it is like.

You must know that it is the greatest Palace that ever was. Toward the north it is in contact with the outer wall, whilst toward the south there is a vacant space which the Barons and the soldiers are constantly traversing. The Palace itself hath no upper story, but is all on the ground floor, only the basement is raised some ten palms above the surrounding soil, and this elevation is retained by a wall of marble raised to the level of the pavement, two paces in width, and projecting beyond the base of the Palace so as to form a kind of terrace-walk, by which people can pass round the building, and which is exposed to view, whilst on the outer edge of the wall there is a very fine pillared balustrade; and up to this the people are allowed to come. The roof is very lofty, and the walls of the Palace are all covered with gold and silver. They are also adorned with representations of dragons, sculptured and gilt, beasts and birds, knights and idols, and sundry other subjects. And on the ceiling, too, you see nothing but gold and silver and painting. On each of the four sides there is a great marble staircase leading to the top of the marble wall, and forming the approach to the Palace.

The Hall of the Palace is so large that it could easily dine 6,000 people; and it is quite a marvel to see how many rooms there are besides. The building is altogether so vast, so rich, and so beautiful, that no man on earth could design anything superior to it. The outside of the roof also is all colored with vermilion and yellow and green and blue and other hues, which are fixed with a varnish so fine and exquisite that they shine like crystal, and lend a resplendent lustre to the Palace as seen for a great way round. This roof is made, too, with such strength and solidity that it is fit to last forever.

On the interior side of the Palace are large buildings with halls and chambers, where the Emperor's private property is placed, such as his treasures of gold, silver, gems, pearls, and gold plate, and in which reside the ladies of the court.

Between the two walls of the enclosure which I have described, there are fine parks and beautiful trees bearing a variety of fruits. There are beasts also of sundry kinds, such as white stags and fallow deer, gazelles and

roe-bucks, and fine squirrels of various sorts, with numbers also of the animal that gives the musk, and all manner of other beautiful creatures, inasmuch that the whole place is full of them, and no spot remains void except where there is traffic of people going and coming. The parks are covered with abundant grass; and the roads through them being all paved and raised two cubits above the surface, they never become muddy, nor does the rain lodge on them, but flows off into the meadows, quickening the soil and producing that abundance of herbage.

From that corner of the enclosure which is towards the northwest there extends a fine lake, containing fish of different kinds, which the Emperor hath caused to be put in there, so that whenever he desires any he can have them at his pleasure. A river enters this lake and issues from it, but there is a grating of iron or brass put up so that the fish cannot escape in that way.

Moreover, on the north side of the palace, about a bowshot off, there is a hill which has been made by art from the earth dug out of the lake; it is a good hundred paces in height and a mile in compass. This hill is entirely covered with trees that never lose their leaves, but remain ever green. And I assure you that wherever a beautiful tree may exist, and the Emperor gets news of it, he sends for it and has it transported bodily with all its roots and the earth attached to them, and planted on that hill of his. No matter how big the tree may be, he gets it carried by his elephants; and in this way he has got together the most beautiful collection of trees in all the world. And he has also caused the whole hill to be covered with the ore of azure, which is very green. And thus not only are the trees all green, but the hill itself is all green likewise; and there is nothing to be seen on it that is not green; and hence it is called the GREEN MOUNT; and in good sooth 't is named well.

On the top of the hill again there is a fine big palace which is all green inside and out; and thus the hill, and the trees, and the palace form together a charming spectacle; and it is marvelous to see their uniformity of color! Everybody who sees them is delighted. And the Great Kaan has caused this beautiful prospect to be formed for the comfort and solace and delectation of his heart.

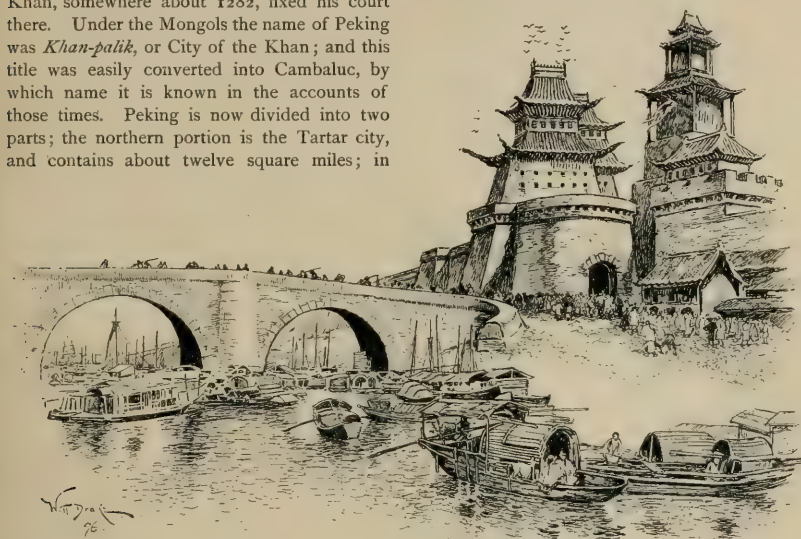
You must know that beside the Palace that we have been describing, *i. e.*, the Great Palace, the Emperor has caused another to be built just like his own in every respect, and this he hath done for his son when he shall reign and be Emperor after him. Hence it is made just in the same fashion and of the same size, so that everything can be carried on in the same manner after his own death. It stands on the other side of the lake from the Great Kaan's Palace, and there is a bridge crossing the water from one to the other. The Prince in question holds now a Seal of Empire, but not with such complete authority as the Great Kaan, who remains supreme as long as he lives.

Now I am going to tell you of the Chief City of Cathay, in which these Palaces stand; and why it was built, and how.

Before we take up Marco's description of the capital city of Cathay, or China, let us look at Peking, to call by its modern name Kublai Khan's city. We shall better understand Marco's page if we know something of the capital as it exists to-day; and it is worthy of remark that the accuracy of the young Venetian's account is well established by comparing it with what we know of modern Peking.

The city is one of the oldest in the world; but it was not made a capital until Kublai Khan, somewhere about 1282, fixed his court there. Under the Mongols the name of Peking was *Khan-palik*, or City of the Khan; and this title was easily converted into Cambaluc, by which name it is known in the accounts of those times. Peking is now divided into two parts; the northern portion is the Tartar city, and contains about twelve square miles; in

paved on the top with slabs of stone, affording a promenade twelve feet wide. There are sixteen gates in all, and each gateway is fortified with towers of stone; and other towers are fixed at intervals of about sixty yards all around the walls. These towers project fifty feet from the outer side of the walls, and those at the gateways have in front of them a fortification of a semicircular shape, so that the gate must be entered from the side and not from the front.



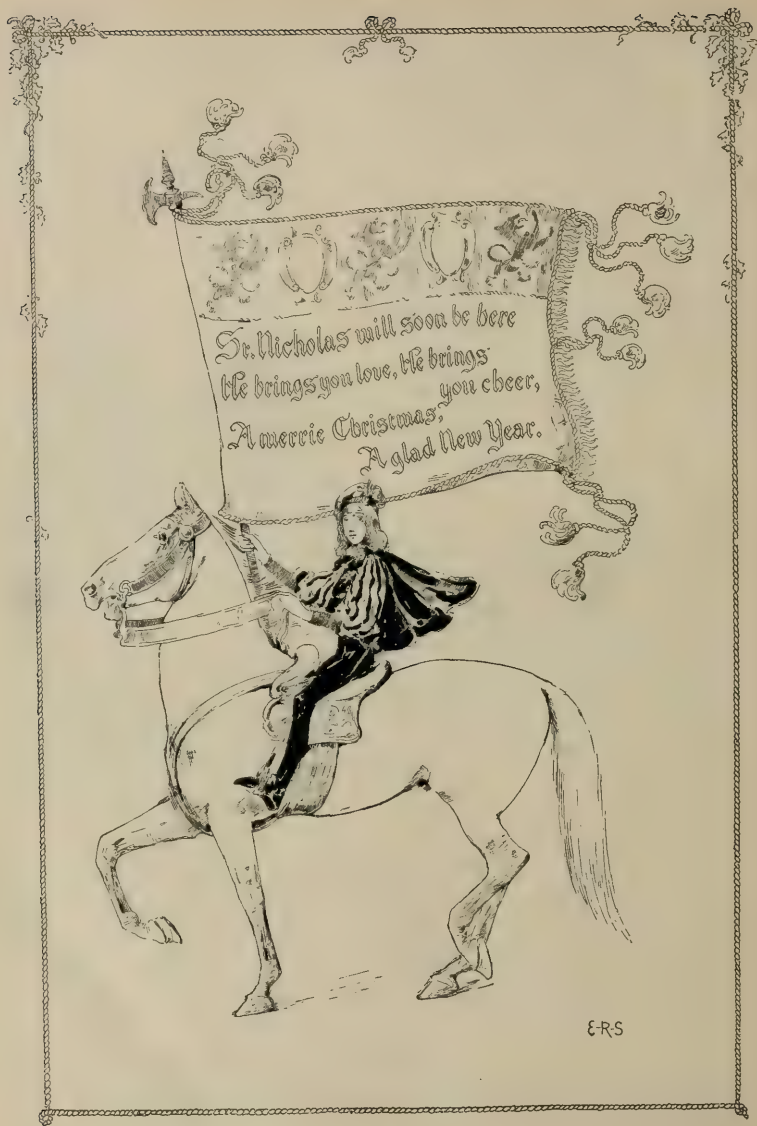
WEST GATE OF PEKING.

this are the palaces, government buildings, troops, and military barracks. The southern part is the Chinese city, and is more populous than the Tartar, less of its space being taken up by gardens and public buildings. The population is estimated at different figures; but two millions appears to be a fair estimate.

A wall separates the Tartar from the Chinese city, and a wall of varying height surrounds the whole, that of the Tartar section being about fifty feet high, and that around the Chinese section some thirty feet high. These walls are of brick and stone filled in with earth and

The Tartar city is divided into three inclosures, each being surrounded with its own wall, and each inside of another. The innermost of these is the Prohibited City, and contains the imperial palaces and offices. Its circumference is nearly two miles; the wall is covered with imperial-yellow tiles which look brilliant when seen from a distance. The inclosure next outside of this is occupied by the government offices, and by the army appointed to keep guard over the emperor and his family. The next outside of this is the outermost of all, and consists of dwelling-houses and shops.

(To be continued.)



JUNE'S GARDEN.

BY MARION HILL.

[*Began in the November number.*]

CHAPTER III.

"MRS. ANTARCTIC."

ANOTHER lovely morning, with dew on every blade of grass, with birds chirping on every spray, and with Misfit frisking about in anticipative mischief.

"In the vineyard of my Father
There is work enough to do.
Scattered gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few!"

warbled June, who sang much as she did anything else — with a hearty will, and strictly up to time. "Do you know, Misfit," she said, lifting the kitten up to her face to chain its wandering attention, "I like to sing hymns that go directly to the point without any beating about the bush? The simpler the tune, the more chance one has to think about the words.

"Little clusters, little clusters,
Help to fill the garners, too!"

she concluded; and her vocalizing embarrassed the kitten frantically.

"Have you fed the doves?" asked Leila, appearing at the doorway.

"Long ago."

"And Misfit?"

"Look at the bulginess of her."

"And the canary?"

"And the canary; also myself. Never feel uneasy about the animals, sister mine; for I cannot swallow a mouthful if I think they are hungry."

"Oh, June, are n't your hyacinths lovely this morning?"

"Yes; I am sure I can sell those; they are so delicately strong, and are so fragrant! How can you stay indoors on such a lovely day?"

"My book is so interesting," pleaded Leila, guiltily holding the volume behind her.

"Well, I am going to find my reading after this in the story of the growing plants, and to look for my poetry in the changing sky. Go in, and poke over your print, beloved; and hurt your eyes, and dim your brain. Ta-ta!"

Leila smiled seraphically, and went. So June put in another morning of hard work alone, and the garden grew orderly under her deft fingers. When the sun gathered strength and made its wooing unpleasantly hot, June wandered to a shady spot near the fence, and busied herself watching the affairs in a nest of crowded young sparrows in a tree near by. They quarreled outrageously, and tried to squeeze each other out of the nest, and snatched greedily at the worms brought by their suffering parents — snatched out of their turn, too, and made vain attempts to pick out each other's eyes, and altogether comported themselves villainously. Misfit sat below them in the grass, and, gazing longingly upward, chattered her teeth together in a futile pretense of eating them.

"'Birds in their little nests agree' — what a — what a whopper! If I could n't agree with Leila better than that, I should feel disappointed with myself," mused June, but not aloud; and in the silence she heard a soft voice half whispering:

"What lovely, lovely hyacinths!"

Jumping up and turning round, she found herself face to face with "Mrs. Antarctic," a queenly-looking, white-haired old lady, who stood in her own garden of lovely flowers, and looked yearningly over at June's few blossoms.

"Why, yours are ever so much prettier!" cried June, in her friendly, direct way.

"I did not know any one was there," murmured the old lady, moving away.

"Ever so much prettier," repeated June, gazing good-humoredly at the gorgeous blooms.

"Fifty times prettier."

"But they are not mine," sighed the old lady. "They belong to my son and daughter."

"That's the same as yours, is n't it?" asked June, puzzled.

"No, indeed; my children do not like me to pick them, because they go to great expense to have a gardener look after them, and they give a good many entertainments and dinners, and they need the flowers for decorations. But I do love flowers so, and sometimes I am so hungry for one to lay my face against, to feel the touch of it!"

As she finished speaking, she bent down with difficulty and brushed her sweet old face against the vivid whiteness of a waxen hyacinth. Her eyes glistened with tears.

"Do you mean to say," cried June, feeling the flying blood turn cold in her veins, so great was her indignation—"do you mean to say that your son and daughter do not *allow* you to pick their flowers?"

The old lady flushed and trembled; then she replied: "You are right, my dear; they do not *allow* me to touch them."

"Oh, just wait! Just wait a moment!" cried June, dancing around in a frenzied activity. Jerking her small gardening implements out of their long box, she half filled the box with earth, and then dug up her cherished row of hyacinths and transferred them to the new quarters.

"Here," she gasped, staggering radiantly down to the fence with the heavy load—"here are some all for yourself to take up in your room, and pick when you want to."

"Oh, my dear!" was all the old lady said; but as she grasped the lovely armful her eyes overflowed again with tears.

"Can you carry it up to your room, do you think?"

"Oh, yes; and if I cannot, there are servants enough to do it for me. I cannot thank you enough, June. You see I know your name. I hear it so often. When I sit out here to get the sun, I hear them always calling for June to get this and that, or for June to feed the birds, or for June to sew a seam, or to remember a piece of poetry, or to get the dinner, or to run to the store. It seems as if they could not get on without you."

"I declare, I feel angelic," replied June, mightily pleased. "I suppose it is wrong to like praise, but I just love it. Nothing pains

me more than to fear that I am being good—*for nothing!*"

"I think I would like you to come to my room and talk to me," said the old lady, smiling wistfully,—"*some day.*"

"I *know* I would like it," assented June, cordially. "And I would be very much obliged if you would tell me your name."

"My name is Mrs. Rouncewell; but I had a little grandson once, who called me Grandma Bell. He died. There is no one to call me that now, unless perhaps you will."

"Of course I will!" And to herself June was murmuring, "If you keep on much longer talking to me in that pathetic voice of yours I shall sit down on the grass and howl. I know I shall!"

"And I have trunks full of lovely things. Maybe you would like to look at them. Old dresses of velvets and satins, laces and fans and trinkets, all having their story of a time that is past and dead, all laid away in lavender. Will you come?"

"Indeed, yes. There is no more delightful amusement than poking among the nice things that are somebody else's. That is, if you will let me poke, upon my promise of poking very mildly and respectfully," June said.

"You may poke to your heart's content," promised the old lady, smiling in her faint, sad manner. "Come now."

"Beautiful idea!" assented June, quite excited; and looking about her to decide on the nearest gate to use to get into the enchanted garden. But the Fates interposed.

"Mother," said a cold, cold voice, "you have been in the air long enough. You don't want to be ill again. Please come in now."

Mrs. Rouncewell the younger was speaking from her veranda, and was speaking in firmly polite tones that were chilling to the heart. The younger Mrs. Rouncewell was so elegantly dressed that she seemed to have no human element left about her.

"I have asked my little friend to come in with me," ventured Grandma Bell.

"Oh, indeed!"—very superciliously. "Some other time. You have talked so much that you will be completely tired out. Come along."

Grandma Bell made one more attempt to

get June recognized by the fashion-plate. She said: "Our little neighbor has been kind enough to give me these lovely flowers."

The younger Mrs. Rouncewell looked pointedly at her own magnificent array of hyacinths, and then said with an uplifting of one eyebrow:

"Charmed, I'm sure."

June's serene temper flew to the winds, and so she lifted her eyebrow too, and saying loftily, "*Don't* mention it!" she stalked away. Misfit, getting slumberous, lagged lazily after her. The young girl was wildly championing the lonely old lady. She flung herself into a chair on the stoop, and thought matters out.

"Do you know what I've got to do?" questioned June of her four-footed companion.

That companion blinked its eyes.

"Do you know?"

Misfit deliberately turned her back.

"Do you know?" demanded June, fiercely.

At the brutal attack the kitten slanted one ear as a signal of pained distress.

"Well, if you don't know, I'll tell you," said June, mollified. "I'll have to think of a plan to get into that house to cheer that old lady up."

CHAPTER IV.

ROY.

"SPADING? That's no work for a girl."

"Come over and do it yourself, then," said June, promptly and amiably.

Without waiting for further urging, Roy Allison vaulted clear over.

"You are nothing if not athletic, are you?"

"What a niggling little lump you dig up at a time! Watch me," said Roy, setting to work with a vim that effected wonders. June was a trifle ill at ease; for, seen at close quarters, Roy Allison seemed quite a young man; and of young men June had a horror, though she idolized boys.

"How old are you?" she asked uneasily.

"Old enough to know better; but still not as old as I look," he replied.

"But you are a fine worker," said June, accepting the rebuke with meekness.

He dug vigorously while she replanted, and together they improved a vast deal of ground.

"What are you so attentive to your garden for, all of a sudden?" asked Roy.

"I am going to raise flowers to sell."

"No!"

"Yes."

"That's funny."

"Not at all funny, if you were as hard up for money as we are."

"I am sure I beg your pardon."

"Not at all. We have been poor for a very long time; and I, for one, am not going to try to disguise the fact any more."

"You had a number of fine hyacinths a short while ago, and now they are gone. Did you get anything for them?"

"I did. I got the sweetest smile on earth."

"You gave them away?"

"Yes."

The mention of the hyacinths had recalled Grandma Bell to June's mind; so she resolved to appeal to masculine wisdom for advice.

"If you wanted to see a person, and could not get into the house, what would you do?"

"Stay out," replied Roy, philosophically.

Not receiving the instant help she had expected, June changed the subject.

"I have n't seen Sarah for quite a while. What is the matter with her?"

"She is ill in bed, and there is a little peace in the house," said Roy, spading with unnecessary vigor.

June put her hand on the shovel, and compelled his attention.

"I can't stop your speaking like that, I suppose; but I can forbid you while you are in my garden. Unless you are going to be nice, you can go back home."

"You don't know Sarah," said Roy moodily.

"I know that she suffers, and I know that you are the last person in the world to be impatient with her."

"Oh, she has told you the story, has she?"

"No; but she has promised to."

"I'll tell you myself. It is n't much to tell; it was all over in one short and terrible minute. We were very little children at the time. We were playing train with the nursery chairs. Sarah was a passenger, and I was the conductor, and when I made believe to stop the train at the place where she was to get out, she re-

fused to move. Then we squabbled about it, and both lost our tempers. To get the better of her, I pretended to wreck the train, and I threw the chairs over, not even stopping at the one upon which she sat. She fell on her back, somehow — and — and — you know the rest."

Roy turned his face away. It had grown white during the telling, and his mouth twitched strangely. June exclaimed:

"Oh, Roy, I am so sorry for you!"

"For me?" asked Roy, drawing his other hand across his eyes.

"And for Sarah, of course; but, so sorry for you! It must be hard for you to forget."

"Hard? It is impossible!"

"Then you care very much?"

"Care! Don't you think a fellow would care when he knows that he has crippled his sister for life?" gasped Roy, with a sob.

"Oh, Roy, I don't think Sarah knows."

"Knows what?"

"How you feel about it. I fancy she thinks you do not care."

"I cannot tell her."

"But you could show her," June insisted.

"She won't let me show her. She seems not to like me near her."

"You evidently need help," said June, unabashed. "Don't stand there looking as if you were being drawn and quartered, Roy Allison! Just promise me that you will do as I ask."

"Well, make your mind easy; I will."

"Good boy!"

"Thank you. But things are worse between Sarah and me than you think," Roy resumed.

"Oh, you can't expect everything to come straight as if by magic. You will have to do things yourself."

"What sort of things?" asked Roy, uncomfortably.

"Let me see," mused June, wrinkling up her forehead. "Now, Sarah likes flowers, but anybody can go pick them out of the garden, or buy them down-town,—no trouble at all,—so I advise you to go on a tramp among the hills, and bring home some of those gorgeous yellow wild poppies. She'll know that they were n't easy to get, and it will please her wonderfully to think that you cared enough for her to spend a few hours to procure her some pleasure."

"It will," agreed Roy, moodily digging up earth with the toe of his boot. "But suppose she throws them out of the window?"

"That would be—bad," confessed June, smiling. "But you need not think of it until it happens. Then there are other things. You often say to yourself, 'Poor Sarah!' perhaps?"

"Indeed, yes!" Roy assented warmly.

"Next time say it out loud, and see what happens. But whatever you do, don't say it just as an experiment. Wait until it really fills your heart, and then out with it quick, before you have a chance to think."

"You are really an encouraging young person," said Roy, cheering up. "I have never said a word about my quarrel with Sarah to a single soul, and yet here you stand talking about it as if it were entirely your business."

"Do you mean that as a snub?" asked June, turning scarlet.

"Oh, no, no! You seem to have lifted a load off my mind, and have given me something practical to do."

"Because, really, smoothing out troubles is everybody's business," said Miss Miller, smiling.

"I think I would like you to be my sister. I am going to be a brother to you," announced the boy, holding out his hand.

June whipped both of hers behind her, but her kindly smile robbed the act of its affront.

"No, you are not," she said decidedly. "Not until you know how to treat your own better. I think very little of brothers who know how to be nice to every girl on earth except their own sisters."

"That's mean," complained Roy.

"Very mean; of course you are referring to the actions of brothers. Wait till you've made up with Sarah."

"All right," said Roy, amiably. "Here goes for the poppies!" and he strode away.

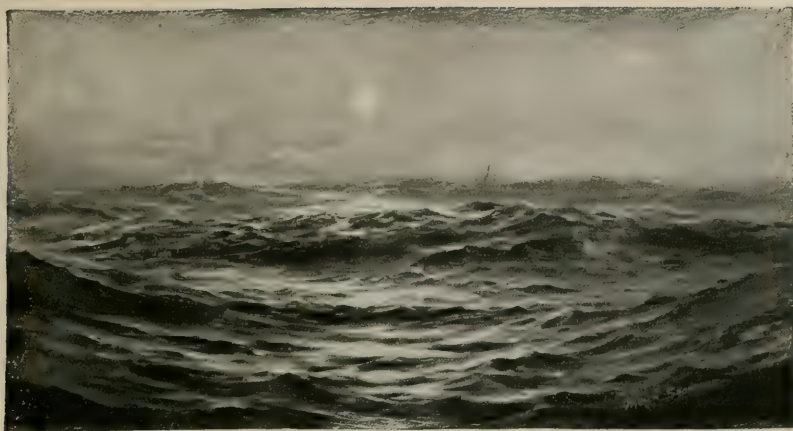
"Oh, Roy!" called June; and Roy, with one leg over the fence turned to look at her.

"I've thought of an awfully nice plan for Sarah, on my own account."

"What is it?" asked Roy.

"I can't tell you. It's a secret."

"Just like a girl! Call me back to tell me something you can't tell," grumbled Roy, making off in haste.



THE VOYAGE OF THE "NORTHERN LIGHT."

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

I HAD just completed my sophomore term [said the Harvard man], when I narrowly escaped having my college course cut short in the middle by the strange thing that happened to me that summer.

I passed my vacation chiefly on Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island; and in the month of August found myself at Charlottetown, undecided as to the route by which I should return to the United States. There, one afternoon, as I was sauntering about the harbor, I fell in with the captain of a coasting schooner, the "Northern Light," who was getting his craft ready for sea.

He was bluff and blunt, but good-natured, and easily drawn into conversation. He told me he was bound for Boston; and when I remarked that he could n't have much freight aboard, the schooner's sides rising high out of the water, he answered, with a significant quirk of the mouth which provoked my curiosity: "She 'll wet 'em 'fore ever she gets out of the Strait, if freight is all that 's wanted."

He went on to say that he was waiting for a wind to run over to a small port on the south shore, where he was to take in building-stone from the Nova Scotia quarries.

He showed me his cabin, which, for the cabin of a coaster, was neat and comfortable; and interested me so much in the life he led, and in his own simple, genial character, that I said impulsively:

"If it was by daylight, and you would take a passenger, I might be tempted to try a voyage with you, as far as the south shore."

"I can give you a bunk, and we 've got a decent sort of a cook," he replied. "You 'll be welcome, if you won't mind roughing it."

I said it would be just what I should like.

"Then you 'd better come aboard this evening," he went on. "We can't beat out into the Strait with this light southerly breeze; but if I know the signs, it will shift about and freshen 'fore morning, and the sunrise will see our sheets taut and sails belying."

There was a touch of poetry in the man's

nature, in piquant contrast with his weather-roughened visage and chubby form.

In the evening I went on board with my valise—a little to his surprise, I thought, for he had evidently expected my heart would fail me at the last moment; and after watching the moonlight on the water, for a while, took possession of the berth allotted me in the small cabin. I slept soundly, and did not waken until noises on deck and the harsh creak-creak

ballasted hull yielded and careened, and we were off, with the dim shores flitting away from us, and the waves gurgling under our wales. The east brightened behind over the hills, and we had hardly passed the point and entered the open Strait when the clouds on the horizon broke into fiery flakes, and the first beams of the sunrise gilded our spars.

I had a keen appetite for the cook's good breakfast of fried bacon and potatoes, and en-



"THE LIGHTLY-BALLASTED HULL YIELDED AND CAREENED. — THE FIRST BEAMS OF THE SUNRISE GILDED OUR SPARS."

joyed the hoisting-tackle warned me that we were getting under sail.

I hurried on my clothing, and putting my head out over the gangway saw that the schooner was spreading her white wings, like some huge croaking crane preparing to take flight. We had already swung off into the stream, heading down the harbor; the wind had freshened, and got into the northwest; the canvas filled, the masts swayed, the lightly-

joyed the passage with as fine a zest as I had felt for anything so far in my vacation. It took us about five hours to run over to the landing on the north coast of Nova Scotia, where our cargo, from a neighboring sandstone quarry, was to be taken aboard. We drifted into a little cove, and the mate stood ready to fling a line to the pier, when my attention was called to a boy who came forward to catch it.

He had a singularly solemn countenance for

a boy of his age (he could hardly have been more than seventeen), bare feet and legs, and a brown neck, exposed by his coarse woolen shirt wide open at the throat. He had on an old straw hat with a ripped crown, showing the top of his uncombed head through the gap.

"Wide awake, Jake!" called out the captain.

"Jake's wide awake," the boy answered back, extending his open hands to catch the line.

"Good for you, Jake!" cried the captain, as the hawser was hauled in from the schooner.

"I know what's good," said Jake, simply.

"You know better than some folks that think they know a great deal more. Here—ketch that!" cried the captain. Then, as the boy stooped to pick up a Canadian copper flung to him on the wharf, he added:

"Jake never 'll dam the St. Lawrence, but he's good as gold all through."

My voyage over had been so delightful that I was much inclined to accept an invitation from the captain to take the trip to Boston with him; although he warned me that the Northern Light would n't sail so dashingly with heavy freight as she did with light ballast. Anyhow, I would spend the time on shore, while the schooner was lading, visit the quarries, and explore the country a little. There were a few houses in sight, grouped about the cove.

As I stepped to the wharf with my valise, I asked Jake to show me a good boarding-place.

"Want a place to stop?" he said in his solemn, earnest way. "Ma 'll let you in. I 'll tell her. Come on"; and he took my valise.

He went on before. I followed amid piles of quarry-stone, and along a path that led over a high bank to a dingy little house on the terrace of the hills. It commanded a fine view of the coast and the sea, but nothing else could be said in its favor. I shrank back, feeling that I had made an awkward mistake in accepting Jake's guidance; but he threw the door open, calling out: "Ma, here's a man come to stop with us! I said you 'd let him in."

The surprised face of a stooping little gray-haired woman peered out.

"Why, Jakey," she said, "how could you!" She gave me a kindly but distressed smile. "I 'd like to be hospitable, but I hain't a speck of room, nor a spare bed."

"He can sleep with me," said Jake, generously; "or I 'll sleep on the floor."

I relieved her embarrassment by saying, "Jake is altogether too kind. If he will show the way to some house you can recommend, I shall be as much obliged to him as if I turned him out of his bed."

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed quickly; "Mr. Kendall's. Jakey will go with you." Her voice softened as she added, with a tearful sort of smile, "Jakey is good-hearted as you ever see, but he don't always use good judgment. Go along with the gentleman, Jakey dear."

Jake appeared disappointed that they were not to have me as a guest; he backed up the offer of his bed with a proposal to "ketch a lunker" for my dinner, by which a big fish was meant; then, as even that failed to tempt me, he faced about abruptly, and, with a curt "Come on!" he set off to guide me to the nearest farm-house.

I saw a good deal of him while I stayed in the neighborhood. I took him with me in my excursions, and enjoyed his quaint and often shrewd sayings, and his simple kind-heartedness. The Kendalls, with whom I lodged, gave him credit for the gift of second-sight, inherited from his Scotch ancestry; and told a curious story of his having seen a certain coaster go down in the Strait three days before it actually did go down, and in the way he described. I concluded, however, that he made more misses than hits in his predictions, as forecasters of the future commonly do; and that the gift had been attributed to him on account of an abrupt and sententious way of saying things.

Having decided to make the voyage to Boston with Captain Cameron, I wrote to assure my friends at home that they would have no cause for anxiety if they missed my letters for a few days, or failed to see me as soon as they expected. Then one afternoon I sat on the wharf, watching the last of the building-blocks as they were lowered by the derrick through the schooner's main hatch into the hold.

"We 'll be off by sundown, if the wind stays to the west'ard," said the captain; "just a jolly breeze for running out of the Strait!"

That was joyful news to me, but not so to Jake, who came and sat by my side.

"I shall hate to have you go," he exclaimed earnestly. And when I asked him why: "Cause you've been good to me. Some folks poke fun at me; but you never do that. I don't like to have fun poked at me, more 'n anybody does, though I know I ain't bright," he said, with a pathos that was touching, it was so simple and unconscious.

I was trying to frame some comforting reply to this affecting speech, when he said, "I 'm going to make you a present," and handed out to me an old pocket-knife with a much-worn blade and a cracked horn handle.

I could n't help smiling as I asked how he could think of parting with such a treasure.

"You 've made me presents," he replied; "you give me this hat, and the shoes I 've got on; and you lost your knife when we was out in the boat fishing."

This was true; and he had heard me lament that I could n't buy another good knife at the country store where I had purchased his hat and shoes.

"But, you dear fellow," I exclaimed, "I can't take your knife!"

He was evidently hurt, seeming to think I had slighted his humble offering. After a moment's silence he said, still holding the knife in his open palm—and I remember just how it looked, with one end of the whitish horn handle broken away at a rivet, showing the polished iron rim, and how I had to wink the glimmering moisture from my eyes in order to see it at all:

"Time 'll come, and 't won't be long first,"—he spoke slowly and earnestly,—“when you 'll be glad to give a thousand dollars for a jack-knife no better 'n that. Then you 'll think of what I tell ye."

"I have n't got a thousand dollars in the world," I said, laughing; "so give it to me." And I took it to please him.

But I knew how much he prized the poor old battered thing, and felt guilty of a heartless robbery when I thought of carrying it off in my pocket. So, as he was accompanying me to the schooner an hour later, I left him to walk on with my valise, while I stopped at his mother's door to bid her good-by.

"And here is the knife which your son gave

me," I said. "It was very, very kind in him; but of course I can't keep it."

She said she was "afraid Jakey would feel awful bad" if I did n't, and she took it with reluctance.

"Hide it away from him awhile," I said; "then some day put it where he will find it, and perhaps he will have forgotten all about giving it away."

"I 'll do just as you wish," she replied, tears rising in her eyes as I shook her hand with sincere cordiality. "I know 't wa'n't no sort of a present for him to make to a person like you; but, as I said to you once before, and as you 've had a chance to find out for yourself, my poor boy don't always use good judgment." I tried to say something reassuring, but faltered, and she went on: "You 've been dreadful good to him, and I know how he 'll miss you!"

I hurried away, and bade Jake good-by on board the schooner.

"Wish I was going with you," he said. "I would in a minute, if 't wa'n't for ma."

"She needs you," I answered. "You 're a great comfort to her, Jake; and I hope you never will leave her. Now go ashore, my good Jake, and good-by!"

Without a word he walked to the wharf and dropped down on a block of stone, where he remained seated, sadly watching us as we made sail and got under way—as pathetic a picture of Patience on a monument as you can well imagine. His disconsolate, motionless figure grew indistinct across the tossing waves, until a jutting headland hid him from view.

We went out with a good breeze, but the schooner was laden and her progress was prosaic enough compared with the fine dash she had made in coming over from the island. But I was altogether at my ease on board. The captain was good company; I had in my valise two or three interesting books which, so far on my trip, I had not taken time to read; and I did not easily tire of watching the waves, the gulls, the clouds, and the shores, which were sometimes quite near.

We passed through the Gulf of Canso partly by daylight, and were becalmed in Chedabucto Bay until a strong east wind sprang up, against



THE COLLISION. "THE SCHOONER MADE A HORRIBLE LURCH UNDER THE SHOCK." (SEE PAGE 151.)

which we had a rather dull time beating out into the Atlantic. The captain took good fortune and bad with equal cheerfulness, and when I expressed a wish that the wind would change back again to the westward, he said:

"Be patient, young man! We can't have everything our own way. Let the wind hold, and after we pass Cape Canso it will give us a straight run to Massachusetts Bay."

Night came on,—our second night,—and we were still knocking about inside the cape. The schooner heaved on the long swells that came rolling in from the Atlantic; but the evening, though cool, was fine; and I was glad to keep the deck with the captain.

He told tales of his seafaring life, one of which I had good reason to remember, from the bearing it had upon my own subsequent

strange adventure. It was of a brother of his, who sailed with him as his mate a few years before, and was lost overboard and drowned under his very eyes, when he might have been saved if there had been any convenient object at hand to fling after him so as to keep him afloat till a boat could be lowered.

"Since then," he said, "I have always kept a life-buoy ready for the man at the wheel to cast overboard, in case of such an accident. We have never had to use it yet, and I hope we never shall; but there it is, and there it will always be found as long as I walk the deck."

I had noticed it, a circular life-pre-

directly in her path I expressed some anxiety as to her course.

"We have the right of way," said the captain; "she sees our lights, and she'll pass astern of us. That's what she's doing," he added, after a minute's careful observation.

He called the mate to the wheel, while he himself stood watching the stranger. There



was something mysterious and awe-inspiring in the gradual approach of her lights, like two great eyes, one green and one red, in the immense darkness; and in the slow, far-off, monotonous clank of her machinery, growing upon the silence of the night and of the sea.

The ship's bell rang, and a steam-signal responded, booming across the water. Soon I could make out a dim object looming on the horizon; at the same time there was a gradual veering of the steamer's lights.

"She's changing her course!" cried the captain. "What does that mean?" It was the first time I had heard him speak in a tone indicating any excitement.

"She means to cross our bows," said the mate.

server, with a sort of line attached, such as one often sees on passenger steamers, but rarely on board of a common sailing-vessel. Buoy and line were held together by a smaller cord which a quick pull at a bow-knot would untie, and the whole was hung securely on a cleat under the stern-rail.

I was sitting on the box over the steering-gear, and the captain was himself at the wheel; our own green and red lights were in the rigging, when we noticed, off our port bow, the lights of a steamer coming in sight around the cape. She was evidently entering the bay, and as we were

"A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A JACK-KNIFE!" (SEE PAGE 152)

"She can't do that!" the captain exclaimed. "She'll be aboard of us, sure as fate!"

Moments of terrible uncertainty ensued. The ship's bell clanged. The sailors in the fore-castle came tumbling up on deck. We were all on our feet, every man getting ready to obey whatever orders were called out to him in the emergency: a never-to-be-forgotten scene of hurry and apprehension, lighted by the lanterns in the shrouds over our heads.

On came the great black hull, towering above us,—for we were comparatively low in the water,—and rushing down upon our port bow. Our captain roared out at her, and there was all at once a wild movement of human figures visible along her rail. She veered again, and the schooner at the same time fell off from her course, both vessels endeavoring to bear away from each other; but it was too late. There was a tremendous crash, and I thought for a moment the steamer was actually walking over us. I could see her prow rise out of the water, as if she had struck a ledge. She recoiled, settled back, and immediately drifted away from us, disappearing in the darkness.

The schooner made a horrible lurch under the shock, then rolled back in the other direction, lifting barrels of water on her bow, and spilling it across the deck. I hurried forward with the captain to see what damage had been done. The steamer had cut us down to the top layer of blocks of stone that composed our freight, and the sea was spouting in through the gap.

There was but one chance of saving her—to check the incoming torrent by means of objects thrust down over the crushed side, while she was headed for the shore, in the hope of running her aground before she sank. Planks, hatch-covers, potato-bags, the cabin door—wrenched off in mad haste,—hammer and spikes, a rope to support a sailor, up to his waist in the water, over her side,—every available object was used, and every effort made, but all to no purpose; the flood rushed in beneath and around and through the obstructions; then a great wave swept by, undoing all that had been done. Meanwhile the schooner was steadily settling in that direction, and the farther she went over the faster the sea poured in.

"No use!" cried the captain. "We must try to launch the boat."

There was but one, and it had not been hanging from the stern davits at any time during the voyage; it had been carried lying bottom up on deck, against the bulwarks that were cut down by the collision. The steamer's stem had struck it and shoved it from its position, giving it a bad wrench, but without crushing it; and there was hope that it would still prove seaworthy. But no sooner was it lowered by ropes over the side than it began to fill with water.

A sort of panic followed, but the captain did not once lose his head.

"Don't pile into her!" he shouted to the sailors scrambling overboard. "Keep her afloat! Hold on to her rail till she's bailed out and the leak stanchd! Get her off, so she won't be sucked down!"

I knew what that meant. Until then I had hardly realized that the danger was so imminent. I had such confidence in the captain that I stood eagerly watching him, and waiting to obey his orders or follow his example.

He and I were alone on the deck by this time. We looked down upon a tumultuous scene, half in shadow and half lighted by the ship's lanterns, one man in the boat with a bucket bailing with all his might; another trying to stuff burlaps into the opened seams; two or three up to their shoulders in the water, clinging to the gunwales, and endeavoring, by swimming and by pushing with an oar, to get her away from the schooner. But few words were uttered, and those in quick, half-stifled tones, like the voices of men in a death-struggle.

"You are doing well, boys!" the captain called out cheerily. "And you!"—he caught me roughly by the arm, and turned my face toward the stern—"the life-buoy for you! And be quick!"

I had thought of that, but still had hopes that the boat would be emptied and saved and brought back alongside before the schooner went down.

"And you, captain?" I said; "take the life-buoy yourself!"

"Start!" he exclaimed. "Don't you see we are sinking?"

I lost no more precious moments, but ran for the life-buoy, released it from its fastenings, put my feet through it, and slipped it up under my arms. I gave one glance at the captain as his stumpy form disappeared over the schooner's side, then threw the loosened coils of the buoy-line overboard, and jumped after it.

In my excitement I did n't much mind the shock of the immersion, although the water was very cold and I was unaccustomed to sea-bathing. I could swim a little, but I knew well that without some support I could n't have kept my head above the waves many minutes.

What did I think about? I can hardly tell. In that frightful crisis I suppose my past life should have flashed before my mind, and I ought to have thought of my friends at home; for I was well aware that, even with my life-preserver on, I might perish before I could be rescued.

But, incredible as it may seem, some of my thoughts were facetious, and it is chiefly those that I remember. Whether I could read the name on the stern or not (it seems to me now that I could), I looked up to where it was, and said to myself, "The 'Northern Light' will soon be quenched!" Then, "Where was Moses when the light went out?" It was the jocularity of terrible excitement, something like Hamlet's after the interview with his father's ghost.

It could hardly have lasted half a minute. Things were rushing to a climax faster than I can tell them. I had drifted a few yards away from the stern, and was paddling to increase the distance, when I discovered that the line attached to the life-buoy did not come free when I pulled at it. On the contrary, I was pulling myself back to the schooner. In short, the line had caught on something when I flung it over; it was spliced to the buoy, and I was in the buoy. As I continued pulling in one direction, the schooner began pulling in the other—she was making her final, wallowing, gurgling plunge to the bottom drawing me down with her!

It was impossible to untie or break the line, though I might have cut it, even while I felt myself hauled rapidly after the wreck. I struggled frantically, and I believe I shrieked out, just as my head was going under:

"A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A JACK-KNIFE!"

How far down I was drawn I have n't the slightest notion. It seemed to me a long way; and what was probably but a few seconds of agony appeared many minutes. I remember a ringing in my head, and vivid flashes of light; then all at once there was nothing for me to struggle against, and I rose rapidly to the surface. I had succeeded in freeing myself from the buoy.

Something was floating near. I grasped it. It was a ship's fender. Then a boat bore down upon me, pulled by plashing oars; if I had n't shrieked out, it might have passed over me. It was a boat from the steamer that had run us down. I was quickly pulled in over the gunwale; and afterward the captain and all our crew were picked up from the foundering boat and other floating objects.

The steamer was also injured by the collision, but not disabled; and we received the kindest treatment on board. The captain had strangely mistaken our distance when he attempted to cross our bows; we were much nearer than he supposed. She was a tramp steamer, but her owners were responsible; and as we were not in any way at fault, they had heavy damages to pay. I was told that if I put in a personal claim, it would be settled; but I never did.

And as for Jake's prediction, which was so singularly fulfilled? I have related the circumstances as I remember them, and am willing to leave the question of prophecy or coincidence to anybody's unbiased judgment. Some very strange things happen in this world of ours—things it is useless to argue much about; and this I regard as one of them.

Oh!—well, yes; I reached home in time to get ready for the fall term, and completed my college course.

A BOY I KNEW.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

HE was not a very good boy, or a very bad boy, or a very bright boy, or an unusual boy in any way. He was just a boy; and very often he forgets that he is not a boy now. Whatever there may be about The Boy that is

for others. To her it was blessed to give, and it was not very pleasant to receive. When she bought anything The Boy's stereotyped query was, "Who is to have it?" When anything was bought for her, her own invariable remark was—

"What on earth shall I do with it?" When The Boy came to her, one summer morning, she looked upon him as a gift from Heaven; and when she was told that it *was* a boy, and not a bad-looking or a bad-conditioned boy, her first words were—"What on earth shall I do with it?"

She found plenty "to do with it" before she got through with it, more than forty years afterwards; and The Boy has every reason to believe that she never regretted the gift. Indeed, she once told him, late in her life, that he had never made her cry! What better benediction can a boy have than that?

The Boy was red-headed and long-nosed even from the beginning; a shy, dreaming, self-conscious little boy, made peculiarly familiar with his personal defects by the constant remarks to the effect that his hair *was* red, and that his nose *was* long. At school, for years he was known familiarly as "Rufus," "Red-Head," "Carrot-Top," or "Nosey."

His mother, married at nine teen, was the eldest of a family of

nine children; and many of The Boy's aunts and uncles were but a few years his senior and were his daily and familiar companions. He was the only member of his own generation for a long time, and there was a constant fear upon the part of the elders that he



THE BOY PROMOTED TO TROUSERS.

commendable he owes to his father and to his mother; and he feels that he should not be held responsible for it.

His mother was the most generous and the most unselfish of human beings. She was always thinking of somebody else; always doing

was likely to be spoiled; and consequently he was never praised, nor petted, nor coddled.



"ALWAYS IN THE WAY."

He was always falling down, or dropping things, he was always getting into the way; and he could not learn to spell correctly nor to cipher at all. He was never in his mother's way, however, and he was never made to feel so. But nobody except The Boy knows of the agony which the rest of the family, unconsciously and with no thought of hurting his feelings, caused him, by the fun they poked at his nose, at his fiery locks, and at his unhandiness. He fancied that passers-by pitied him as he walked or played in the streets; and he sincerely pitied himself as a youth destined to grow up into an awkward, tactless, stupid man at whom the world would laugh so long as his life lasted.

The Boy's father was a scholar, and a ripe and good one. Self-made and self-taught, he began the serious struggle of life when he was merely a boy himself; and reading, and writing, and spelling, and languages, and mathematics came to him by nature. He acquired by slow degrees a fine library, and out of it a vast amount of information. He never bought a book that he did not read, and he never

read a book unless he considered it worth buying and worth keeping. Languages and mathematics were his particular delight. When he was tired he rested himself by the solving of a geometrical problem. He studied his Bible in Latin, in Greek, in Hebrew; and he had no small smattering of Sanskrit. His chief recreation, on Sunday afternoon or on a long summer evening, was a walk with The Boy among the Hudson River docks, when the business of the day or the week was over and the ship was left in charge of some old quartermaster or third mate. To these sailors the father would talk in each sailor's own tongue, whether it were Dutch or Danish, Spanish or Swedish, Russian or Prussian, always to the great wonderment of The Boy, who to this day, after many years of foreign travel, knows little more of French than "*Combien?*" and little more of Italian than "*Troppo caro.*" Why none of these qualities of mind came to The Boy by direct descent he does not know. He only knows that he did inherit from his parent, in an intellectual way, a sense of humor, a love for books as books, and a certain respect for the men by whom books are written.



THE BOY IN KILTS.

It seemed to The Boy that his father knew everything. Any question upon any subject was

sure to bring a prompt, intelligent, and intelligible answer; and, usually, an answer followed by a question, on the father's part, which made The Boy think the matter out for himself.

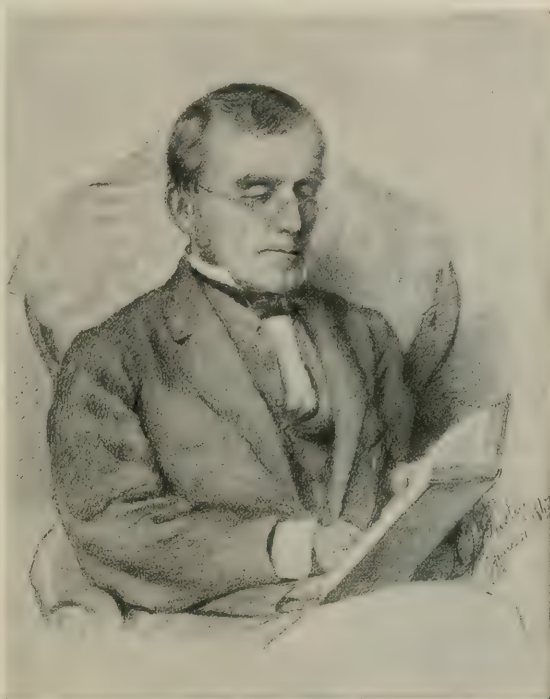
The Boy was always a little bit afraid of his father, while he loved and respected him. When his father said, "Do this," it was done. When his father told him to go or to come, he went or he came. And yet he never felt the weight of his father's hand, except in the way of kindness; and, as he looks back upon his boyhood and his manhood, he cannot recall an angry or a hasty word or a rebuke that was not merited and kindly bestowed. His father, like the true Scotchman that he was, never praised him; but he never blamed him — except for cause.

The Boy has no recollection of his first tooth, but he remembers his first toothache as distinctly as he remembers his latest; and he could not quite understand *then* why, when The Boy cried over that raging molar, the father walked the floor, and seemed to suffer from it even more than did The Boy; or why, when The Boy had a sore throat, the father always had symptoms of bronchitis or quinsy.

The father did not live long enough to find out whether The Boy was to amount to much or not; and while The Boy is proud of the fact that he is his father's son, he would be prouder still if he could think that he had done something to make his father proud of *him*.

The Boy was taught, from the earliest awakening of his reasoning powers, that truth was to be told and to be respected,

and that nothing was more wicked or more ungentlemanly than a broken promise. He learned very early to do as he was told, and not to do, under any consideration, what he had said he would not do. Upon this last point he was strictly conscientious, although once, literally, he "beat about the bush." His



THE BOY'S FATHER.

Aunt Margaret, always devoted to plants and to flowers, had, on the back stoop of his grandfather's house, a little grove of orange and lemon trees in pots. Some one of these was usually in fruit or in flower, and the fruit to The Boy was a great temptation. He was very fond of oranges, and it seemed to him that a "home-made" orange, which he had never tasted, must be much better than a grocer's orange; as home-made cake was certainly preferable, even

to the wonderful cakes made by the professional Mrs. Milderberger. He watched those little green oranges from day to day, as they gradually grew big and yellow in the sun. He promised faithfully that he would not pick any, but he had a notion that some of them might drop off. He never shook the trees, because he said he would not. But he shook the stoop! And he hung about the bush, which he was too honest to beat. One unusually tempting orange, which he had known from its bud-hood, finally overcame him. He did not pick it off, he did not shake it off; he compromised with his conscience by lying flat on his back and biting off



"CRIED, BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN KISSED."

a piece of it. It was not a very good action, nor was it a good orange, and for that reason, perhaps, he went home immediately and told on himself. He told his mother. He did not tell his Aunt Margaret. His mother did not seem to be as much shocked at his conduct as he was. But, in her own quaint way, she gave him to understand that promises were not made to be cracked any more than they were made to be broken—that he had been false to himself in heart, if not in deed, and that he must go back and make it "all right" with his Aunt Margaret. She did not seem to be very much shocked, either; he could not tell why. But they punished

The Boy. They made him eat the rest of the orange!

He lost all subsequent interest in that tropical glade, and he has never cared much for domestic oranges since.

The Boy's first act of self-reliance and of conscious self-dependence was a very happy moment in his young life; and it consisted in his being able to step over the nursery fender all alone, and to toast his own shins thereby, without falling into the fire. His first realization of "getting big" came to him about the same time, and with a mingled shock of pain and pleasure, when he discovered that he could not walk under the high kitchen table without bumping his head. He tried it very often before he learned to go around that article of furniture, on his way from the clothes-rack, which was his tent when he camped out on rainy days, to the sink, which was his oasis in the desert of the basement floor. This kitchen was a favorite playground of The Boy, and about that kitchen-table center many of the happiest of his early reminiscences. Ann Hughes, the cook, was very good to The Boy. She told him stories, and taught him riddles, all about a certain "Miss Netticoat," who wore a white petticoat, and who had a red nose, and about whom there still lingers a queer, contradictory legend to the effect that "the longer she stands the shorter she grows." The Boy always felt that, on account of her nose, there was a peculiar bond of sympathy between little Miss Netticoat and himself.

As he was all boy in his games, he would never cherish anything but a boy-doll, generally a Highlander, in kilts and with a glengarry that came off.

Although he became foreman of a juvenile hook-and-ladder company before he was five, and would not play with girls at all, he had one peculiar feminine weakness. His grand passion was washing and ironing. And Ann Hughes used to let him do all the laundry-work connected with the wash-rags and his own pocket-handkerchiefs, into which, regularly every Wednesday, he burned little brown holes with the toy flat-iron, which *would* get too hot. But Johnny Robertson and Joe Stuart and the other boys, and even the uncles and the aunts,



"GOOD MORNING, BOYS!"

never knew anything about this—unless Ann Hughes gave it away!

The Boy seems to have developed, very early in life, a fondness for new clothes—a fondness which his wife sometimes thinks he has quite outgrown. It is recorded that almost his first plainly spoken words were "Coat and hat," uttered upon his promotion into a more boyish apparel than the caps and frocks of his infancy. And he remembers very distinctly his first pair of long trousers, and the impression they made upon him, in more ways than one. They were a black-and-white check, and to them was attached that especially manly article, the suspender. They were originally worn in celebration of the birth of the New Year, in 1848 or 1849, and The Boy went to his father's store in Hudson Street, New York, to exhibit them on the next business-day thereafter. Naturally they excited much comment, and were the subject of sincere congratulation. And two young clerks of his father, The Boy's uncles, amused themselves, and The Boy, by

playing with him a then popular game called "Squails." They put The Boy, seated, on a long counter, and they slid him, backward and forward between them, with great skill and with no little force. But, before the championship was decided, The Boy's mother broke up the game, boxed the ears of the players, and carried the human disk home in disgrace.

He remembers nothing more about the trousers, except the fact that for a time he was allowed to appear in them only on Sundays and holidays, and that he was deeply chagrined at having to go back to knickerbockers at school and at play.

The Boy's first boots were of about this same era. They were what were then known as "Wellingtons," and they had legs. The legs had red leather tops, as was the fashion in those days, and the boots were pulled on with straps. They were always taken off with the aid of the boot-jack of The Boy's father, although they could have been removed much more easily without the use of that instrument. Great was the day when The Boy first wore his first boots to school; and great his delight at the sensation he thought they created when they were shown in the primary department.

The Boy's first school was a dame's school,



PLAYING "SCHOOL."

kept by a Miss or Mrs. Harrison, in Harrison Street, near the Hudson Street house in which he was born. He was the smallest child in the



THE BOY'S MOTHER.

establishment, and probably a pet of the larger girls, for he remembers going home to his mother in tears once, because one of them had kissed him behind the class-room door.

At that school he met his first love, one Phœbe Hawkins, a very pretty, sweet girl, as he recalls her, and, of course, considerably his senior. How far he had advanced in the spelling of proper names at that period is shown by the well-authenticated fact that he put himself on record once as "loving his love with an F, because she was Feeby!"

Poor Phœbe Hawkins died before she was out of her teens. The family moved to Poughkeepsie when The Boy was ten or twelve, and his mother and he went there one day from Red Hook, which was their own summer home, to call upon his love. When they asked at the railway-station where the Hawkinses lived and how they could find the house, they were told that the carriages for the funeral would meet the next train. And, utterly unprepared for such a greeting, for at latest accounts she had

been in perfect health, they stood, with her friends, by the side of Phœbe's open grave.

In his mind's eye The Boy, at the end of forty years, can see it all, and his childish grief is still fresh in his memory.

In 1850 or 1852 The Boy went to another dame's school. It was kept by Miss Kilpatrick, on Franklin or North Moore Street. From this, as he grew in years, he was sent to the Primary Department of the North Moore Street Public School, at the corner of West Broadway, where he remained three weeks, and where he contracted a whooping-cough which lasted him three months. The other boys used to throw his hat upon an awning in the neighborhood, and then throw their own hats up under the awning in order to bounce The Boy's hat off—an amusement for which he never much cared. They were not very nice boys anyway, especially when they made fun of his maternal grandfather, who was a trustee of the school and who sometimes noticed The Boy after the morning prayers were said. The grandfather was very popular in the school. He came in every day, stepped up on the raised platform at the Principal's desk, and said in his broad Scotch, "Good morning, boys!" to which the entire body of pupils, at the top of their lungs, and with one voice, replied, "*G-o-o-d morning, Mr. Scott!*" This was considered a great feature in the school, and strangers used to come from all over the city to witness it. Somehow it made The Boy a little bit ashamed, he does not



JOHNNY ROBERTSON.

know why. He would have liked it well enough, and been touched by it, too, if it had been some other boy's grandfather. The Boy's father was present once—The Boy's first day; but when he discovered that the President of the Board of Trustees was going to call on him for a speech he ran away; and The Boy would have given all his little possessions to have run after him. The Boy knew then as well as he knows now how his father felt, and he thinks of that occasion every time he runs



THE HOUSE OF THE BOY'S GRANDFATHER — CORNER OF HUDSON AND NORTH MOORE STREETS.

away from some speech he, himself, is called upon to make.

After his North Moore Street experience The Boy was sent to study under men teachers in boys' schools; and he considered then that he was grown up.

The Boy, as has been said, was born without the sense of spell. The Rule of Three, it puzzled him, and fractions were as bad; and the proper placing of e and i, or i and e, the doubling of letters in the middle of words, and how to treat the addition of a suffix in "y" or "tion" "always drove him mad," from his childhood up. He hated to go to school, but he loved to *play* school; and when Johnny Robertson and he were not conducting a pompous, public funeral—a certain oblong hat-brush, with a rosewood back, studded with brass tacks, serving as a coffin, in

which lay the body of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, or the Duke of Wellington, all of whom died when Johnny and The Boy were about eight years old—they were teaching each other the three immortal and exceedingly trying "R's"—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic—in a play-school. Their favorite spelling-book was a certain old cook-book, discarded by the head of the kitchen, and considered all that was necessary for their educational purpose. From this, one afternoon, Johnnie gave out "doughnut," with the following surprising result. Conscious of the puzzling presence of certain silent consonants and vowels, The Boy thus set it down: "D-O-dough, N-O-U-G-H-T, nut—doughnut!" and he went up head in a class of one, neither teacher nor pupil perceiving the funny blunder The Boy had made.

(To be continued.)



"AND SHE PULLED AT THE STRING OF THE WITCH-WIFE'S DOOR,
AND SHE DREW BACK THE BOLT BELOW."

THE BALLAD OF THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

(*A tale of 1693.*)

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.



THEY had taken away old
Goodwife Crook,
Though she did
whine and cower;
They said she had
writ in the Black
Man's Book,
And she wielded a
wicked power.

They said she had ridden her broom of
birch,
In the moonlight cold and pale,
Right over the steeple that crowned the
church;
So the old wife lay in jail.

'T was the Parson's daughter, whose name
was Grace,
With a maiden that was her friend,
Walked forth one day to the lonely place
By the wood at the township's end.

And they talked in whispers of this and
that
Which of late was come to pass;
And there fell a chill, as the shadows flat
Crept longer across the grass.

And now they were nigh to the straw-
thatched hut
Where the witch had lived alone,
And above and below the door was shut;
But they heard a grievous moan!

A long, low moan, and a wailing cry;
And they paused in the path, aghast—
And they looked around with the white of
the eye,
And they held each other fast.

Said the Deacon's Prue, with a waxen face,
"Come hence, for I die with fear!"
But "Alas and alack!" said the Parson's
Grace,
" 'T was a pitiful sound to hear!"

(Her ways were not as the Parson's ways,
And the ways of the Parson's flock;
She was fair as a single flower that sways
From the cleft of the grim gray rock.)

"And, indeed," said she, "whatsoever it be,
Though an evil thing in pain,
I feel in my heart it is laid on me
That it shall not cry in vain!"

Said the Deacon's Prudence, "Oh, touch
not pitch,
Lest you should be defiled!
What should you do in the house of the
witch,
That are your father's child?"

Then the Parson's Grace said no word
more;
But she went up somewhat slow,
And she pulled at the string of the witch-
wife's door,
And she drew back the bolt below.

She heard no longer the doleful cries
As she stood in the twilight room;
But she was aware of two fiery eyes,
Green-glaring through the gloom.

"Heaven help me now at my need!" said she,
And her heart went pit-a-pat;
But the strange thing came and rubbed at
her knee,
And it was but the old wife's cat.

He was scared and starved, he was lean and lone;

His coat was a brindled gray;
He was lame from a stone that a lad had thrown

When they hustled the witch away.

At the feet of the maiden he fawned and rolled,

And he mewed, and he pulled her gown;
And she lapped him about in her apron's fold,

And she carried him back to town.

"'T is a fiend," cried Prue, with her wax-white face,

"That you hold so fast in arm!"

"'T is a creature of God," said the parson's Grace,

"And it shall not come to harm!"

When the people's folly began to fail,

And the trials at last were done,

Old Goodwife Crook came out of the jail,
And blinked in the broad, bright sun.

With her stick she hobbled along the street,
And again by her hearth she sat;

"But where," she cried, "is my deary sweet—
Oh, where is my brindled cat?"

"My good gray Dickon, that loved me so,
Mine only friend?" she said.

She rocked to and fro, and she whimpered low,

And she wagged her old gray head.

Then the Parson's Grace, with her sun-bright face,

Came in at the old wife's door;

And lo, and behold! in her apron's fold
The brindled cat she bore!

(Her ways were not as the Parson's ways,
And the ways of the parson's flock;

She was fair as a single flower that sways
From the cleft of the grim gray rock:

As the harebell blue, that takes its hue
From the heart of the heaven above;

Her eyes were full of the light of her soul,
And her soul was full of love!)



THE ELF AND THE CRICKET.

BY FELIX LEIGH.



The Elf's Interviewer.

HOPE you 're well, dear Mr. Cricket.
Let me say why I have come?
I 'm the special correspondent
Of the *Pixie's Morning Drum*.
Sir, your singing makes you famous—
As a vocalist you rank.
Let 's begin at the beginning.
Were you born upon this bank?

The Field Cricket.

On that point my recollection
Is a melancholy blank.

The Elf's Interviewer.

'T is a pity! But have patience—
Please don't stir from where you sit.
We 'll discuss your voice-production
For the reader's benefit.
Piercing notes you 're heard to utter;
It 's the popular surmise
That your lungs must be of leather,
And of quite abnormal size.

The Field Cricket.

A mistake, I do my chirping
With my active little thighs.

The Elf's Interviewer.

Thanks; I 've taken down your answer,
Which surprises me, I own,
Though the *Drum* is used to marvels.
Tell me, do you live alone?
Or is there a Mrs. Cricket?
Are there baby crickets, too?

If so, kindly state how many,
And I 'll feel obliged to you.

The Field Cricket.

I 've a wife and seven children;
And we bring them up on dew.

The Elf's Interviewer.

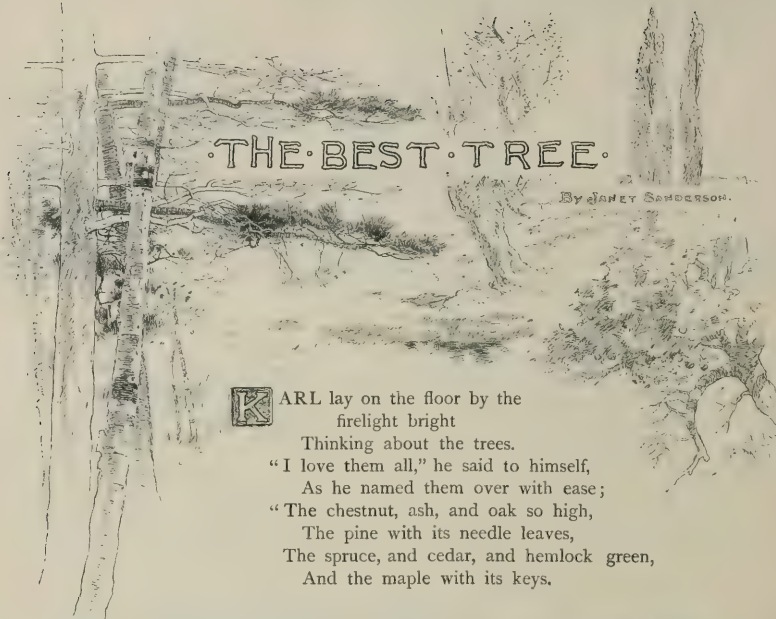
Upon dew.—There, that is written.
Now it 's time for you to speak
Of your private tastes and hobbies.
Do you football once a week?
Rumor says that you 're *athletic*.
Place reserve upon the shelf,
And I 'll faithfully report you,
On the honor of an elf.

The Field Cricket.

Well, I certainly love *jumping*,—
As you 'll notice for yourself!

[He escapes further questions by a series of
tremendous leaps.





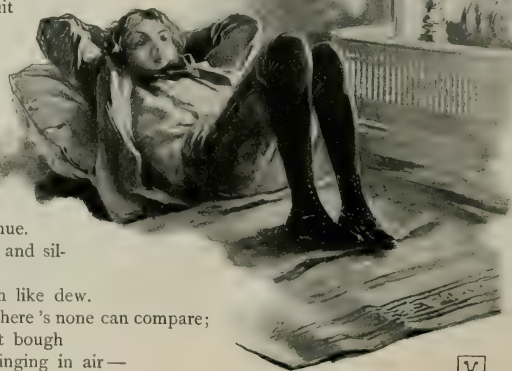
THE BEST TREE.

By JANET SANDERSON.

KARL lay on the floor by the
firelight bright
Thinking about the trees.
"I love them all," he said to himself,
As he named them over with ease;
"The chestnut, ash, and oak so high,
The pine with its needle leaves,
The spruce, and cedar, and hemlock green,
And the maple with its keys.

"The dainty willow with pussies gray,
The birch with bark so white,
The apple-tree with its blossoms sweet,
And the fruit so red and bright.
But the one I love the *best* of all
Blooms and bears fruit
together;
It is sure to be filled at
this time of the
year,
Whatever may be
the weather.

"Its blossoms are blue
and yellow and red,
All shining with silvery hue.
There are stems of golden and sil-
ver thread,
And candles that glisten like dew.
With such wonderful fruit there's none can compare;
From lowest to topmost bough
Every sort of a toy is swinging in air—
Jumping frogs, and cats that 'me-ow.'



V



"There are trumpets, and balls, and dolls
that talk,
And drums, and whistles that blow,
And guns, and whips, and horses that walk,
And books; and wagons that go.
There are musical tops, and boats that sail,
And puzzles, and knives, and games;
There are Noah's arks, and also a whale,
And boxes, and ribbons, and reins.

"There 's candy and oranges, skates and sleds,
And mugs for good little girls,
And cradles, and clothes for dollies' beds,
And dolls with hair in curls.

There are fans for girls and tools for
boys,
And handkerchiefs, rattles, and ties,
And horns, and bells, and such-like toys,
And tea-sets and candy pies.

"Oh! what a sight is this wonderful tree,
With its gifts that sparkle and hide!
Other trees may be good, but there 's none
for me

Like the beautiful merry Christmas tree
With its branches spreading wide,—
The merry, beautiful, sparkling tree
That blossoms at Christmas-tide."

THE LITTLE BEAR'S STORY.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

"Yes," the little bear cub would say, "that is my picture. I am a native of the State of California. I don't remember distinctly where I was born, but it was up in the Sierras, where the snow lies in great banks, and the giant trees stand like sentinels, and where you might travel for days and weeks and meet no one but bears.

"The first thing I recollect was finding myself in a big burrow covered with snow; then my mother broke the way out and led us (I had a brother) down the mountain. We soon left the snow; and I remember one day, at sunset, we stood on an overhanging rock, and my mother showed us the green valleys and nice dark forests where we could hide, and far off was the gleaming sea. Mother did not care very much for the water, I think.

"My mother was hungry, after the long winter fast, and every day took us lower and lower, until one night she led us into a sheep ranch. Then our troubles began, for she left us to catch a lamb, and never came back. We heard all about it afterward. Some ranchers had seen her, and rode out on horseback to enjoy the cruel sport of "roping a bear." As they rode around her, one threw his lariat about her neck; another caught her forefoot as she stood up, another her hind leg; and then they dragged her away to the ranch-house—and so we became orphans.

"It was not long before the dogs found us, and a man carried me home in a basket to his wife, who treated me very kindly. I did not like it, but pretended I did, and ate all I could, always watching and hoping for a chance to run away to my mountain home. My mistress, however, soon thought I was too knowing, and put a chain about my neck. Finally, when I was about four months old, they sent me to a friend in San Francisco. I shall never forget how people looked at me and laughed

when I stood on my hind legs, as if there was anything laughable in that! But they gave me sugar and other good things, and I fared well.

"My new master was a butcher, and most of the time I stayed in his shop. But some days, when I was very homesick, and longed for my mother, and the little cub who had been carried off I did not know where, the butcher's wife would take me into her room back of the shop, and then I would go to sleep, cuddled up close upon a rug, with my paws on her hand, and dream that I was back in my mountain home.

"One day I heard my master say I was to be pho-to-graphed, and I thought my time had come. You see, I had never heard the word before. There was no escape, as I was kept tied; and the next morning my master took me under his big coat in the cable-cars. I could just peep through one of the button-holes, and all at once I uttered a loud whine. You should have seen how the passengers stared at my master, who I knew looked embarrassed, as he gave me a tremendous squeeze. We soon got out, and I was carried up a flight of stairs, and placed on a table in a room, the walls of which were covered with pictures of people's faces, all of which seemed to keep their eyes fixed on me.

"My master petted me and gave me some sugar, and I began to think that being photographed was possibly not so bad, after all. Presently a man came in. He looked very much astonished, and said, 'Why, I thought you engaged a sitting for "a descendant of one of the early settlers"?' "

"'So I did,' replied my master; 'there it is'; pointing to where I stood up, blinking with all my might.

"'Why, it's a cub bear!' exclaimed the man.

"'Well, it is a relative of some early settlers, all the same,' my master answered.

"At this the man smiled good-humoredly,

then he went into another room, while my master petted me and gave me so much sugar that I had the toothache from it. After a while the man came back and said he was ready, and I was taken into a room where there was a big thing like a gun on three legs, with a cloth over it. My master sat down in a chair and held me in his lap while the man pointed the gun at us.

"I thought I was to be shot, and tried to get away, and this made the man so cross that he came out from under the cloth and said he could n't do it. Then my master put me up in a child's chair and propped something tight against my head, at which they both laughed so loud you could have heard them in the street, and I jumped down.

"Finally, the man tapped his forehead and said 'I have it.' He put a screen before the

gun and my master set me on top of it, holding my chain while the man crept under the cloth. I did not dare move, as I was astride of the screen, my hind feet hanging in the air. I prepared for the worst. Then the man came out again, looked at me sharply, and turned my head a little, telling me to smile; at which my master laughed. The man next shook a tambourine at me, and as I turned to see what the noise meant, I heard a *click!* and just then my master took me down and carried me home, much to my relief.

"I wondered what it was all about until one day my master took me on his knee, and, holding up a card, said, 'Well, here you are!'—and what do you suppose it was? Nothing more or less than my picture; just as I was perched astride the screen the day when I thought I was going to be killed. Here it is:"





A BOOK-LOVER.

"I do love books!" said Marjorie,
One morning as she played.
And so she did, as you can see—
This literary maid!

The dictionary was her chair;
The atlas big, her table;
The dolls sat up on other books
As straight as they were able.

And then they all partook of tea,
And did as they were bid.
"I do love books!" said Marjorie.
Now, don't you think she did?

Annie Willis McCullough.

IF YOU 'RE GOOD.

By JAMES COURTNEY CHALLISS.

SANTA CLAUS 'll come to-night,
If you 're *good*,
And do what you know is right,
As you should;
Down the chimney he will creep,
Bringing you a woolly sheep,
And a doll that goes to sleep;—
If you 're *good*.

Santa Claus will drive his sleigh
Thro' the wood,
But he 'll come around this way
If you 're *good*,
With a wind-up bird that sings,
And a puzzle made of rings—
Jumping-jacks and funny things—
If you 're *good*.

He will bring you cars that "go,"
If you 're *good*,
And a rocking-horsey—*oh!*
If he would!
And a dolly, if you please,
That says "Mama!" when you squeeze
It—he 'll bring you one of these,
If you 're *good*.

Santa grieves when you are bad,
As he should;
But it makes him very glad
When you 're *good*.
He is wise, and he 's a dear;
Just do right and never fear;
He 'll remember you each year,
If you 're *good*.



A FAMILY GROUP. OUR BOY, OUR GIRL, OUR BABY, AND OUR CAT.



BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

The calm moon smiled—he looked
so weird;
The old pine wagged its frosty beard.

He reached the Squire's at midnight,
And gaily entered in.

Before the fire a cricket choir
Sang to the violin;
But when they saw the goblin, they
All dropped their bows and swooned
away!

Jack Frost, who stood there sketching
Upon the window-pane
Some pictures white for day's delight,
Became as limp as rain;
And all his drawings looked like O's,
Or like the goblin's funny nose!

While Santa Claus, who entered
Just then the chimney way,
Spilled half his pack, and cried, "Alack!"
And three small mice in gray,
Who danced a measure on the floor,
Fled, squeaking, by a private door!

The maid woke screaming from her sleep—
Such frightful dreams had she;
The watch-dogs howled, the poodle growled,
The parrot croaked "Dear me!"

THERE was a funny goblin
Who lived in the wood lane.
He goggles wore, and, though three-score,
Quite bald and sadly plain,
And not as nimble in his mind
As many a goblin one might find.

Much pleased with his own person
And his own wit was he;
And so he said, with lofty head:
"It would not Christmas be
Without *me* in the town to-night
To make the merry hours more bright!

"And though at home they'll miss me,
Unto the Squire's I'll speed,
To fill folk's dreams with magic gleams,
And in the dance to lead.
My presence always lends a grace
To holidays, in any place."

He rode a lop-eared rabbit;
He wore a coat of red;
His peaked hat this way and that
Bobbled when he moved his head.

The elves all up the chimney fled;
A spider, spinning, dropped her thread!

The noise awoke Grimalkin,
So wise and fierce and black,
Who, with a cry both loud and high,
Sprang at the goblin's back!
Home for his life the goblin flew;
Puss following — the watch-dog, too.

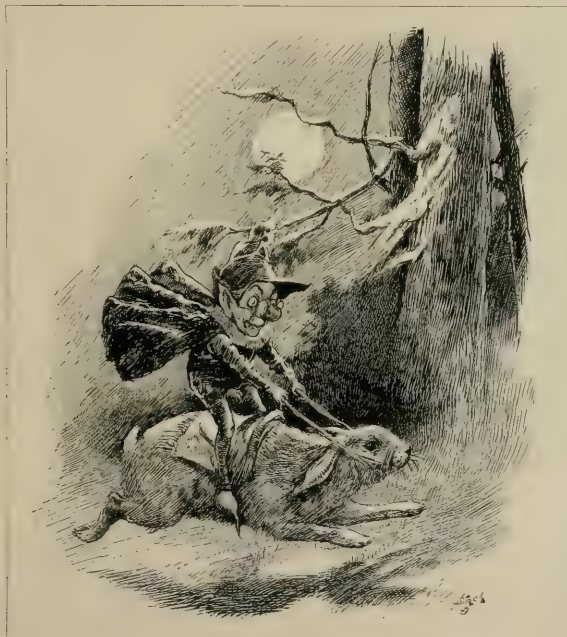
"I did my duty nobly,"
Next morn the goblin said.
"I made a great sensation,
And every rival fled!
You should have heard the wild applause!
Why, no one thought of Santa Claus!"

Then an old crow, who calmly
Was practising a caw
To aid the Christmas music,
Blinked twice, and said, "Haw-haw!"



"HOME FOR HIS LIFE THE GOBLIN FLEW."

The more conceited people grow,
The less they please—the less they know!"



"HE RODE A LOP-EARED RABBIT."

THE LETTER-BOX.

STANSTEAD, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that the readers of your magazine would be interested in hearing that we have had a visit from the wonderful dog "Owney," whom you have told about several times. Our mail-clerk, Mr. Channell, went down to Newport; and when he was ready to come back he found Owney in his mail-car, intending to come up to Stanstead; so Mr. Channell took charge of him. One evening papa had him brought over to our house. Owney is a very intelligent-looking dog, though not a handsome one. Mr. Channell is having a tag made for him to show that he has been here. He had several inscriptions on his collar, one being, "There is only one Bar Harbor. J. G. Blaine." This visitor created quite a stir in the village, and we were all so glad of an opportunity to see the dog we had read so much about.

I remain your constant reader, RUTH STEVENS.

SEWANEE, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been coming to me since I was six years old. And now that I am old enough to write some, I want to thank you for lots of pleasant hours you have brought. Father and all of us are much interested in the story of the travels of "Owney," the dog of the mail-bags; and father says your readers might be pleased with a short sketch of a famous "town dog" we met last winter.

We spent the season in San Diego, Cal., that town where the flowers and the sunshine and the sparkling sea run a race for brightness. And there soon we met the "town dog," the pet of all San Diego and of many tourists from the East. He is a large St. Bernard with a fine head, and his voice is splendid. During his early years he traveled some with the train men, till he lost a leg under the wheels and had to "lay off," as they say. He has never been known to miss a fire; and, with the first stroke of the alarm bells, his bark rings out clear and deep. He has had many narrow escapes from death, and in some one of these accidents he lost an eye. He is now very old and fat, but even so, with only three good legs and one good eye, he still loves excitement of any kind; and the people still love him. Father saw a large crowd of men almost crazy with anger because they could not kill an ugly bulldog that had their "town dog" by the throat. They say that in his young days he could hold his own in any fight; but those days are over, and now, as one sees him hobbling along, far in the rear of the fire-engine or the band, lifting his mournful voice, one feels very sorry for him, and wants to help him along.

Lovingly yours, CARL JUDD.

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I suppose the little American children will think it very funny when I tell you that we never have snow here at Christmas time. There are a great many Maoris about Wellington, especially during the time that our parliament is sitting; and it is great fun on the arrival of a steamer to see the Maoris meeting their friends. As soon as ever one Maori meets another, instead of shaking hands, as we do, the Maoris rub their two noses together, which corresponds to our

kissing. A few moments afterward you will see the same Maori passenger squat—that is, sit—down, and out comes the pipe. The Maoris are very fond of bright colors, and wear the brightest colored shawls they can get; and you can imagine a "belle" coming down the street with a beautiful bright shawl of all the "colors of the rainbow." The Maoris call their babies "piccaninies," and carry them about in their shawls.

With best wishes, from your interested reader,

NETTA GRIFFIN.

DELHI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a new play-house. It is built in the apple-orchard back of the house.

It has three rooms: one is the parlor, the other the dining-room, and the other the kitchen. The parlor is 12 x 11, the dining-room 7 x 8, the kitchen 6 x 7.

It has three porches, one in front, the other in back, and the other on the left side. The one on the side is a lattice which opens out from the kitchen.

The parlor wall is pink. It is very rosy pink, and it looks very sweet. The carpet has a green ground with pink roses in it; it matches the wall nicely.

There is a mantel in the parlor, and a grate, which is finished with cream-colored tiling.

It has little curtains up at the windows. First there are little green shades, and then the lace curtains.

I have a little lounge and a bookcase and a table and chairs in the parlor.

In the dining-room is a mantel, and a grate which is finished with the same cream-colored tiling. Everything in the dining-room is blue; it has a blue rug on the floor, a sideboard and four chairs, and that is all there is in the dining-room.

The kitchen has a stove and a cupboard, and a little cupboard to put my cooking utensils in. On the side porch is my little ice-chest, and a bench to set my water-bucket on.

I am a little girl eight years old, and I have written this all by myself. Your little reader, LULAH BELDEN.

ARMIDALE, NEW SOUTH WALES.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Australian girl, and like reading ST. NICHOLAS very much. I am living in Armidale, up in the north of New South Wales. About sixteen miles away from here there is a gold-mining town called Hillgrove. It is one of the most important mining places in New South Wales. I spent my Christmas holidays in Sydney, and enjoyed them very much. I learned to swim while I was there, and am very fond of bathing. I have read "Teddy and Carrots: Two Merchants of Newspaper Row," and "Sindbad, Smith and Co." I was very interested in both of them. I am very fond of reading, and have read a good many books. Last year we went for a picnic to the Dangor Falls. They are so beautiful, and there was a great deal of water there when we went. My sister, my brother, and I went right down to the bottom of the falls. It is 1000 feet down, and very steep; but there is a rough kind of path cut in the rock. Armidale is a very cold place, being more than 3500 feet above the level of the sea. I never saw snow until I came up here, as it does not

snow in most parts of New South Wales. I think it is very pretty, and we have great fun playing in it.

With much love, I remain your interested reader,
BEATRICE MCD—.

WILKESBARRE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am only ten years old. My mother has a school, and I am in the highest class.

I am very fond of you, and I enjoyed the "Lost Princess" very much.

Sometimes in the summer I go to a farm called "Bush Farm." I have very much fun; they have an old bull, who is very fierce, and a number of cats. I have hardly any one to play with, for most of my friends have gone away, and my sister, who is fifteen, goes with other girls. I have a brother, but he is a big man.

In 1774 a battle between the Indians and the settlers was fought in Wyoming. The Indians won, and nearly all the settlers were killed. A high monument is erected in memory of those who were killed.

Yours truly,
MARJORIE DES. HANSON.

HATLEY, QUEBEC, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Hatley is a very pretty place in summer. All through the village the streets are bordered with maple-trees; and in front of the church and school-house is a large playground having one row of maples on two sides, and on the side next the street three rows. They were planted there by the soldiers in 1837-38. A great deal of maple sugar is made by the farmers, for which they get a very good price.

We have a senior and a junior football club here. This summer the junior club played two matches, and won both times 10 to 5.

BASIL STEVENS.

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am almost fourteen years old, and I have taken you for about two years. I enjoy you very much. I can see the Mississippi River very plainly from where I live, as we live on one of the high hills over the city. I wonder how many of the boys and girls who read the "Letter-box" have seen the river.

I have a dog named "Skip," and a black pony named "Daisy" that I drive over the country. I also have a bicycle and a gun. I have seen the torpedo-boat "Ericsson," and have been through it. It was a dingy red color then. I have just received the last number of ST. NICHOLAS, and enjoyed it very much.

I remain, yours truly,
HARVEY F. ROBISON.

JESSAMINE BANK, GEORGIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our plantation is five miles from Milville, which is a very little town in northern Georgia, so tiny that it could not be found on any except a very large map. I have two cats, whom I love dearly, a dog, and my pony "Boris," who, I think, is my favorite—if I have one. He is black, with a white star in his forehead. I ride him every day, unless it is stormy.

I have two brothers, but no sisters. My youngest brother is at a Military Academy, and when he comes home for vacation we have great fun; especially if he brings some of the cadets with him, as he often does.

I read all your magazine with great pleasure, but especially those stories or articles which have something to do with the Civil War, in which I am greatly interested.

I expect to go to a boarding-school in Kentucky next winter, where my mother graduated. I don't know whether I shall like it or not; I hope so.

I have traveled quite a little bit, and spent last summer in Europe. I am a great reader, and shall remain

Your devoted admirer,
ELINOR L—.

LAKE TALLAPUNA,
AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the January, 1894, number of your splendid magazine, I read an interesting article on stamp-collecting, by Crawford Capen.

I am a collector, but have not been one for very long, and have only about one thousand stamps in my collection.

It may interest many collectors to know that there will very soon be a completely new set of New Zealand stamps in use. They are being prepared now. The designs of these stamps, I believe, will be very pretty, as well as interesting.

The five-cent stamp is to have a representation of the "Rotomahana Terraces" destroyed by the Tarawera eruption; another stamp will have a view of the Sound on it. Milford Sound and Mount Earnshaw are to be given on the two-and-one-half and three-cent stamps; and others will have views of gold mines, falls, or mountains.

Your constant reader,
DOUGLAS H. MORRISON.

CORFU, IONIAN ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am in Corfu now and like it very much. You can see Turkey from here, and if you go up a mountain when it is a very bright day you can see Italy.

There was a procession to-day, because it was St. Spiridion's day. Ever so many peasants came to see it, and some were dressed in ribbons, and in silk skirts and velvet waists, and wore long ear-rings. I went out walking and saw flowers on the ground that the procession had walked over. They carried the body of St. Spiridion through the street, and priests followed dressed in red, blue, yellow, and other colors.

When the mothers have any sick children they put their clothing in the road for the procession to pass over, and they think the children will get well then.

I am nine years old, and it is three years since I was in America. I want to go back very much, and I often ask mama how soon we shall go.

My brother Gardner takes you, and we both like you very much indeed. Your loving friend,

DOROTHY H. RICHARDSON.

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if any of your readers have been to China. It is an interesting country, but dirty.

There is one road in the foreign settlement that is nothing but Chinese shops. You can purchase almost anything, from pigs already cooked to a foreign clock. The Chinese are advanced on the clock question. I once saw one in the temple of a shrine.

Funerals are very odd things here. If the person who has died is wealthy, his funeral is sure to be very magnificent. The coffin is piled high with various colored papers and is carried by men. Then there will be perhaps two dozen men each carrying a signboard on which is a character, or two, stating his different titles. Then follow sedan-chairs, and people inside are wailing so that it really seems as though they must be putting it all on for show.

White is the mourning color, and when a person has died his relatives braid white threads of silk into their queues. Then they wear blue after about a month, and then go back to the usual color—black. At funerals they have paper clothes, and a paper trunk made, and then when they get to the grave these are burned, so his spirit will have plenty of clothing in the other world.

Really, if a man was as stupid as the Chinese think the spirits are he would be good for nothing. Little

children wear bands across their foreheads, oftentimes, with pieces of mirrors glued on, for it is thought the spirits are afraid of nothing so much as their likeness in a mirror, and so will not trouble these children.

Foreigners who come to China for business purposes do not learn Chinese, but what is called pidgin English. Here is an instance: A Chinaman once said to his master, "A pieceen man down-side b'long missus," meaning a lady was down-stairs. They don't honor ladies much, do they?

Now I will close. Your friend and reader,
AMY W. QUACKENBUSH.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl thirteen years old. My father is George W. Cable. He wrote a story about New Orleans for ST. NICHOLAS once. It was two or three years ago, though. I was born in New Orleans; but we came North when I was only a year old, so I don't remember much about it. We live now in Northampton. We live right on the edge of the woods. I was very much interested in "The Prize Cup."

I have five sisters and one brother. One of my sisters is married; and I have a little nephew; he is four months old. Your interested reader,
ISABEL CABLE.

COLEGIO NORTE-AMERICANO, NO. 40 AVENIDA DE LA LIBERTAD SAN SEBASTIAN, SPAIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have lived all my life here in San Sebastian, except two years that I spent in America. You have been coming to our home here in Spain for a long time; but I have never read any of your beautiful stories until I went to America three or four years ago, and learned to read English. I was introduced to you in grandmama's home. Though I was born in Spain I love America very much. I was born in Guipúzcoa, San Sebastian.

The stories about pets have especially interested me, as I am very fond of animals; and one of my favorites is the cat. I have a beautiful Angora cat. He measures from the tip end of his nose to the tip end of his tail thirty-five inches; and when he stands on the floor he is ten inches tall. His hair is very long, and he has beautiful large green eyes. They look just like moonstones, because they have lights and shades like those handsome stones. I must comb him every day, because, if not, as his hair is so long it gets in a tangle. He is a very dignified cat, and his name is "Duke de Madrid."

My room is full of cats—photographs, calendars, pictures, little cat figures, and all sorts of things in the shape of cats. The ink with which I am writing this letter comes out of a cat ink-stand. The wall of my room is a real cat picture-gallery.

Hoping you will live a thousand years (as the Spaniards say), I am your interested reader,

GRACE GORDON GULICK.

MENLO PARK, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live on a ranch thirty miles south of San Francisco. Our ranch is in the counties of Santa Clara and San Mateo. A creek separates the two counties. Our house is situated on the side of a hill—almost at the bottom. At the back of the house there is an orchard; and almost every morning before we go to school we go and eat a few plums and peaches.

We are taught at home, and our school-house is about a hundred yards from the house. We have three ponies, a riding-horse, and two bicycles. Our two driving ponies are red, and they look exactly like little horses; but the other pony is a Shetland; and as she has been foundered we can use her only for riding, for all our carts are too heavy for her. "Nancy Lee," the riding-horse, is chestnut, with a white nose; her hind feet also are white.

We have two dogs—one is white and the other is black. The black one's name is "Tower," and the white one's name is "Cap." There are about fifteen cats at the barn; and my aunt has a big black and white cat that lives in the house. His name is "Pinky," and he is very fussy. When he is fed on raw meat, he will not eat it as any other cat does, but will take it in his claws, and feeds himself that way. He is very timid, and when he is let out of doors he has to be watched, for fear he will run away and get lost. He does not like men or boys; and I think papa is the only man he will not run away from.

Good-by, from your faithful reader,
HARRIET E. ALLEN.

MOHONK LAKE, ULSTER CO., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, nearly eleven years old. We stayed last summer at Lake Mohonk, which is a very beautiful place. Once we climbed up to Sky Top to see the view.

The lake from there looks like a fairy picture. At the top is a crevice in the rock where people can climb up. It is about one hundred feet deep. The rocks look as if they were going to fall on you. At one end of the lake is an echo; it is really wonderful because it is so plain. The lake is about 150 feet deep. Papa said if you once fell in you would never get out again.

There is a labyrinth that winds between stones or rocks and comes out by the crevice, I think.

I am your loving reader, KATHARINE H—.

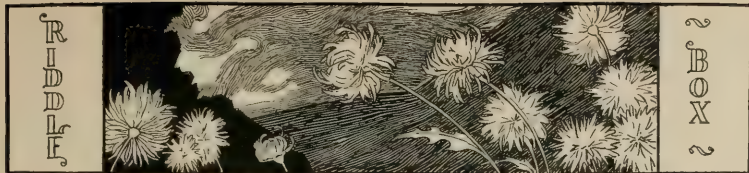
BURLINGTON, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You come to the "Hawkeye" office every month, and as I am the only little girl that belongs there papa brings you up to me. I have a canary bird, nine dolls and eleven paper dolls, and perhaps I am going to get a kitty. I have n't any brothers or sisters, but there are a great many children on our street to play with.

One summer I went up to St. Paul on the steamer "St. Paul," and I also went to Washington, Iowa, to visit my aunt.

Very sincerely yours, GLENN SOUTHWELL.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Charles Scott Ristine, J. A. St. G. R., Marion Burdett, Estill Stephens, T. Arthur Davis, Effie I. H., William K. Dart, Eleanor F. Tracy, Frances T. H., Lily D., Daisy H. Groesbeck, Sterling Morton, Blanche G. Allen, Beatrice Morgan, Coe Thompson, Frida Sember, Taylor Jones, Elsie S., Frankie Clark, Louise Housman, Mollie Baldwin, Edward S. and Margery E., Wm. J. M., Maude E. Wallace, Marjorie G. J., Eliene R. Baker, Anna L. Danforth, Warren S. Carter, "Emerald," Leila E., Dorothy S., Madge S., Richard B. Duane, Mary G. and Elizabeth S.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

CHARADE. Tactics.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Brow. 2. Rome. 3. Odes. 4. West.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS: I. 1. T. 2. Orb. 3. Oriel. 4. Trifles. 5. Bella. 6. Lea. 7. S. II. 1. S. 2. Let. 3. Levee. 4. Several. 5. Teret. 6. Eat. 7. L. III. 1. S. 2. Apt. 3. Abare. 4. Spaniel. 5. Trial. 6. Eel. 7. L. IV. 1. S. 2. Ait. 3. Addie. 4. Sideral. 5. Tired. 6. (L)ead. 7. L. V. 1. L. 2. Lid. 3. Logan. 4. Lighter. 5. Dated. 6. Ned. 7. R.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE: 1. Tramp. 2. Rogue. 3. Agate. 4. Miter. 5. Peers.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, bards. Cross-words: 1. Bats. 2. Ants. 3. Root. 4. Deny. 5. Scot. Transposed, Scott, Byron, Dante, Tasso.

ZIGZAG. Lafayette. Cross-words: 1. Ladle. 2. Daisy. 3. Offer. 4. Bread. 5. Pansy. 6. Camel. 7. Otter. 8. Atlas. 9. Eagle.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle Box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

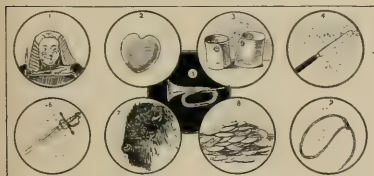
ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Paul Reese — Charlotte E. Coit — "Dondy Small" — "Jersey Quartette" — M. McG. — Helen C. McCleary — L. O. E. — "Buffalo Quartette" — Josephine Sherwood — "Woodside Folks" — Grace Edith Thallon — Morton Atwater — Truda G. Vroom — E. and A. — "Two Little Brothers" — Hubert L. Bungay.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Katharine Minor, 1 — "Brynild," 1 — Jack Cady, 4 — Mary E. Conant, 1 — Angela Herrera, 5 — "Puzzled Puzzler," 4 — G. B. Dyer, 6 — Mollie Baldwin, 1 — Florence and Edna, 3 — Effie K. Talboys, 4 — Leonard Hodgson, 1 — "The Butterflies," 3 — Marguerite Sundry, 3 — Katharine S. Doty, 6 — "Chiddingstone," 6 — "Gobolinks," 5 — Sigourney Fay Nuning, 6 — Frederica Yeager, 2 — "Camp Lake," 6 — N. T. 5 — Beulah and Flip, 1 — "Embla," 6 — S. D. T., 4 — G. Isabella Ashwell, 4 — Paul Rowley, 6 — Franklyn Farnsworth, 6 — Mabel M. Carey, 6 — Claudie Piper, 2 — "Merry and Co.," 6.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. CUSTODY. 2. The agave. 3. A flower. 4. A wild animal. M. L. R.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell a name famous in political and dramatic circles.

CHARADE.

MY first and second both mean the same
Yet my whole a curious bird will name.

L. E. JOHNSON.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below

DIAMOND. 1. M. 2. Net. 3. Melon. 4. Ton. 5. N.

CROSS, WITH SQUARED ENDS. I. 1. Sain. 2. Acre. 3. Iris. 4. Nest. II. 1. Kids. 2. Idea. 3. Demi. 4. Sain. III. 1. Olas. 2. Love. 3. Avow. 4. Sewn. IV. 1. Solo. 2. Oral. 3. Lava. 4. Olas. V. 1. T. 2. Una. 3. Trich. 4. Act. 5. H. From 1 to 2, and from 3 to 4, Saint Nicholas.

DISSECTED OBJECT-SPELLING. I. Quilt. 2. Coil. 3. Bull. 4. Pilot. 5. Duty. 6. Guilt.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Cook. 1. Crab. 2. Boat. 3. Shoe. 4. Duck.

SUBTRACTIONS. 1. Vindicate. 2. L-eve-l. 3. M-arch. 4. Chair. 5. D-nill. 6. F-l-ag. 7. C-harm. 8. P-l-es. 9. V-ale. 10. F-l-ame. 11. F-l-at. 12. F-l-ect.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Robert Burns, Tam O'Shanter. Cross-words: 1. Roost. 2. Omega. 3. Bream. 4. Erato. 5. Rates. 6. Trash. 7. Broma. 8. Union. 9. Remit. 10. Niece. 11. Solar.

another, in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell the name of one of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A valuable wood. 2. A mineral which is not affected by fire. 3. A system of faith and worship. 4. In the form of the letter y. 5. Diction. 6. A Greek hero. 7. The subject of a beautiful poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes. 8. A false belief.

L. H. KIRK.

CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A thin piece of anything. 2. A narrow street. 3. A feminine name. 4. An animal.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Decreases. 2. At the top. 3. Interlaced. 4. Made haste.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Small animals. 2. In addition. 3. A European ruler. 4. Painful.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Conflicts. 2. A plant. 3. A flower. 4. Observes.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The Orient. 2. A musical term. 3. Gait. 4. Summits.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

RIDDLE.

I 'm only a fish, to be taken and eaten;
Or else I 'm a rod with which none have been beaten;
I 'm often a rest; so have weary ones found,
Who, when I 'm at hand, will not sleep on the ground.

E. R. B.

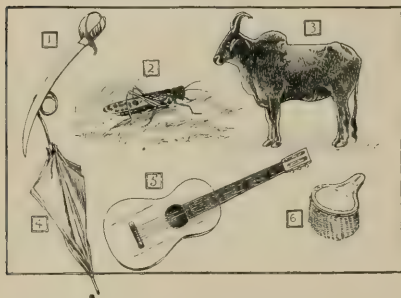
GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL.

WHEN the words have been rightly guessed, and written one below the other, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a country of especial interest of late.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The capital of a Southern State. 2. A river of South America. 3. One of the islands of the Malay Archipelago. 4. A river in western New York. 5. A city of Arizona. 6. An African republic. 7. An island belonging to China.

G. B. FERNALD.

ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC.



WHEN the six objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed, and the names (which are of unequal length) written one below the other, the final letters will spell the name of a famous American painter.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the initials will name a fruit; when transposed they will name another fruit. The finals will spell a word meaning runs with a long stride; when transposed they will spell an incline, and a second transposition will make long, slender sticks.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Defensive covering. 2. A reversion. 3. Something we make light of. 4. A musical instrument. 5. Snare. "PUZZLED FUZZLER."

RHOMBOID.

READING ACROSS: 1. A point of the compass. 2. Rustic. 3. Purport. 4. Flexible wood worked into the top of hedge stakes to bind them together. 5. A kind of chair.

DOWNWARD: 1. A letter from England. 2. A conjunction. 3. A groove. 4. A woody plant. 5. Parts of the body. 6. A metallic vein. 7. A color. 8. A prefix. 9. A letter from England. J. H. C., JR.

SUBTRACTIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take fifty from a girdle, and leave a wagger. Answer, be-l-t, bet. The subtracted letter is not always in the middle of a word.

1. Subtract five hundred from to pull, and leave uncooked.

2. Subtract fifty from a product of barley, and leave a rug.
3. Subtract one thousand from something always served at dinner, and leave to corrode.
4. Subtract fifty from a handle, and leave to strike.
5. Subtract five from to exist, and leave a false statement.
6. Subtract fifty from a peculiarity of speech, and leave to drag.
7. Subtract one hundred from a vehicle, and leave dexterity.

MARY FRANCIS S.

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.

TRANSPOSE the words printed in italics, and their initials will then spell a famous event in history.

Years ago in a land where confusion was *rife*,
And calamity *dire* threatened every man's life,
Vile demagogues ruled, and they tore off the crown
From the brow of their king, and his rights would
not *own*;

Sought his *race* to destroy, and blot out for all time,
And the *earth* stood aghast at the horrible crime.
Though they called themselves "brethren," no life
they held *dear*.

But the end of this wild reign of terror drew *near*.
The nations arose, this fair country to *save*,
And the monsters are *now* where no laws they can
brave.

Then the law could in quiet deal justice again,
And none, for redress, need to *sue* now in vain.
The great wounded *state* rises as from the dead,
No longer *lies* bleeding, she lifts her fair head.
And from her low station to empire doth rise,
To hold her *own* place 'neath her bright, sunny skies.

F. A.

DIAMONDS.

I. 1. IN stead. 2. Rested. 3. Narratives. 4. A Chinese shrub. 5. IN stead.

II. 1. IN stead. 2. An assent. 3. Moderately warm. 4. Help. 5. IN stead. HELEN MURPHY.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.

1. IN lasso. 2. Fortune. 3. A famous flower. 4. A royal family. 5. Planted. 6. A substance which exudes from certain trees. 7. A feminine name. 8. Bare. 9. A wading bird. 10. A certain number. 11. A beverage. 12. A country of Africa. 13. Because. 14. Bitter. 15. A diseased condition of grain. 16. A pugilist. 17. One of the United States. 18. A quadruped. 19. IN lasso. G. B. DYER.



"DON'T YOU THINK THAT WINTER 'S PLEASANTER THAN ALL?"

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIV.

JANUARY, 1897.

No. 3.

DANNY AND THE "MAJOR."

BY GERTRUDE P. GREBLE.

"PAPA! Papa!" The shrill, childish voice echoed sharply through the quiet house, and a small figure appeared upon the threshold of the door which led to Captain Kent's office, as if suddenly blown there by the March gale which at the same moment invaded the apartment.

"My son," said the officer in a tone of mild exasperation, laying a restraining hand upon his fluttering papers, "will you be kind enough first of all to shut the front door? And now" — when he had been obeyed with an energy which shook the house to its foundations — "take off your hat, like a gentleman."

The child snatched it off, and advanced to lay an appealing hand upon his father's arm.

"Don't make me wait for anything more, papa," he pleaded. "It is important! It is, indeed. Mackenzie begs you to come to the corral right away. The 'Major' has come back!"

"The Major! What Major?"

"Why, our Major—Captain Egerton's Major."

"Impossible!"

"But he has indeed, papa!" exclaimed the eager boy. "The herders found him up in a ravine, and he followed the horses home, and he is so lame he can hardly walk, and the corral-master says he has enough worthless brutes about now, so he is going to shoot him;

and Mackenzie said to tell you to come at once, because if you did n't it might be too late—"

Two great tears overflowed from the violet eyes and rolled down the lad's cheeks, but little Dan had small reason to fear lack of attention now! Almost before his hasty explanation was completed, the cavalryman had thrown his cape about his shoulders and started for the corral at a pace satisfying even to his impatient son.

To make you understand what he found there, and what it meant, I must go back to the beginning and tell about Danny; and then — because this story is quite as much, and perhaps a little more, the Major's — about the Major too.

Danny could not remember his introduction to the frontier garrison which constituted his world, but he was never tired of hearing about it. And during the long winter evenings, when "retreat" had sounded and the soldiers had dispersed to their log barracks, the captain would seat himself beside the big stove, with his pipe between his teeth; and Danny, his sled put away, his gaiters and mittens hung up to dry by the hall fire, and his buffalo overcoat — an exact imitation of his father's big one — safe on its peg, would crawl into his father's arms and nestle close to his heart. And after a silence

of greater or less length, the officer would begin and go over the details so well known to them both: of his astonishment when, on coming from "stables" one bitter winter afternoon, he had stamped the snow from his shoes and thrown aside his overcoat, to behold a stout woman with a white bundle in her arms, saying, "Will ye look at the recruit I've brought ye, Captain?"—and of how, when he had recovered from his surprise, he had examined her offering and found beneath a lot of wrappings two tiny hands, a small face with blinking eyes, and plentiful black hair. This last never failed to impress Danny, for by the time he was old enough to notice things his hair was as yellow as the Indian maize which ripened by the river.

The years had sped swiftly after that winter evening; and if, as his father said, he had come into the world to the sound of a trumpet, he grew up to the rattle of drums and the patter of musketry in the days when Custer lived and a soldier's work was full of activity and danger. His ears became accustomed to the thrumming of the "long roll"; his odd hours were full of the excitement caused by the bustle of incoming and outgoing scouting-parties, and, at times, of watching, with far more interest than fear, those tiny specks he could just discern skirting the horizon, which he was told were "hostiles."

It was small wonder that in such an atmosphere he should develop rapidly, that he should become healthy, as a child must who spends ten hours of the twenty-four with the winds of the prairie filling his strong young lungs; that he should become honest and truth-telling as a soldier's son should be; gentle to the weaker sex, as represented by his mother and the tiny sister who bore her name; and full of an affectionate kindness which won him the most loyal devotion from the rough troopers who shared his outdoor life.

At the time our story opens he was seven—a tall lad, whose muscles were already like fine steel threads, whose skin had tanned to a beautiful golden brown, with violet eyes, and hair which fell in tangles about his shoulders.

Those curls, heavy and girlish, had been a constant source of woe to the boy, till one never-to-be-forgotten day, when he had stood at the gate of the stockade to see the famous

"Seventh" sweep by, on its way to some distant trouble. The scene had been one to remember—the smooth action of the seasoned horses, the careless swing of their riders, to whom excitement had become as the air they breathed! But of it all little Dan retained one impression only—that of the adored Custer at the column's head, his face thin, eager, resolute, and with curls, as yellow as Danny's own, falling over his shoulders!

From that hour the boy's ringlets became his most cherished possession—a connecting-link between the idolized leader of those toughened Indian-fighters and his small personality.

And now for the Major! With regard to him I confess my courage fails; for what woman's feeble pen can hope to do justice to the splendid piece of horse-flesh which answered to that name?

Two years before the March afternoon on which our story opens, an additional troop had been ordered to Fort B—— to reinforce the hard-worked garrison. The officer in command was an old friend of Captain Kent; and on the day of its arrival, shortly before sunset, Danny started off to inspect the new horses and make the acquaintance of their riders.

His intention was not carried out.

As he reached the path which led to the spot where the detachment had gone into camp for the night, he met a trooper leading a horse by the bridle, and carrying a blanket and halter over the other arm. The man's campaign dress proclaimed him a new-comer. He was tall and thin, and covered with dust from his recent ride. But neither the dust, nor the ragged stubble upon his unshaven face, could conceal the kindness of his expression. Danny stepped aside to let him pass.

"Good evening, Corporal," he said politely, after a brief glance at the soldier's chevrons.

The trooper halted. "Gude evenin' t' yirsel', laddie," he answered in a voice whose deep tones instantly made their way to the boy's friendly heart. "I'm after a bed for the Major; can ye show me the way tae the corral?"

Dan regarded him gravely. "I'll show you the way to the corral with pleasure," he replied; "but you must be mistaken about a major. Papa said Captain Egerton was in command of

this troop, and he is going to stay with us; so he has a bed."

For a minute the soldier looked puzzled, then he laughed.

"Hoot, laddie!" he exclaimed good-naturedly; "it 's no for anny two-legged major I 'm workin'. It 's for this vera beastie ye see at t' back, mon! And it 's a bad day he 's hed of it, and hungry an' tired he is; so stir yirsell' an' lead the way, for I heve n't a knowledge o' these pairs as yet."

Dan examined the animal critically. "He seems to be a fine horse," he remarked in the judicial tone he had heard from the officers.

The soldier smiled. "Ay," he answered briefly; "he is."

"Has he come far to-day?"

"The neighborhood o' seventy miles, about."

The man resumed his progress in the direction of the stables, and the little boy trotted by his side, every energy absorbed in the endeavor to keep up with his long strides. After an interval the child observed: "I don't see why you did n't put him on the picket-line with the other horses. Was n't there room for him?"

"Room for him?" repeated the trooper, disgustedly; "ay, there 'd be room and tae spare gin he wanted it, which he 'll no do while he has old John tae find him shelter. Ye 're a bit blowed, ain't ye, laddie?" he added kindly; for the first time noticing the child's breathless condition. "I 'm forgettin' t' difference in the length o' t' laigs. We 'll get over the groun' feyster gin I make the Major carry ye."

Danny looked doubtfully at the horse's dusty sides and drooping head. "Is n't he too tired?" he asked, divided between his desire for the offered ride and compassion for the evidently weary animal.

His companion regarded him with approval. "Now thet 's richt!" he said. "There ain't many little chaps 't w'u'd think o' the horse when they hed a chance tae ride. I like ye for it, lad! As for tirin' him—I w'u'dna ride him mesel', but ye 're no gret weight, an' I 'm thinkin' it 'll get him his supper the quicker."



"'GOOD EVENING, CORPORAL,' DANNY SAID POLITELY."

A moment later the radiant child was seated astride the great bronze beast, and the trio pursued its way to the corral in a

silence which the soldier was too weary—and Danny too happy—to break.

When Dan went home after seeing Mackenzie feed and groom his charge, he was con-

scious of having found a new interest in life, and of having made a new friend; and his satisfaction was complete when, on recounting his experiences at the dinner-table that evening, he was informed that the horse belonged to

tering-trough; he perched himself on the cross-bar of the Major's box-stall to superintend his toilet; and he spent long hours scrubbing away with a bit of rag upon the brass mountings of the horse's saddle and bridle, on those days when the trooper was obliged to prepare for inspection—betaking himself afterward to the drill-ground to revel in the result of his labors.

And had you seen the beautiful beast as he appeared at inspection,—the brass trimmings upon which so much loving care had been expended flashing in the sunlight, his bronze coat like finest satin, his powerful limbs motionless, and with only the fire in the deep eyes and the quiver of the wide nostrils to tell how strong was the sense of duty which controlled his impatience for the command which should put in motion the troop he led,—you would not have wondered at Danny's enthusiasm—an enthusiasm which gradually increased into a great and real love, which it was easy to see the Major reciprocated in his dumb fashion.

So the weeks passed, and the long hot days grew short, and winter came and went—and with the return of summer little Dan experienced his first sorrow.

Captain Egerton's troop was ordered out on a difficult and dangerous scout; there was a battle,—a thing only too common in those wild days,—and at the end of it the gallant captain lay crippled by a gunshot wound, and Major, swept away by the savages, had vanished as if swallowed by the treacherous quicksands which lined the river-bank.

For days after the first shock of his grief was over, the child continued to hope for the horse's return. For days he mounted to the highest point of the block-house to search the furthest reaches of the empty prairie, confident that if the sagacious animal was alive he would find his way back. But months passed, and another winter dragged itself away, and little by little the boy abandoned hope, and settled down to



"HE PERCHED HIMSELF ON THE CROSS-BAR OF THE MAJOR'S BOX-STALL, TO SUPERINTEND HIS TOILET."

Captain Egerton, and that henceforth he might see him as often as he liked.

The summer days which followed were full of joy. Dan passed them for the most part in Mackenzie's company, and a very real friendship sprang up between the veteran and his small companion—a friendship that found a cementing bond in their affection for the Major. Nothing so perfect of its kind as that splendid animal had ever before come in the boy's way.

Had he been asked, it might have been difficult for him to tell which of his new friends—the human or the equine—he loved the better. But there was no question which was the more important. He trotted at Mackenzie's heels when he took his charge to and from the wa-

the sorrowful conviction that the horse, too, had fallen a victim to the Indians.

And now he had returned! And what a home-coming!

Mackenzie and he had often talked of such a possibility — Mackenzie, who, with his beloved horse gone, and his master in the East on leave, had been even more disconsolate than Danny; together, the pair had pictured it in divers ways. Sometimes it was one of them who was to find him, sometimes the other; but in every case they had thought of it as a sort of triumphal progress, the coming of a hero who returned to claim his own. Never like this — pitiful, starved, unknown, and despised, in the very place where he had been so easily supreme! "Oh!" thought Danny, "if only the old troop had been here! Some one who loved him! Some one to remember besides Mackenzie and me!" There was a great sob in his throat

scene which met their gaze was so remarkable that even the officer paused in breathless amazement.

Prostrate on the earth, covered with dirt, his surly face purple, his feet kicking aimlessly in the air, lay the corral-master — a government rifle, which had evidently slipped from his grasp, on the ground beside him. And upon his chest, holding him in a grip of iron, his face white with an anger too deep for words, sat the Scotch corporal! At the left — a rusty and apparently lifeless mass — lay the Major's prostrate form. And about the group stood the employees of the stockyard.

The sounds which issued from the corral-master's throat made Danny think of the bellowing of those bulls which were sometimes confined in that part of the inclosure; he crept to his father's side and laid hold of his cape. The overseer's face was rapidly assuming a still deeper tint, and the captain went forward:



"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS PERFORMANCE?" INQUIRED THE OFFICER."

as he ran by his father's side in the direction of the corral — he was half afraid of what he might find by the time that he reached it.

And when the two finally did reach it, the

"You are choking that man, Mackenzie," he said sharply; "let him up at once!"

The corporal glanced up at him with an expression of relief, gave his victim a final squeeze

which set him fairly gasping, and rose. "Chokin' 'u'd be tae gude for him, Capt'in," he said, as the corral-master struggled to his feet.

"What is the meaning of this performance?" inquired the officer. The trooper made no reply, and O'Reilly, emboldened, began a halting explanation.

"Wait till you are spoken to," commanded Captain Kent, sternly. He knew that Mackenzie was upon ordinary occasions the mildest and least aggressive of men.

The group about them began insensibly to melt away, excepting a few whose curiosity was sufficient to overcome their prudence.

Mackenzie pointed from the gun to the Major, with a gesture more eloquent than words.

"He tried tae steal a march on me, Capt'in," he said huskily. "I telt him tae wait till the laddie fetched ye, and I went for water for the puir beast; and when I coom back—weel, if shootin' hadna been altogether tae gude for him, he w'u'dna be here noo! Thet 's ae!"

"What have you to say to this, O'Reilly?"

"Sure I thought it would be a mercy to the poor beast to put him out of his misery," answered the man, in an injured tone. "I tried to do it unbeknownst to the corporal, knowin' how fond of him he used to be—and it 's small thanks I got for me pains! Next time I 'll leave him to settle his affairs himself. Look at the brute, Captain," he added; "it 's only a fool that would care to prolong his sufferin'." He was evidently sincere, and there seemed to be some truth in what he said.

"I 'm afraid he is right, Mackenzie," said the officer, sadly, as he followed the two men to the side of the panting animal.

Mackenzie broke down. "Ah! don't ye turn against him, too, Capt'in," he faltered. "Think o' the time he 's had gettin' here, and g'e him a chance. He sha'n't trouble no one, and I 'll work it square. If he don't show some sort o' improvement by this time to-morrow, I g'e ye ma word I 'll make na trouble. It 's starved he is, and winded; but he 's nae deid yet, and while there 's life there 's hope!"

The captain turned away—the horse was a painful spectacle. "Very well," he said; "you may have your way for the present; but I think your labor will be wasted. I agree with

O'Reilly: the most merciful thing would be to end his suffering at once."

Mackenzie moved to his side. "I 'll no forget what ye 've done for me this day," he said gratefully. "There 's ane more thing ye can do, if ye will, tae complete the gude wark. It is against orders to sell us whusky at the canteen, and whusky is what the puir beastie wants just noo. Would ye mind givin' me an order for a gallon o' the same?"

Captain Kent hesitated. "I can trust you perfectly, Mackenzie," he said (the corporal was invariably steady); "but a gallon of whisky might cause a lot of mischief."

"It 'll no," was the earnest response. "It 'll be doon the Major's throat before it hes time tae make any trouble."

The corporal's tone was a sufficient guarantee of the safety of the venture. The officer tore off the corner of an envelope, and scribbled the necessary order.

"I shall hold you responsible," he said.

Mackenzie nodded. "Yes, sir—thank ye, sir," he murmured, saluting hastily, as he started from the inclosure upon a run; and by the time Captain Kent had once more regained the garrison, he was on his way back to the corral from the trader's where the necessary liquor was kept.

No especial arguments were needed by Mackenzie to enlist the sympathies of his comrades in behalf of his fallen favorite: soldiers, as a rule, are warm-hearted men, and in the cavalry their calling fosters a love for horses. When little Dan went home at sunset, kindly hands had laid the old horse in the one box-stall the troop-stable afforded, and liberal doses of whisky and water had stayed his failing strength. Through the long night the trooper tended him faithfully, watching his heaving sides by the light of a solitary lantern, and plying him, as occasion demanded, with additional draughts of the stimulant; and when morning came the change for the better was so pronounced that even O'Reilly was forced into the admission that hope was once more possible.

After the first few days the animal gained steadily. At the end of a month he was able to hobble out with the herd, the shadow of his old self. More than that he seemed likely never to

become. His hoofs were cracked and torn from his long wandering over the alkali plains, his breath came rumblingly from his deep chest, and his eyes had a look of patient submission in their soft depths, which seemed to say that he understood fully the kindness which had been shown him, and would repay it to the best of his ability. The old ambition, the old fire, were things of the past. He was quite content now to browse along in rear of the herd, or to stand for hours beside little Dan perched upon a wood-pile, nudging him for the sugar which was always forthcoming, nipping lovingly at the buttons on his small trousers, or — immovable as a statue — bowing his beautiful head when the boy frolicked at his feet. And though, as time went on and the summer drills began, he would prick up his ears at the sound of the well-remembered calls, and follow the battalion with his eyes as it swept by the spot where he was picketed, it was only with a passing interest, and he would return to his grazing in placid content.

Danny never abandoned the hope of seeing him in his old place at the head of a troop. He spent hours feeding, grooming, and watering him, and when there was nothing else to be done he was quite content to perch beside him in the sunshine, and dream of the wonderful things he should do when he was once more well. If he had admired him before, he adored him now; and still the wildest flight of his imagination was not sufficient to suggest the heroic feat which this dumb friend was actually to accomplish for his sake, the great and final proof of his affection for the child who loved him, and which was to make not only the Major, but Danny too, famous!

To tell you about it, we must pass over the weeks which witnessed the horse's gradual recovery to the scorching afternoon that found him, almost his old self, saddled with Dan's own small saddle, and pawing the ground im-

patiently in front of Captain Kent's quarters. The loving care of the past few months had been amply rewarded. Some time before he had been pronounced fit for light work, and that afternoon Dan was to have his first ride upon the Major's back.

Mackenzie had been for several weeks suffering from a sprained wrist which prevented his doing the usual guard-duty, and in order to give him some occupation he had been detailed to superintend the herding of the quartermaster's horses — going with them to the grazing-ground in the morning, and then returning to the post until the afternoon, when he went out to assist in bringing them home.

On the present occasion, as a special favor and to celebrate the Major's recovery, Mackenzie begged that Dan might go with him. And when the child came out and prepared to mount, it would be hard to say which was



"THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT THE TROOPER TENDED HIM FAITHFULLY."

the happier, he or the trooper who swung him so proudly to his place.

"You are sure it is safe, Mackenzie?" said Mrs. Kent, a little anxiously, as from the porch she watched the start for the grazing-ground.

"Sure, ma'am," answered the soldier, emphatically, as he made a final examination of the girths, little dreaming how much was to depend upon his care in the course of that eventful afternoon; "the beastie knows him as well as ye do yersel'. It's no for naething the lad has spent his time. He'll no hurt him!"

He gathered up the reins and put them into Danny's hands as he spoke, swung himself upon his own bony gray, and they started.

In those days the summer months were always full of uneasiness and dread: the Indians were especially restless at that time of year, and precautions were doubled; but the weeks which had gone had sped swiftly and quietly in little Dan's home. Rumors of approaching trouble had reached it from time to time; occasional false alarms had sounded, and hurried scouts had been made—only to prove the absence of any foe; and gradually the command had settled down to the conviction that for once they were to be left in peace.

On the afternoon in question nothing could have seemed more tranquil than the scene which unfolded itself before Mackenzie and his charge when, having passed through the gate of the stockade, they turned their horses' heads in the direction of the herd, which they could just discern in the distance as so many specks against the sky.

On the right the Missouri River wound like a great yellow snake from the far northern horizon; on every other side lay the rolling prairie, with only that thread of green along the river-bottom to break its level expanse. Dan had heard of the grandeur of the sea, but he sometimes wondered if anything could seem more imposing than those wide reaches of treeless, turf-covered plain.

The animals were restless and uneasy in spite of the heat, and after a short interval Mackenzie turned from the "trail" and started across the open country.

"Dinna ye go tae fast, lad," he said as the Major stretched his neck with an evident inclination to outstrip his companion. "There's gopher-holes in plenty hereabouts, and gin ye strike one o' them our ride's up! Ye sit yir horse like a sodger," he added admiringly; "I'll hef ye made assistant herder yet!"

Danny smiled broadly at the joke, sitting very square in his saddle, in perfect enjoyment of his new accomplishment.

After a canter of some twenty minutes the corporal reined in his horse.

"I can't think what's happened tae O'Farrell tae let the beasties get sae far away," he muttered discontentedly. "There's nae grass to speak of over there. I told him aboot it this mornin'. Look out, lad!"—for the Major had thrown up his head suddenly and come to a standstill, snorting, and nearly unseating his small rider.

"Why did he do that?" asked the boy in wonder, as he settled himself once more in the saddle, and got a fresh hold on the reins. "There was n't any hole there, was there?"

For a minute the corporal made no reply. His own horse was snuffing the air uneasily, and the trooper's keen glance traveled slowly along the horizon and over the herded cattle before it came back to the small figure at his side.

"Maybe there's grass burnin'," he said, finally. "The smell o' thet always makes 'em fretty."

He put his animal to a gallop as he spoke, and the distance to the herd began to diminish rapidly.

"See how uneasy the other horses are," said Danny, as they neared the grazing-ground. "Whatever the trouble is, they know it too."

There could be no doubt of that fact. O'Farrell's apparent carelessness was explained. The animals were in almost constant motion, moving from side to side, browsing for a moment, only to pause and snuff the air in the same alarmed fashion which Danny and Mackenzie had noticed in their own horses a few minutes before. The men in charge were riding to and fro, heading off the refractory leaders, and doing their best to turn them toward the post, but without avail. Slowly but surely the herd was edging in the opposite direction along the bluff.

O'Farrell came to meet them. He was a young Irish lad who had been in the service only a short time, and gave promise of making a most excellent soldier. On the present occasion his round, jolly face wore a troubled look.

"It's welcome ye are, Corporal, sure!" he exclaimed, mopping his hot face. "If I'd had any way of gettin' word to ye, ye'd have been here long ago; but it took the two of us to kape the bastes together, and, faith, ten men could n't have done more. I can't think what's got into them!"

He turned his horse and reined it in beside Mackenzie's gray, surveying the increasing restlessness of the animals in despair, yet conscious of inexpressible relief at the presence of a more experienced pair of shoulders on which to shift the responsibility.

"How long hef they been like this?" asked the corporal, after a silence in which his face became more and more grave.

"For the bether part of the afternoon."

Mackenzie's eyes wandered once again over the empty hills. "Ye've got a good nose, Larry," he said finally; "hef ye smelt anything in the way o' a prairie fire?"

The other shook his head. "Nothin'," he replied; "that is, nothin' to spake of. There was some smoke up there to the north this forenoon; but I have n't seen it since."

The corporal's face changed suddenly.

"Steady, was it?" he queried, "or puffy, like?"

"A bit puffy. Nothin' to spake of—it died out right away."

The veteran groaned. "And ye should hef made for hame gin ye saw thet first puff!" he muttered, adding something under his breath about "the silliness o' sending babes and innocents tae do this kind o' work!"

"What's up?" asked the young soldier, anxiously. "You don't think it's—?"

The elder man made an imperceptible gesture toward the child.

"There's mischief of some sort brewin'," he said gravely. "And we'd better get out o' this, gin we want tae carry a whole skin with us. Head off those mules—they'll stampede the lot! Laddie, coom with me!" He turned his horse in the direction of the river as he spoke, taking out his revolver and carefully examining it while he rode.

"Mackenzie," said the little boy, softly, drawing nearer to his friend's side, "do you think it is Indians?" He was not particularly alarmed

at the unexpected danger which threatened them—he had the greatest faith in the corporal's ability to protect him from harm. But the face which the soldier turned slowly toward him in answer to his question was grim and set with a fear such as he had never known—nor could know—for himself! He would have given his life gladly, in the face of that deadly and too well understood peril, to have felt that little Dan was within the friendly shelter of the fort!

"I'm no sayin' it's Indians, lad," he said at length; "but when ye don't like the look o' things it's better tae be prepared for the worst. There's twa possibilities ahead o' us. One's the stampede o' the herd, which would be bad enough; the other's that which is behind the fright o' the animals, which is far worse! Whatever happens, naething I can do will save ye, gin ye don't act like yir feyther's son and try tae help yirsel'."

He paused. While speaking he had worked his way steadily across the front of the herd, driving back such animals as he could without waste of time, but continually increasing the distance between himself and the main body of the drove. His duty as a soldier was simply to save his captain's child! By the time he had reached a point to the left of the center of the herd, experience told him that the disaster which he dreaded was not long to be delayed.

He took the last moment for a few final warning words.

"Mind one thing, laddie! Whatever comes, gie the Major his head and hold on! He'll carry ye safe, and he can show a clean pair o' heels tae the fastest o' them! Eh! I thought as much! Get yir horse's head round, lad! Be ready!"

The avalanche was upon them!

Some seconds earlier the lead-mules of an ambulance-team on the farther side of the grazing-ground had thrown up their heads in sudden fright and caromed into the horses feeding near them, and those in turn had plunged against their neighbors, and then the whole herd, catching the infection of their terror, had bunched itself and started—a maddened, flying mass!

It seemed years to Dan, giddy and breathless from terror, before it reached him. For a brief instant he thought he saw O'Farrell and some

unknown mounted figures behind it; then the air about him grew thick with dust, the noise of the beating hoofs increased to a deafening roar, and every faculty became absorbed in the effort to obey Mackenzie's instructions and to keep him in sight; for the corporal's gray, nervous and fidgety at best, had no sooner caught sight of the oncoming body than it bolted, speeding along the edge of the bluff, uncontrollable and unguidable, to plunge after a few seconds into a sandy ravine which ran up into the plain from the river-bottom—disappearing before the lad's straining gaze as completely as if swallowed by the friendly earth!

aside the bushes, and stared, transfixed, at the spectacle before him.

Above his head, a broad swath of broken branches and uprooted reeds showed where horse and rider had crashed through the bushes to their fate. At his feet, a huddled, shapeless mass, was the runaway! And beyond lay the corporal, his blouse torn to ribbons and gray with dust, his upturned face drawn and still—a red stream trickling slowly down from a gaping wound in his forehead, to form an ever-growing stain in the sand beside him!

Little by little Dan crept to the trooper's side and gazed with wide eyes into the quiet



IN THE PATH OF THE STAMPEDE—"THE WHOLE HERD HAD STARTED—A MADDENED, FLYING MASS!"

A minute or two later the Major, following almost in the footprints of his stable-mate, paused on the brink of the little gully, and then carefully, and without harm to his clinging burden, slid and floundered down its shelving sides, and stopped, quivering, at the bottom.

There was something disconcerting in the change from the recent rush and turmoil of the upper world to the gloom and stillness of the leafy covert. Danny caught his breath and peered half timidly through the underbrush. "Mackenzie," he called softly; "oh, Mackenzie!" And then with a sudden low, horrified cry he slipped from the Major's back, thrust

face. Some vaguely formed protest against the injustice of fate crept through the child-mind. The peril from which he had just escaped—the possible peril even now lurking in the woods about him—was as nothing compared with this terrible stillness and helplessness of his friend!

Danny began to cry, not loudly, but with deep-drawn, shivering breaths, while the Major, with hanging, loosened reins, sniffed protestingly at the motionless body of his late comrade. There was a silence, broken only by the chirping of the sparrows in the thicket and the rustle of the leaves overhead.

Suddenly Dan looked up, and drew his sleeve across his eyes.

A deep sigh had escaped from the blue lips, and with a frown of pain Mackenzie stirred uneasily and turned his face toward the boy. Dan's first wild thrill of joy vanished at the sight of the blood which welled up afresh from the wound with the movement. Instinct told him that the flickering life could not long sustain such a loss.

The winter before he had been present while the hospital steward bound up a wound for one of the soldiers, and the attention with which he had followed the operation did him good service now.

He took out his handkerchief and measured its small length against the trooper's forehead. Then he looked about him for a more effectual bandage, and his eye fell upon the narrow leather cinch at his waist, a recent and much-prized gift from the Mexican saddler in his father's troop. It was the work of only a few seconds to unfasten it, and to make a pad of the bit of linen, after which, with much difficulty, he adjusted the strap about the corporal's head, and pulled it tight. And terrified as the child was, and tender and feeble and fluttering as his small fingers were, they did their work thoroughly, and the fatal tide at first slowly ebbed, and at length ceased.

When the task was accomplished, Danny looked about him helplessly. "What shall we do now, Major?" he said, addressing himself to his only companion.

The corporal stirred. "And ye'll keep his head straight, lad," he murmured feebly, his half-conscious mind taking up the counsel to his charge where it had been interrupted by the stampede; "and ye'll steer him for hame—for hame!" he repeated once again in stronger tones.

The child bent over him. "Am I to go for help, Mackenzie?" he said eagerly. "Do you mean I am to go for help?"

He waited a moment in expectant silence; but the trooper had drifted off into unconsciousness, and there was no reply. Then he rose to his feet. There seemed nothing left but to obey. "Come, Major," he said tremulously.

He made his way slowly to the horse's side,

climbed up on the stump of a fallen oak, and from that to the animal's back, and with one wistful backward glance at the grimly quiet objects at his feet bent his head over the Major's neck and wound both hands in his mane, while the sagacious beast clambered up the side of the ravine, to emerge a minute later upon the open prairie.

Away to the north a cloud of dust marked the recent passage of the herd. On every other side swept the tableland, empty and placid and smiling. And beyond, to the south, stood the fort and home. Danny took heart, settled himself in the saddle, and put the Major into a smart canter, holding the reins firmly, and trying to recall the corporal's instructions while he rode, thinking with an ever-recurring pang of his friend's condition, happy that the distance to the necessary succor was diminishing so rapidly, and totally forgetful of the anxiety which had agitated the veteran before the accident that had separated them.

Suddenly, at the end of some fifteen minutes of tranquil riding, as the Major galloped along the edge of the timber which fringed the bluff, there was a loud crackling and crashing in the bushes, and a gaily decorated war-pony scrambled through them, his rider grunting in surly surprise; while at the same moment, from the thicket beyond, three other half-naked mounted figures appeared and lined up in the path which led to safety.

The child's heart stopped beating. His frontier training told him that all that had gone before, even the tragedy which had darkened the afternoon, was as nothing compared with this new and awful danger. In a paroxysm of terror he tried to stop Major—tried with all his small strength to turn him aside toward the open plain, to check his mad plunge into the very arms of the enemy. But for the first time the horse paid attention neither to the beloved voice nor to the tiny hands pulling so desperately upon the reins.

Whether it was the sight of an old and hated foe, or whether the wise, kind heart of the animal realized the full extent of a peril of which the child was as yet only half aware, it would be hard to say. But little Dan found himself going faster than he had thought possible—

and faster—and faster—till the tawny, sun-burned plain, and the pitiless smiling sky, and the nearer, greener foliage of the willows, and even the outlines of the dreaded savages themselves became as so many parts of a great rushing, whirling whole, and all his strength was absorbed in the effort to retain his seat upon the bounding horse.

And so, like some vision from their own weird legends, straight down upon the astonished Indians swept the great bronze beast with its golden-haired burden! Down upon them, and through them, and away—till by the time they had recovered from their amazement there was a good fifty yards between them and their flying prey! And that distance, hard as they might ride, was not easily to be overcome!

After that first wild rush the Major settled into a steadier pace—a smooth, even run, so easy to sit that the lad relaxed his clutch upon the animal's mane and turned his eyes to the horizon, where gathering swarms of savages showed like clusters of ants against the slope of the hillside. In his track, with shrill, singing cries, like hounds upon a trail, came his pursuers. And far to the south there was a puff of white smoke from the walls of the fort, and a moment later the first heavy, echoing boom of the alarm-gun thundered across the plains!

Within the stockaded inclosure the sunny hours wore tranquilly away. Mrs. Kent's passing uneasiness about the Major subsided, and she returned placidly to her domestic duties. Late in the afternoon, when the baby had been bathed and freshly dressed and the nurse had taken her to play in the shade of the bandstand, Mrs. Kent came out to join her husband and a group of ladies and gentlemen on the piazza.

"There must be a prairie fire somewhere," she remarked as she seated herself; "I have been smelling smoke all the afternoon."

"We were just talking about it," answered Mrs. Lane, the doctor's wife; "I am certain I saw smoke to the northward before luncheon. There is no sign of it now, but the odor is distinct!"

At that moment one of the younger lieuten-

ants approached from the gate which led toward the corral. "Danny has gone riding, has he not, Kent?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the officer; "he went with Mackenzie."

"Have you confidence in the corporal's discretion?"

"Absolute!" was the emphatic answer. "Why do you ask?"

"Because there is some trouble with the herd. The animals are unaccountably restless, and the officer of the day has asked for a detail to go out and assist in bringing them in." He spoke in an undertone, but the captain laid a hand upon his arm and drew him away from the piazza.

"Are there signs of any other trouble?" he asked gravely.

The young fellow shook his head. "Not as yet," he replied; "but they seem to think it better to be on the safe side."

He went on to his own quarters, and the captain thoughtfully retraced his steps in the direction of the piazza. As he regained it a shot rang out—a shot that brought officers and men all over the garrison to their feet, that blanched the faces of the women, and called forth a cry of agony from Mrs. Kent.

"Indians!" she moaned. "Indians! Oh, George!—and Danny!"

Her husband caught her in his arms and carried her indoors. "Courage, dearest, courage!" he whispered, as he snatched up saber and pistols, and with a hasty farewell he left her. What he had to do must be done quickly!

The first report had been followed by another, and another, as each sentinel in turn took up and echoed the alarm. After those came the crashing bang and roar of the six-pounder, the sinister humming of the "long roll," and the shrill notes of the bugles as they sounded "boots and saddles." To an inexperienced eye the scene which resulted would have seemed like hopeless confusion.

The barracks swarmed with hastily armed men, the air was filled with the clatter of sabers and the rattle of carbines, with hurriedly shouted orders, calls, questions, till the "assembly" put a temporary check upon the uproar and the troopers departed for the stables.

There saddles were flung across the horses' backs, girths were jerked tight, and, in less time than it has taken to describe the formation, the infantrymen detailed to protect the garrison were at their posts behind the stockade, and the troops of cavalry were mounted and ready for their work.

"For'rd, trot, march!" The bugles repeated the command with blatant clamor, and the troops swept through the gate of the corral and halted by one of the bastions for their orders — grimly silent, compact bodies of men, trained by

fort; K forming a skirmish-line at the foot of the slope some hundreds of yards to the west; and B, under Dan's own father, starting at a brisk trot along the western face of the stockade. The men were unusually grave as they rounded its last corner. There was not one among them who did not feel a pang at the thought of the tiny child practically alone and unprotected on those desolate prairies; they were full of mute sympathy for the soldier who rode with white, stern face at their head.

As they paused for a final momentary halt,



"ON—ON—AND UP INTO THE AIR!"

long, hard years of such service as the soldiers of to-day can never know. To have seen them once in battle array is to have seen that which one can never forget! There was a quiet satisfaction on the face of the garrison commander as he regarded them, field-glass in hand, from his post of observation on top of the block-house. His wishes were briefly expressed: "B, to the north after the herd; K, to the west; L, in reserve until needed."

Once again the bugles sounded, and the troops separated to their respective duties — L waiting at "place rest" on the plain beside the

the sergeant of the troop moved to the side of his commander. "There are some animals running by the timber to the left, Captain," he observed hurriedly. The officer regarded the moving figures intently, then he turned his face for a brief instant full upon his followers. "Those are mounted horsemen, lads!" he exclaimed; "and they are coming this way! Column right, gallop, march!" And the troopers, catching the subtle excitement in his tone, settled themselves in their saddles, and with a rousing cheer thundered across the plain in the direction indicated.

To Danny, as he swept along on the road to safety, the minutes which succeeded the report of the alarm-gun were full of anguish. He grew sick and giddy with the rush of his passage. The rhythmic beat of the horse's feet upon the turf mingled in a dull monotone with the roar of the wind in his ears.

The fort grew steadily nearer. In spite of his terror he began to distinguish the figures of the soldiers as they swarmed about its walls in response to the call to arms, the hurry and confusion of the preparations, and finally even the color of the black horses in his father's troop as they started across the plain in his direction. With a little moan of appeal, he turned the Major toward them.

The friction of the reins had fretted the sweat upon the horse's neck into a heavy lather, he threw up his head uneasily from time to time in the effort for more air, and at length, with a spasm of dread, the child felt his smooth run slacken to a pounding gallop, while in the rear, with sinister insistence, the shrill, crooning cries of the Indians grew perceptibly louder. Danny glanced over his shoulder. His pursuers were close at his heels, riding low down on their unkempt ponies, their lithe, half-naked bodies gleaming like bronze statues, the red and yellow of their war-paint showing up sharply in the strong light of the afternoon.

The boy grew sick at heart, turned once more to the plains in front of him, and uttered a wailing cry of terror.

Before him, almost at his feet, lay a yawning gulf—one of those steep-sided arroyos which begin in a tiny crack, and increase with the storms and frosts of succeeding winters till they form impassable chasms. The one in question was fully fifteen feet in width, and the lad clutched the animal's mane, and waited, numb with horror, for the end. The savages, seeing the unexpected peril which confronted him, broke into a series of triumphant yells. At the same moment, clear and distinct in the still air, came the bugle-notes of the "charge."


The Major threw up his head at the sound; it was the well-remembered war-cry of his young, strong days; it woke an answering echo in his faithful heart, and, with a supreme and final effort of his failing strength, he responded to its command. The muscles on his extended neck grew stiff and tense with energy; his nostrils widened; he laid his small ears back, and gathered his mighty limbs under him. On—on—and up into the air! The lad closed his eyes. There was a crashing, stumbling jar, and then the horse recovered himself and galloped jerkily forward to meet his oncoming mates.

Danny was only vaguely conscious of the singing of the bullets above his head and of the cries of his baffled pursuers as they retreated before the fire of the troopers. He saw his father's face through a mist of long-delayed tears, and a significant silence fell upon the men as they closed about the staggering horse, and their leader lifted his son from the saddle and held him for a brief space against his heart.


Half an hour later, when the rattle of musketry and the crash of the Gatling guns in the sand-bag battery beside the fort had died away, the herd had been recovered, and the Indians had retreated to the shadows of the hills, a small procession wound along the edge of the timber. In the midst of it was a canvas-covered wagon with a red cross on its white sides. About that, armed and watchful, rode the soldiers of L troop. Under its shelter sat the surgeon, and at his feet lay Mackenzie, bandaged and cared for. As the sunlight faded and the evening gun sounded over the plains the little train reached the stockade, the gates opened, and the last of our heroes gained the friendly shelter of the walls.

So ends the story, and it has no moral. Only, if you had seen Danny's mother that evening, as, clinging to the Major's neck, she wept for very joy, you never could doubt the value of fidelity and courage—even in a horse.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.



M for the Music, merry and clear;
E for the Eve, the crown of the year.
R for the Romping of bright girls and boys;
R for the Reindeer that bring them the toys;
Y for the Yule-log softly aglow.



C for the Cold of the sky and the snow;
H for the Hearth where they hang up the hose;
R for the Reel which the old folks propose.
I for the Icicles seen through the pane;
S for the Sleigh-bells, with tinkling refrain.
T for the Tree with gifts all a-bloom;
M for the Mistletoe hung in the room;
A for the Anthems we all love to hear;
S for St Nicholas — joy of the year!





(Fifth story of the series entitled "The City of Stories." Begun in the September number.)

BY FRANK M. BICKNELL.

THE Princess and the Younger Son now were not far from the city gate. So they walked to the gate to see whether the Tower Clock was in sight. The Princess looked one way, and the Younger Son looked the other. At last they saw him striding along.

"Ready to go home?" said the Tower Clock.

"No, indeed," the Princess replied, "we're going back to read another story."

"That's right," said the Clock; "and I'd advise you to try the Chinese quarter."

"Do they have a Chinese quarter here?" asked the Younger Son, in surprise.

"Certainly," said the Tower Clock, pointing.

The Princess and the Younger Son looked toward the quarter to which the Clock pointed,

and saw quaint bamboo roofs, dragon-flags flying, and great paper lanterns. Without another word they turned their steps that way, and soon found beneath their feet the story of

HOP WING AND THE MISSING TREASURE.

During a certain reign in the Shin dynasty, a governor named Queng-te ruled over one of the Eastern Provinces. Governor Queng-te was a very clever fellow, and what is more, he knew it, and what is more yet, he wanted every one else to know it. One morning he felt so especially well pleased with himself that he issued a proclamation to this effect: To any person who should ask him a question that he could not answer correctly, he promised that

there should be paid a reward of a hundred strings of cash.

This offer remained in force a whole year; but as Queng-te never had the least trouble in replying to the questions put to him, the money remained in his treasury. At the beginning of the second year he increased the amount offered to one thousand taels; and it seemed as if he might have promised a great deal more than that with perfect safety, for another twelvemonth went by, and still no one was sharp enough to win the reward.

At this period there lived in one of the districts of the province a worthy scholar whose name was Hop Wing. He was a youth of good sense and great promise, having already passed his first examination with honor, and received his bachelor's degree. But, unfortunately, he was very poor, and was forced to eke out a living by acting as secretary to the magistrate of the district—a man by the name of How-fu. This official was far from being a kind master; and Mr. Wing was obliged to work hard for miserably small pay. Moreover, although How-fu was niggardly enough with his money, he was quite the reverse with his fault-finding and abuse. Whenever he had a chance he would berate his poor secretary roundly, often for the most trifling cause, and sometimes for no cause whatever. The truth is that only by the merest good luck had How-fu passed through his examination and secured his present position, for which in reality he was not at all a fit person; and, knowing that Mr. Wing was a young man of merit and well liked in the district, he was jealous of him, and wanted to keep him crowded back in obscurity. In fact, he would not have been sorry for a chance to put him out of the way altogether.

One day How-fu came to his secretary in a towering rage. He declared he had just missed from his treasury a bag containing the sum of one thousand taels. It had been in a certain place the night before, and now it was gone. No one but Mr. Wing knew where it had been put, consequently, it being no longer there, he must have stolen it.

On hearing this charge the poor secretary was thunderstruck; but as soon as he could

find his voice he protested his innocence vehemently. To what purpose? His words were merely wasted breath. The magistrate would not listen, and would hardly allow him an opportunity to speak at all.

"You thieving rascal!" he cried; "restore the treasure you have stolen, or you shall lose your head. I give you twenty-four hours to decide whether you will surrender the one or the other."

"Alas! how am I to restore that which I have not?" exclaimed the unfortunate Mr. Wing. "I know no more where your money is than does a child just born."

"Oh! then since you have forgotten where you have hidden it," sneered his master, "why do you not go and ask our wise governor about it? No doubt His Excellency will tell you at once where it is; or even should he be unable to do so, he will present you, according to his promise, with the sum of one thousand taels. So in either case you will be in a position to make good what you have taken from me."

Although it grieved him sorely to be charged with a crime he had not committed, nevertheless, seeing that he could not prove his innocence, Mr. Wing found some comfort in these last words of his cruel master. There seemed to lie a way out of the difficulty that was well worth considering.

"Grant me the time to go to the capital and see the governor, and I will do what I can to save my head," said he.

"I give you a week's grace," replied the magistrate. "At the end of that time I must have either my taels or your worthless head. So remember," he added grimly, "it is *head or taels* with you."

The wicked How-fu could afford to joke, for he was very well aware—none better—where the missing bag lay; and as he was quite sure Governor Queng-te could not know anything about the matter, he confidently expected Hop Wing to bring back a thousand taels, which he would then add to his already large hoard.

The next day, accompanied by a guard imposed upon him by How-fu, the unhappy secretary started on his journey up to the capital city of the province. After three days he arrived there safely, and was hastening to present

himself before the wise Queng-te, when a startling piece of news came to his ears. It seemed that on that very morning the governor, who now began to look on himself as the cleverest person in the empire, had again amended his proclamation so as to make it stand in effect as follows:

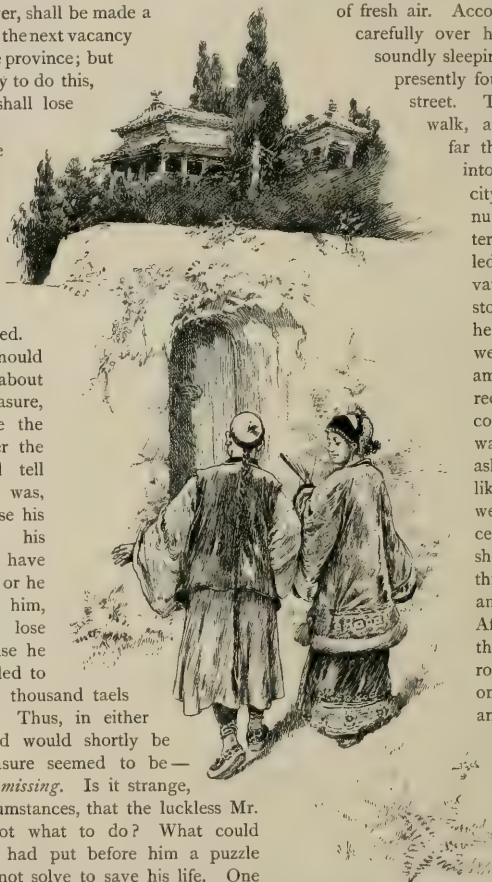
"Whoever shall ask His Excellency a question to which he cannot at once give the correct answer, shall be made a magistrate when the next vacancy shall occur in the province; but whoever shall try to do this, and shall fail, shall lose his head."

Certainly here was a great change in the state of affairs. As the case now rested, unhappy Mr. Wing's life was worth little indeed. Suppose he should ask Queng-te about the lost treasure, what would be the result? Either the governor could tell him where it was, and he must lose his head because his question would have been answered, or he could not tell him, and he must lose his head because he would have failed to restore the one thousand taels to his master. Thus, in either event, his head would shortly be where the treasure seemed to be—that is to say, *missing*. Is it strange, under the circumstances, that the luckless Mr. Wing knew not what to do? What could he do? Fate had put before him a puzzle that he could not solve to save his life. One thing, however, was certain: he was no longer in a hurry to call on Governor Queng-te, for

now nothing was to be gained by such a step, and everything was to be lost.

Filled with despondency, he betook himself to an inn, where he hoped to get a much needed night's rest, for his long journey had greatly fatigued him. But his mind was too full of his troubles to permit of his sleeping, and so, after tossing restlessly for some hours, he resolved to go out and get a breath of fresh air. Accordingly, he stepped carefully over his guard, who lay soundly sleeping by the door, and presently found his way to the street. Then he began to walk, and he walked so

far that finally he came into a new part of the city, where he saw a number of people entering a gateway that led into a large private garden. As he stood looking on, he heard that it was a wedding-party, and among the guests he recognized his pretty cousin whose name was Ning Woo. She asked him if he would like to attend the wedding. On his accepting her invitation, she conducted him through this gateway and into the house. After having passed through several fine rooms, they came into one that was larger and more magnificent than any Mr. Wing had seen hitherto. Here was gathered a numerous company of ladies and gentlemen, all of whom appeared to be persons of consequence. Pres-



"SHE CONDUCTED HIM THROUGH THIS GATEWAY AND INTO THE HOUSE."

ently the bride entered the apartment, attended by a dozen or more young girls, among whom was Miss Ning Woo. The groom being already there, the party now sat down to the wedding-feast, at which the most exquisite meats and wines were served. The guests were in the liveliest spirits, as was quite natural, and merry jests and ripples of laughter were frequently heard, though all the while perfect good-breeding and decorum were maintained.

By and by boiling water was brought in, and fragrant tea was handed about in cups of finest porcelain. Then a number of the young men and young girls arose, and, taking position on the floor, entertained the company by dancing several pleasing figures to the music of flageolets. Each dancer carried a gauze lantern in the shape of a water-lily or some other beautiful flower, and at the close of their dance each in a graceful manner offered a pretty little gift to some one of the spectators. Nobody was forgotten in the distribution: Mr. Wing received a piece of sky-blue silk of fine texture, on which a picture had been painted. This was presented to him by his cousin, Miss Ning.

"I beg you will do me the honor to accept this," said she, with a charming smile. "It is of my own handiwork. If you will hang it on the wall in your room to-night, I hope it may bring you good luck."

In due time, all the festivities being over, the assemblage broke up, and Mr. Wing was shown to the room where he was to pass the remainder of the night. There, recalling the advice of Miss Ning, he hung the little painting on the wall. Then he lay down upon a sleeping-mat, and, forgetting all his tribulations, at once fell into a sound slumber.

After a while he suddenly awoke, and at the same instant his eyes fixed themselves on Miss Ning's gift. Strange to relate, the picture was growing larger. Indeed, it grew so rapidly that in a few moments it covered entirely the wall where it had been hung. In it were several human figures, now of life-size. One of them—that of an old priest—presently stepped out from its place, and thus addressed the astonished Mr. Wing:

"My son, I come to you in this manner that I may do you a service. I know of your diffi-



"WITH HIS MAGIC SWORD HE HEWED AND HACKED AT THE DRAGON'S CLAWS."

culties, and I can put you in a way to extricate yourself from them. I have a brother who is far wiser and more powerful than I, and it is to him that I shall send you for aid. You cannot reach him without some peril, for there are always wicked demons abroad who try to prevent good actions from being done. However, if you will follow my instructions, you will escape with nothing worse than a bad fright. Take this wooden sword, and use it freely in defending yourself. If you should be too sorely pressed, call upon my brother, Ten Shun by name, and he will send you relief."

Having spoken these words, the aged priest returned to the wall, and became again a part of the painting, which then quickly shrank to its original size.

While Mr. Wing was regretting that he had not asked the old gentleman how he was to find his brother, he heard the watchman in the street beating midnight on his wooden gong.

This sound had hardly died away when there came a crashing of glass, and then a small bird, looking much like a bat, flew into the room, and settled down to the floor. It had no sooner alighted than it began to increase in size until, much to Mr. Wing's alarm, it had become a full-fledged dragon, and began to vomit forth flame and smoke in a frightful manner. The fierce creature rushed upon the young man as if bent on his destruction, but the latter instinctively raised his wooden sword and ward off the attack. Finding itself thus baffled, the dragon retreated for a moment, then suddenly dashed down, and seizing Mr. Wing in its claws, flew away, carrying off a part of the house-roof on its back as it did so.

Although considerably frightened, the young man did not lose all his courage. With his magic sword he hewed and hacked at the dragon's claws so vigorously that the creature shortly was forced to drop him to the ground. As soon as he touched earth he put his legs to good use by running away with all his might. Thereupon his enemy changed itself into a huge demon with four heads and eight legs, and started in hot pursuit. By dint of great exertion Mr. Wing succeeded in keeping the lead until he came to a river, which he was much puzzled to know how to cross. As the demon was close upon him, he had no other resort than to pronounce the name of Ten Shun, which he did in a loud voice. Immediately he was changed into a stone, and at the same moment his own shadow appeared on the opposite bank of the river. The demon, arriving on the spot, saw the shadow and stupidly mistook it for the reality. Uttering a howl of rage, he caught up the stone that *was* Hop Wing and cast it across the river after the shadow that *was not* Hop Wing. Thus did the young man reach the other bank, and once there, he was restored to his natural form. But the demon was not easily baffled. When he saw his intended victim making off, he changed himself into a dry leaf and was blown over the river after him. Alighting, he turned back into a demon and continued the chase. Mr. Wing now plunged into a dense wood, but ere long, being hard pressed, he again called upon Ten Shun for assistance. His call was answered,

and he became a thick mist which so obscured everything in the forest that for a few moments the demon was quite nonplussed to think where his prey could have escaped to. But he was by no means at the end of his resources yet. He changed himself into a roaring fire, and soon entirely dried up the mist. As Mr. Wing, in the form of vapor, rose toward the clouds he was transformed into a kite shaped like a dragon and really quite horrible to look upon. His enemy was nothing daunted, however, for he quickly grasped the string and pulled it in until he had the kite fast in his clutches.

When Mr. Wing came back to his natural form, what was his alarm to find that the demon had hung him from the bough of a tree by a stout cord which was tied securely about his



"THE OLD MAN TOOK FROM HIS GIRDLE A SMALL BAMBOO PIPE, AND BLEW INTO IT GENTLY."

neck! Yet, strange to say, although he was dangling helplessly with his feet at some distance from the ground, the knot did not choke

him or cause him any serious discomfort. Still the position was far from being pleasant, and so now for the third time he pronounced the name of Ten Shun. No immediate response came, but as soon as the demon—who evidently thought he had made an end of Hop Wing—had disappeared among the trees, the rope began of itself to lengthen, so that in a few moments the young man was standing on firm earth once more. A touch of the wooden sword released him from his hempen necktie, and he was again free. Just then he suddenly became aware that a venerable man stood before him.

"Hop Wing," said this person, "you have called me, and I am here. You are in trouble, and as I think you deserving of aid, I shall help you."

Whereupon the old man, who was no other than Ten Shun, took from his girdle a small bamboo pipe and blew into it gently. In a moment a pill not much larger than a grain of rice dropped out. This he presented to Hop Wing, saying:

"Swallow this, and by its virtue knowledge shall be yours that will take you safely through all difficulties and dangers."

Mr. Wing put the pill into his mouth, when straightway it seemed to slip down his throat of its own accord. Immediately all his cares and perplexities vanished; and when he turned to thank the old priest he had vanished also. Nor were these the only strange things that came to pass; for all of a sudden Mr. Wing seemed to awake as if from a dream, and on rubbing his eyes he perceived that he had been lying upon the hard ground on a hillside near a large fox-hole. Then he knew he had fallen in with some fox-people, one of whom had assumed the form of his cousin, and that they had befriended him.*

Thanks to the priest's pill, Mr. Wing now could see his course laid out before him plainly. With a light heart he made his way back to the inn, where he found his guard in a sad fright over his supposed escape.

Having refreshed himself with some breakfast, he confidently set out to seek an audience with

the governor, who received him without too much delay. To him he made known the story of the missing treasure, and having done so, he concluded his address in these words:

"Your Excellency will realize therefore that I am in a most awkward dilemma. What I desire to ask is this—and I doubt not your Excellency will be able to give me a correct answer to my question: How am I to get out of my difficulty and yet save my life?"

For the first time since issuing his famous proclamation Queng-te hesitated to reply to a questioner. In truth he was as much puzzled to save his credit as had been Hop Wing the day before to save his life. According to the terms of the proclamation, every questioner whom he answered correctly must forfeit his head; but in this case if the questioner lost his head, then his question would not have been correctly answered. Here was a state of things which, with all his cleverness, the governor had not foreseen. What reply should he make to Mr. Wing's query? The more he cogitated over this matter the more bewildering did it become. Finally, quite at a loss what else to do, he took refuge in an evasion. Assuming an air of great dignity and unutterable wisdom, he said:

"Young man, your undeserved misfortunes touch me deeply; and as I should be loath to add to them by depriving you of your life, I shall consider your question as not asked. I strongly suspect that Magistrate How-fu has treated you with unmerited rigor, and I shall have his affairs looked into at once. Meanwhile, you will remain under my especial protection."

On investigation it was proved not only that How-fu had hidden away the bag of one thousand taels which he had accused his secretary of stealing, but that he had embezzled funds to a large amount. Accordingly he was put to death as a punishment for his wrong-doings; and Mr. Wing, who was quite worthy of the honor, was appointed to the vacant place. And thus was kept Governor's Queng-te's promise that whoever succeeded in puzzling him should be made a magistrate to fill the first vacancy.

* There is a superstition among the Chinese that foxes have the power of taking human shape at will, and are supernaturally gifted to work enchantments for the good or evil of ordinary mortals, as may suit their purposes.

Mirrors of Air



By Tudor Jenks.

THE makers of ancient maps were accustomed to introduce pictures freely. In deserts there would be drawings of lions, and along rivers they made "river-horses," — which is the meaning of the Greek words that were put together to make up "hippopotamus." As for the oceans, they were filled up with any queer monsters that came to hand. Of course these pictures helped to hide great spaces that would otherwise have been staring blanks.

Besides, men understood very little about the strange happenings in the world around them, and invented fairy-tales to explain these mysteries. It is not remarkable, then, that so late as Columbus's time his sailors did not at all like to think of sailing westward into the unknown ocean full of such fabulous creatures and magic happenings. Even with all that wise and studious men have learned since, there is enough to be met with in a long ocean voyage to excite wonder and alarm.

Sailors may see auroras, the strange "Northern Lights," the cause of which is even now little more than guessed at; they may be surrounded by water-spouts, which are not entirely explained as yet; they may meet "tidal" (that is, earthquake) waves, that rise from thirty to sixty feet, or even more, above the surface; they may be amazed by "St. Elmo's fire," the sparkling flames that play about masts and rig-

ging; they may behold lightning in globe-form, sheet flashes, or forked bolts; they are sure to sail through the phosphorescence that has but lately been traced to animal life. Then, too, storms and calms, fogs and moonlight, bring strange sights.

Altogether, the ocean is a wonderland that has new marvels every day; the very color of the sea is hardly twice the same.

Yet, amid all these wonders, to one sight especially is the name "wonderful" applied in many languages — for *mirage*, coming from the Latin through the French, means simply "The Wonderful." Nor is it strange that the mirage should have won this name. Imagine that you are with the two fishermen in the picture on the next page. It is a hot, hazy day, and you are drifting lazily along over a quiet sea, when suddenly you hear an exclamation from one of the sailors. Looking up, you see him pointing above the horizon. Following the gesture, you are amazed at the sight that has made him cry out.

In the sky you see a bark with sails set, while, upside-down, floats its image just below. At times, it is said, the upper rigging also appears in a third image just above the horizon.

That is the *wonderful* sight — the mirage.

Books of adventure have made us all familiar with another form of the mirage. Travelers in the desert are often deceived by the appearance of a lake, upon the borders of which are seen trees

reflected in the glassy surface; but on attempting to approach the water, the thirsty travelers find themselves no nearer to the lake—it seems to tantalize them by keeping just out of reach.

layers of air differently heated. When these rays are so bent as to be almost level with a layer of air, they do not enter it at all, but (so to speak) glance off, and are reflected as if



A MIRAGE, AT SEA.

The cause of the mirage is now well understood—so well understood, that there are ways of making small mirages for experiment.

The simplest explanation that I can give is to say that the rays of light coming from the thing that is seen are bent in going through

from a mirror. Then the air reflects just as a glass mirror or a body of water would, if it lay between the eye and the trees or ship.

This explanation will give you a general idea of the cause of the mirage. In the case of the desert the reflecting air-mirror is believed by

the observer to be water, and the image changes its place as you go forward just as a reflection would move as you advanced on a glass mirror.



A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE REAL COURSE OF THE RAYS OF LIGHT (CURVED LINES), AND THEIR APPARENT COURSE (STRAIGHT LINES).

In the case of the ship, the air-mirror seems to be above you, and reflects the ship which is really out of sight over the horizon. But I do not pretend to explain all about the different images that may possibly be formed under different conditions of the atmosphere—that is a school-room task, and a hard one.

The “fata Morgana” is a form or modification of mirage often seen in the straits that separate the toe of the “boot” of Italy and the island of Sicily, just opposite. When the sun is just at the right position, and sea and air are also ready to help, strange views of objects upon the opposite coast are seen from Calabria—sometimes magnified, and set against a background of colored mists. “Fata Morgana” means the Fairy of the Sea.

It is said that sometimes, during a hot and still summer day, by placing the eye close to the surface of a dry road, a mirage can be seen; but I have never tried it.

Before these and other strange sights were understood and explained, we need not wonder that sailors and travelers held many strange beliefs in regard to them.

MASTER SKYLARK.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

[*Began in the November number.*]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ADMIRAL'S COMPANY.



THE ancient city of Coventry stands upon a little hill, with old St. Michael's steeple and the spire of Holy Trinity church rising above it against the sky; and, as the master-player and the boy came climbing upward from the south, walls, towers, chimneys, and red-tiled roofs were turned to gold by the glow of the setting sun.

To Nick it seemed as if a halo overhung the town—a ruddy glory and a wonder bright; for here the Grey Friars of the great monastery had played their holy mysteries and miracle-plays for over a hundred years; here the trade-guilds had held their pageants when the friars' day was done; here were all the wonders that old men told by winter fires.

People were coming and going through the gates like bees about a hive; and in the distance Nick could hear the sound of many voices, the rush of feet, wheels, and hoofs, and the shrill pipe of music. Here and there were little knots of country folk making holiday—a father and mother with a group of rosy children; a lad and his lass, spruce in new finery, and gay with bits of ribbon,—merry groups that were

ever changing. Gay banners flapped on tall ash staves. The suburb fields were filled with booths and tents and stalls and butts for archery. The very air seemed eager with the eve of holiday.

But what to Nick was breathless wonder was to Carew only a twice-told tale; so he pushed through the crowded thoroughfares, amid a throng that made Nick's head spin round, and came quickly to the Blue Boar Inn.

The court was crowded to the gates with horses, travelers, and serving-men; and here and there and every-

where rushed the busy innkeeper, with a linen napkin fluttering on his arm, his cap half off, and in his hot hand a pewter flagon, from which the brown ale dripped in spatters on his fat legs as he flew.

"They 're here," said Carew, looking shrewdly about; "for there is Gregory Goole, my groom, and Stephen Magelt, the tire-man. In with thee, Nicholas."

He put Nick before him with a little air of patronage, and pushed him into the room.

It was a large, low chamber, with heavy beams overhead, hung with leather jacks and pewter tankards. Around the walls stood rough tables, at which a medley



"THE COURT OF THE BLUE BOAR INN WAS CROWDED TO THE GATES."

of guests sat eating, drinking, dicing, playing at cards, and talking loudly all at once, while the tapster and the cook's knave sped wildly about.

At a great table in the midst of the riot sat the Lord High Admiral's players — a score or

which Nick had never seen before. But all the diners looked up when Carew's face was recognized, and welcomed him with a deafening shout.

He waved his hand for silence.

"Thanks for these kind plaudits, gentle



"MASTER NICHOLAS SKYLARK, THE SWEETEST SINGER IN ALL THE KINGDOM OF ENGLAND!"

more loud-swashing gallants, richly clad in ruffs and bands, embroidered shirts, Italian doublets slashed and laced, Venetian hose, gay velvet caps with jeweled bands, and every man a poniard or a rapier at his hip. Nick felt very much like a little brown sparrow in a flock of gaudy Indian birds.

The board was loaded down with meat and drink; and some of the players were eating with forks, a new trick from the London court,

friends," said he, with a mocking air; "I have returned."

"Yes; we see that ye have, Gaston," they all shouted, and laughed again.

"Ay," said he, thrusting his hand into his pouch, "ye fled, and left me to be spoiled by the spoiler, but ye see I have left the spoiler spoiled."

Lifting his hand triumphantly, he shook in their faces the golden chain that the burgesses

of Stratford had given him, and then, laying his hand upon Nick's shoulder, bowed to them all, and to him with courtly grace, and said: "Be known, be known all! Gentlemen, my Lord Admiral's Players, Master Nicholas Skylark, the sweetest singer in all the kingdom of England!"

Nick's cheeks flushed hotly, and his eyes fell; for they all stared curiously, first at him, and then at Carew standing up behind him, and several grinned mockingly, and winked in a knowing way. He stole a look at Carew; but the master-player's face was frank and quite unmoved, so that Nick felt reassured.

"Why, sirs," said Carew, as some began to laugh and to speak to one another covertly, "it is no jest. He hath a sweeter voice than Cyril Davy's, the best woman's-voice in all London town. Upon my word, it is the sweetest voice a body ever heard—outside of heaven and the holy angels!"—he lowered his tone, and bowed his head a little—"I'll stake mine honour on it!"

"Hast any, Gaston?" called a jeering voice, whereat the whole room roared.

But Carew cried again in a high voice that would be heard above the noise: "Now, hark 'e; what I say is so. It is, upon my word, and on the remnant of mine honour! And to-morrow ye shall see; for Master Skylark is to sing and play with us."

When he had said that, nothing would do but Nick must sit down and eat with them; so they made a place for him and for Master Carew.

Nick bent his head and said a grace, at which some of them laughed, until Carew shook his head with a stern frown; and before he ate he bowed politely to them all, as his mother had taught him to do. They all bowed mockingly, and hilariously offered him wine, which, when he refused, they pressed upon him, until Carew stopped them, saying that he would have no more of that. As he spoke he clapped his hand upon his poniard, and scowled blackly. They all laughed, but offered Nick no more wine; instead, they picked him choice morsels, and made a great deal of him, until his silly young head was quite turned, and he sat up and gave himself a few airs—not many, for

Stratford was no great place in which to pick up airs.

When they had eaten they wanted Nick to sing; but again Carew interposed. "Nay," said he; "he hath just eaten his fill, so he cannot sing. Moreover, he is no jackdaw to screech in such a cage as this. He shall not sing until to-morrow, in the play."

At this some of the leading players who held shares in the venture demurred, doubting if Nick could sing at all; but—"Hark 'e," said Master Carew shortly, clapping his hand upon his poniard, "I say that he can. Do ye take me?"

So they said no more; and shortly after he took Nick away, and left them over their tankards, singing uproariously.

The Blue Boar Inn had not a bed to spare, nor had the players kept a place for Carew; at which he smiled grimly, said he'd not forget it, and took lodgings for himself and Nick at the Three Tuns in the next street.

Nick spoke indeed of his mother's cousin, with whom he had meant to stay, but the master-player protested warmly; so, little loath, and much flattered by the attentions of so great a man, Nick gave over the idea and said no more about it.

When the chamberlain had shown them to their room and they were both undressed, Nick knelt beside the bed and said a prayer, as he always did at home. Carew watched him curiously. It was quiet there, and the light dim; Nick was young, and his yellow hair was very curly. Carew could hear the faint breath murmuring through the boy's lips as he prayed, and while he stared at the little white figure his mouth twitched in a queer way. But he tossed his head, and muttered to himself, "What, Gaston Carew, turning soft? Nay, nay. I'll do it, on my soul I will!" rolled into bed and was soon fast asleep.

As for Nick, what with the excitement of the day, the dazzling fancies in his brain, his tired legs, the weird night noises in the town, and strange, tremendous dreams, he scarce could get to sleep at all; but toward morning he fell into a refreshing doze, and did not wake until the town was loud with May.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MAY-DAY PLAY.

It was soon afternoon. All Coventry was thronged with people keeping holiday, and at the Blue Boar a scene of wild confusion reigned.

Tap-room and hall were crowded with guests; and in the cobbled court horses innumerable stamped and whinnied. The players, with knitted brows, stalked about the quieter nooks, going over their several parts, and looking to their costumes, which were for the most part upon their backs; while the thumping and pounding of the carpenters at work upon the stage in the inn-yard was enough to drive a quiet-loving person wild.

Nick scarcely knew whether he were on his head or on his heels. The master-player would not let him eat at all, after once breaking his fast, for fear it might affect his voice, and had him say his lines a hundred times until he had them pat. Then he was off, directing here, there, and everywhere, until the court was cleared of all that had no business there, and the last sur-reptitious small boy had been duly projected from the gates by Peter Hostler's hobnailed boot.

"Now, Nick," said Carew, coming up all in a gale, and throwing a sky-blue silken cloak about Nick's shoulders, "thou 'lt enter here"; and he led him to a hallway door just opposite the gates. "When Master Whitelaw, as the Duke, calls out, 'How now, who comes?—I 'll match him for the ale!', be quickly in and answer to thy part; and, marry, boy, don't miss thy cues, or—tsst, thy head 's not worth a peascod!" With that he clapped his hand upon his poniard and glared into Nick's eyes, as if to look clear through to the back of the boy's wits. Nick heard his white teeth grind, and was all at once very much afraid of him, for he did indeed look dreadful.

So Nicholas Attwood stood by the entry door, with his heart in his throat, waiting his turn.

He could hear the 'pages in the courtyard outside shouting for stools for their masters, and squabbling over the best places upon the stage. Then the gates creaked and there came

a wild rush of feet and a great crying out as the 'prentices and burghers trooped into the inn-yard, pushing and crowding for places near the stage. Those who had the money bawled aloud for farthing stools. The rest stood jostling in a wrangling crowd upon the ground, while up and down a girl's shrill voice went all the time, crying high, "Cherry ripe, cherry ripe! Who 'll buy my sweet May cherries?"

Then there was another shout and a rattling tread of feet along the wooden balconies that ran around the walls of the inn-yard, and cries from the apprentices below: "Good-day, fair Master Harrington! Good-day, Sir Thomas Parkes! Good-day, sweet Mistress Nettleby and Master Nettleby! Good-day, good-day, good-day!" for the richer folk were coming in at twopence each, and all the galleries were full. And then he heard the baker's boy with sugared cakes and ginger-nuts go stamping up the stairs.

The musicians in the balcony overhead were tuning up. There was a flute, a viol, a gittern, a fiddle, and a drum; and behind the curtain, just outside the door, Nick could hear the master-player's low voice giving hasty orders to the others.

So he said his lines all over to himself, and cleared his throat. Then on a sudden a shutter opened high above the orchestra, a trumpet blared, the kettledrum crashed, and he heard a loud voice shout:

"Good citizens of Coventry, and high-born gentles all: know ye now that we, the players of the company of His Grace, Charles, Lord Howard, High Admiral of England, Ireland, Wales, Calais, and Boulogne, the marches of Normandy, Gascony, and Aquitaine, Captain-General of the Navy and the Seas of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen—"

At that the crowd in the courtyard cheered and cheered again.

"—will, with your kind permission, play forthwith the laughable comedy of 'The Three Grey Gowns,' by Master Thomas Heywood, in which will be spoken many good things, old and new, and a brand-new song will be sung. Now, hearken all—the play begins!"

The trumpet blared, the kettledrum crashed again, and as a sudden hush fell over the throng

without, Nick heard the voices of the players going on.

It was a broad farce, full of loud jests and nonsense, a great thwacking of sticks and tumbling about; and Nick, with his eye to the crack of the door, listened with all his ears for his cue, far too excited even to think of laughing at the rough jokes, though the crowd in the inn-yard roared till they held their sides.

Carew came hurrying up with an anxious look in his restless eyes.

"Ready, Nicholas!" said he sharply, taking Nick by the arm and lifting the latch. "Go straight down front now, as I told thee — mind thy cues — speak boldly — sing as thou didst sing for me — and if thou wouldst not break mine heart, do not fail me now! I have staked it all upon thee here — and we *must* win!"

"How now, who comes?" Nick heard a loud voice call outside — the door-latch clicked behind him — he was out in the open air and down the stage before he quite knew where he was.

The stage was built against the wall just opposite the gates. It was but a temporary platform of planks laid upon trestles. One side of it was against the wall, and around the three other sides the crowd was packed close to the platform rail.

At the ends, upon the boards, several wealthy gallants sat on high three-legged stools, within arm's reach of the players acting there. The courtyard was a sea of heads, and the balconies were filled with gentlefolk in holiday attire, eating cakes and chaffing gaily at the play. All was one bewildered cloud of staring eyes to Nick, and the only thing which he was sure he saw was the painted sign that hung upon the curtain at the rear, which in the lack of other scenery announced in large red print: "This is a Room in Master Jonah Jackdawe's House."

And then he heard the last quick words, "I'll match him for the ale!" and started on his lines.

It was not that he said so ill what little he had to say, but that his voice was homelike and familiar in its sound, one of their own, with no amazing London accent to the words

— just the speech of every-day, the sort that they all knew.

First, some one in the yard laughed out — a shock-headed ironmonger's apprentice, "Whoy, bullies, there be hayseed in his hair. 'Tis took off pasture over-soon. I fecks! they've plucked him green!"

There was a hoarse, exasperating laugh. Nick hesitated in his lines. The player at his back tried to prompt him, but only made the matter worse, and behind the green curtain at the door a hand went "clap" upon a dagger-hilt. The play lagged, and the crowd began to jeer. Nick's heart was full of fear and of angry shame that he had dared to try. Then all at once there came a brief pause, in which he vaguely realized that no one spoke. The man behind him thrust him forward, and whispering wrathfully, "Quick, quick — sing up, thou little fool!" stepped back and left him there alone.

A viol overhead took up the time, the gittern struck a few sharp notes. This unexpected music stopped the noise, and all was still. Nick thought of his mother's voice singing on a summer's evening among the hollyhocks, and as the viol's droning died away he drew a deep breath and began to sing the words of "Heywood's newest song":

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day;
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow!

It was only a part of a madrigal, the air to which they had fitted the words — the same air that Nick had sung in the woods — a thing scarce meant ever to be sung alone, a simple strain, a few plain notes, and at the close one brief, queer, warbling trill like a bird's wild song, that rose and fell and rose again like a silver ripple.

The instruments were still; the fresh young voice came out alone, and it was done so soon that Nick hardly knew that he had sung at all. For a moment no one seemed to breathe. Then there was a very great noise, and all the court seemed hurling at him. A man upon the stage sprang to his feet. What they were going to do to him Nick did not know. He

gave a frightened cry, and ran past the green curtain, through the open door, and into the master-player's excited arms.

"Quick, quick!" cried Carew. "Go back, go back! There, hark!—dost not hear them call? Quick, out again—they call thee back!" With that he thrust Nick through the door. The man upon the stage came up, slipped something into his hand—Nick, all bewildered, knew not what; and there he stood, quite stupefied, not knowing what to do. Then Carew came out hastily and led him down the stage, bowing, and pressing his hand to his heart, and smiling like a summer sunrise; so that Nick, seeing this, did the same, and bowed as neatly as he could; though, to be sure, his was only a simple country-bred bow, and no such ceremonious to-do as Master Carew's courtly London obeisance.

Every one was standing up and shouting so that not a soul could hear his ears, until the iron-monger's apprentice bellowed above the rest; "Whoy, bullies!" he shouted, amid a chorus of cheers and laughter, "did n't I say 't was catched out in the fields—it be a skylark, sure enough! Come, Muster Skylark, sing that song again, an' thou shalt ha' my brand-new cap!"

Then many voices cried out together, "Sing it again! The Skylark—the Skylark!"

Nick looked up, startled. "Why, Master Carew," said he, with a tremble in his voice, "do they mean me?"

Carew put one hand beneath Nick's chin and turned his face up, smiling. The master-player's cheeks were flushed with triumph, and his dark eyes danced with pride: "Ay, Nicholas Skylark; 't is thou they mean."

The viol and the music came again from overhead, and when they ceased Nick sang the little song once more. And when the master-player had taken him outside, and the play was over, some fine ladies came and kissed him, to his great confusion; for no one but his mother or his kin had ever done so before, and these had much perfume about them, musk and rose-attar, so that they smelled like rose-mallows in July. The players of the Lord Admiral's company were going about shaking hands with Carew and with each other as if

they had not met for years, and slapping one another upon the back; and one came over, a tall, solemn, black-haired man, he who had written the song, and stood with his feet apart and stared at Nick, but spoke never a word, which Nick thought was very singular. But as he turned away he said, with a world of pity in his voice, "And I have writ two hundred plays, yet never saw thy like. Lad, lad, thou art a jewel in a wild swine's snout!" which Nick did not understand at all; nor why Master Carew said so sharply, "Come, Heywood, hold thy blabbing tongue; we are all in the same sty."

"Speak for thyself, Gat Carew!" answered Master Heywood firmly. "I 'll have no hand in this affair, I tell thee once for all!"

Master Carew flushed queerly and bit his lip, and, turning hastily away, took Nick to walk about the town. Nick then, for the first time, looked into his hand to see what the man upon the stage had given him. It was a gold rose-noble.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER THE PLAY.

THROUGH the high streets of the third city of the realm Master Gaston Carew strode as if he were a very king, and Coventry his kingdom.

There was music everywhere,—of pipers and fiddlers, drums, tabrets, flutes, and horns,—and there were dancing bears upon the corners, with minstrels, jugglers, chapmen crying their singsong wares, and such a mighty hurly-burly as Nick had never seen before. And wherever there was a wonder to be seen, Carew had Nick see it, though it cost a penny a peep, and lifted him to watch the fencing and quarter-staff play in the market-place. And at one of the gay booths he bought gilt ginger-nuts and caraway cakes with currants on the top, and gave them all to Nick, who thanked him kindly, but said, if Master Carew pleased, he 'd rather have his supper, for he was very hungry.

"Why, to be sure," said Carew, and tossed a silver penny for a scramble to the crowd; "thou shalt have the finest supper in the town."

Whereupon, bowing to all the great folk they

met, and being bowed to most politely in return, they came to the Three Tuns.

to think that there was not in all the world another gentleman so grand as Master Gaston



"NICK THOUGHT OF HIS MOTHER'S SINGING ON A SUMMER'S EVENING—DREW A DEEP BREATH AND BEGAN TO SING."

Stared at by a hundred curious eyes, made way for everywhere, and followed by wondering exclamations of envy, it was little wonder that Nick, a simple country lad, at last began

Carew, and also to have a pleasant notion that Nicholas Attwood was no bad fellow himself.

The lordly innkeeper came smirking and

bobbing obsequiously about, with his freshest towel on his arm, and took the master-player's order as a dog would take a bone.

"Here, sirrah," said Carew haughtily; "fetch us some repast, I care not what, so it be wholesome food—a green Banbury cheese, some simnel bread and oat-cakes; a pudding, hark 'e, sweet and full of plums, with honey and a paste—a meat paste, marry, a paste made of fat and toothsome eels; and moreover, fellow, ale to wash it down—none of thy penny ale, mind ye, too weak to run out of the spigot, but snapping good brew—dost take me?—with beef and mustard, tripe, herring, and a good fat capon broiled to a turn!"

The innkeeper gaped like a fish.

"How now, sirrah? Dost think I cannot pay thy score?" quoth Carew sharply.

"Nay, nay," stammered the host; "but, sir, where—where will ye put it all without bursting into bits?"

"Be off with thee!" cried Carew sharply. "That is my affair. Nay, Nick," said he, laughing at the boy's astonished look; "we shall not burst. What we do not have to-night, we 'll have in the morning. 'T is the way with these inns—to feed the early birds with scraps—so the more we leave from supper the more we 'll have for breakfast. And thou wilt need a good breakfast to ride on all day long."

"Ride?" exclaimed Nick. "Why, sir, I was minded to walk back to Stratford, and keep my gold rose-noble whole."

"Walk?" cried the master-player scornfully. "Thou, with thy golden throat? Nay, Nicholas, thou shalt ride to-morrow like a very king, if I have to pay for the horse myself, twelve pence the day!" and with that he began chuckling, as if it were a joke.

But Nick stood up, and bowing, thanked him gratefully; at which the master-player went from chuckling to laughing, and leered at Nick so oddly that the boy would have thought him tipsy, save that there had been nothing yet to drink. And a queer sense of uneasiness came creeping over him as he watched the master-player's eyes opening and shutting, opening and shutting, so that one moment he seemed to be staring and the next almost asleep; though all the while his keen

dark eyes peered out from between the lids like old dog-foxes from their holes, looking Nick over from head to foot, and from foot to head again, as if measuring him with an ell-wand.

When the supper came, filling the whole table and the sideboard too, Nick arose to serve the meat as he was used at home; but, "Nay, Nicholas Skylark, my honey-throat," cried Carew, "sit thee down! Thou wait on me—thou songster of the silver tongue? Nay, nay, sweetheart, the knave shall wait on thee, or I 'll wait on thee myself—I will, upon my word! Why, Nick, I tell thee I love thee, and dost think I 'd let thee wait or walk—nay, nay, thou 'lt ride to-morrow like a king, and have all Stratford wait for thee!" At this he chuckled so that he almost choked upon a mouthful of bread and meat.

"Canst ride, Nicholas?"

"Fairly, sir."

"Fairly? Fie, modesty! I warrant thou canst ride like a very centaur. What sayest—I 'll ride a ten-mile race with thee to-morrow as we go?"

"Why," cried Nick, "are ye going back to Stratford to play, after all?"

"To Stratford? Nay; not for a bushel of good gold Harry shovel-boards! Bah! That town is ratsbane and nightshade in my mouth! Nay, we 'll not go back to Stratford town; but we shall ride a piece with thee, Nicholas,—we shall ride a piece with thee."

Chuckling again to himself, he fell to upon the paste and said no more.

Nick held his peace, as he was taught to do unless first spoken to; but he could not help thinking that stage-players, and master-players in particular, were very queer folk.

CHAPTER XI.

DISOWNED.

NIGHT came down on Stratford town that last sweet April day, and the pastured kine came lowing home. Supper-time passed, and the cool stars came twinkling out; but still Nick Attwood did not come.

"He hath stayed to sleep with Robin, Mas-



"SOME FINE LADIES CAME AND KISSED HIM, TO HIS GREAT CONFUSION."

ter Burgess Getley's son," said Mistress Attwood, standing in the door, and staring out into the dusk; "he is often lonely here."

"He should ha' telled thee on it, then," said Simon Attwood. "This be no way to do. I've a mind to put him to a trade."

"Nay, Simon," protested his wife; "he may be careless—he is young yet—but Nicholas is a good lad. Let him have his schooling out—he 'll be the better for it."

pleaded Mistress Attwood. "Who knows what hath happened to him? He must be hurt, or he 'd 'a come home to his mother"—and she began to wring her hands. "He may ha' fallen

from a tree, and lieth all alone out on the hill—or, Simon, the Avon! Thou dost na think our lad be drowned?"

"Fudge!" said Simon Attwood. "Born to hang 'll never drown!"

When, however, the next day crept around and still his son did not come home, a doubt stole into the tanner's own heart. Yet when his wife was for starting out to seek some tidings of the boy, he stopped her wrathfully.

"Nay, Margaret," said he; "thou shalt na go traipsing around the town like a hen wi' but one chick. I wull na ha' thee made a laughing-stock by all the fools in Stratford."

But as the third day rolled around, about the middle of the after-

noon the tanner himself sneaked out at the back door of his tannery in Southam's lane, and went up into the town.

"Robin Getley," he asked at the guild-school door, "was my son wi' thee overnight?"

"Nay, Master Attwood. Has he not come back?"

"Come back? From where?"

Robin hung his head.

"From where?" demanded the tanner.

"Come, boy!"

"From Coventry," said Robin, knowing that the truth would out at last, anyway.

"He went to see the players, sir," spoke



"HOW NOW, SIRRAH! DOST THINK I CANNOT PAY THE SCORE?"

"Then let him show it as he goes along," said Attwood, grimly, as he blew the candle out.

But May-day dawned; mid-morning came, mid-afternoon, then supper-time again; and supper-time crept into dusk—and still no Nicholas Attwood.

His mother grew uneasy; but his father only growled: "We 'll reckon up when he cometh home. Master Brunwood tells me he was na at the school the whole day yesterday—and he be feared to show his face. I 'll fear him with a bit of birch!"

"Do na be too hard with the lad, Simon,"

up Hal Saddler briskly, not heeding Robin's stealthy kick. "He said he 'd bide wi' Diccon Haggard overnight; an' he said he wished he were a master-player himself, sir, too."

Simon Attwood, frowning blackly, hurried on. *It was* Nick, then, whom he had seen crossing the market-square.

Wat Raven, who swept Clopton bridge, had seen two boys go up the Warwick road. "One were thy Nick, Muster Attwood," said he, thumping the dirt from his broom across the coping-stone; "and the other were Dawson's Hodge."

The angry tanner turned again into the market-place. His brows were knit, and his eyes were hot, yet his step was heavy and slow. Above all things, he hated disobedience, yet in his surly way he loved his only son; and far worse than disobedience, he hated that *his* son should disobey.

Astride a beam in front of Master Thompson's house sat Roger Dawson. Simon Attwood took him by the collar none too gently.

"Here, leave be!" choked Roger, wriggling hard; but the tanner's grip was like iron. "Wert thou in Coventry May-day?" he asked sternly.

"Nay, that I was na," sputtered Hodge. "A plague on Coventry!"

"Do na lie to me—thou wert there wi' my son Nicholas."

"I was na," snarled Hodge, angered by the accusation. "Nick Attwood threshed me in the Warrick road; an' I be no dawg to follow at the heels o' folks as threshes me."

"Where be he, then?" demanded Attwood, with a sudden sinking at heart in spite of his wrath.

"How should I know? A went away wi' a play-acting fellow in a plum-colored cloak; and play-acting fellow said a loved him like a's own, and patted a's back, and flung me hard names, like stones at a lost dawg. Now le' me go, Muster Attwood—cross my heart, 't is all I know!"

"Is 't Nicholas ye seek, Master Attwood?" asked Tom Carpenter, turning from his fleurs-de-lis. "Why, sir, he 's gone got famous, sir. I was in Coventry mysel' May-day; and—why, sir, Nick was all the talk! He sang there at



"ONE WERE THY NICK, MUSTER ATTWOOD," SAID HE."

the Blue Boar inn-yard with the Lord High Admiral's players, and took a part in the play; and, sir, ye 'd scarce believe me, but the people went just daft to hear him sing, sir."

Simon Attwood heard no more. He walked

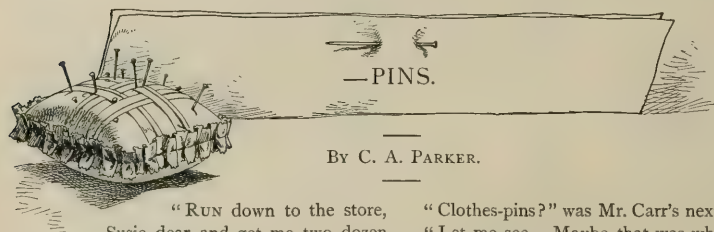
down High street in a daze. With hard men bitter blows strike doubly deep. He stopped before the guildhall school. The clock struck five; each iron clang seemed beating upon his heart. He raised his hand as if to shut the clangor out, and then his face grew stern and hard. "He hath gone his own wilful way," said he bitterly. "Let him follow it to the end."

Mistress Attwood came to meet him, running in the garden-path. "Nicholas?" was all that she could say. "Never speak to me of him

again," he said, and passed her by into the house. "He hath gone away with a pack of stage-playing rascals and vagabonds, whither no man knoweth."

Taking the heavy Bible down from the shelf, he lit a rushlight at the fire, although it was still broad daylight, and sat there with the great book open in his lap until the sun went down and the chill night wind crept in along the floor, yet he could not read a single word and never turned a page.

(To be continued.)



BY C. A. PARKER.

"RUN down to the store, Susie dear, and get me two dozen clothes-pins, please," said Mrs. Wynn, one morning. "Go just as quickly as you can. I am in a great hurry."

Susie put down her doll, and rose rather unwillingly.

"Oh, dear!" she said to herself. "I wish I did n't have to go! It's so far, and Dorothea needs her new dress this very afternoon!"

But just then she caught sight of Lou Arnold going by. Lou lived near the store.

Susie seized her hat, and rushed out of the door.

"Lou, w-a-i-t!" she screamed; and in a few moments the two little girls were hurrying along together, chattering like a pair of magpies.

The way did n't seem at all long; but when Susie had bidden Lou good-by and stepped into the store, and Mr. Carr inquired what she wanted, she did n't know.

"It was some sort of pins," she said; "but I don't think it was just the common kind. They had a first name, I'm sure."

"Hair-pins?" suggested Mr. Carr.

"Oh, yes; I guess it was. No; I don't b'lieve it was hair-pins, either."

"Clothes-pins?" was Mr. Carr's next inquiry.

"Let me see. Maybe that was what mama said. I don't quite think it was, though."

"Can't you remember whether she said a box, or a paper, or so many dozen?" he asked.

"No; I can't remember anything but just *pins*," she replied, mournfully.

"Well, then, I'm afraid you will have to go home and find out what is wanted, won't you?" said Mr. Carr.

"I s'pose so," sighed the little girl; "but mama is in a norful hurry. I think prob'ly she'll scold. She says I'm dre'ful careless."

Mr. Carr thought a minute. He and Susie were great friends, and he did n't wish her to be scolded—even if she was rather careless. He was sorry to have Mrs. Wynn annoyed by the delay, too; so, as Susie started dejectedly for the door, he called her back.

"Wait," he said; "we'll try to manage this affair."

He put some clothes-pins into a bag, then he took a paper of common pins, and one of safety-pins, two hat-pins, and a box of hair-pins, and wrapped them up.

Then he wrote a little note, which ran:

MY DEAR MRS. WYNN: Susie says you are "in a norful hurry" for some kind of pins, but she has forgotten just what kind; so, to save time, I send you a variety to choose from, hoping the right sort may be among them.

I do not have ten-pins or lynch-pins, and will not send a breast-pin or rolling-pin, as Susie is sure of just one thing, and that is that you said "pins."

Yours very respectfully,

J. F. CARR.

"And here, miss," he said, severely, "take this to help your memory"; and he handed her a stick of candy.

Susie's face beamed with joy and she thanked him heartily as she ran off with her parcels.

"What in the world—!" exclaimed Mrs. Wynn when she unrolled the paper.

"Here 's a letter that tells about it," said Susie hastily, handing her mother the note.

Mrs. Wynn laughed as she read it, at which the little girl looked greatly relieved.

"I 'll remember next time, mama," she said, nodding her head wisely; "truly I will."



COUSIN ANITA'S SURPRISE.

BY ELEANOR ROOT.

DOÑA SOFIA LAURA MICAELA SILVA DE PERALTA DE LA CORDOBA DE SANCHEZ É YBARRA DE ESCOBEDA had never seen any snow before. In the sunny land where she was born, the roses bloomed their sweetest in mid-winter, and the nearest approach to a snow-bank had been the hedge of great, white callas in the back-yard. Therefore when she saw myriads of downy flakes fluttering from the sky in the new, strange land which she now called home, her wonder and delight knew no bounds.

"Oh, mama," she cried, running to the window, "I want to get some!" But her mama only shook her head, and said it was too cold to go outdoors.

The little girl stood contentedly a long, long time watching the fairy, winged things. She did not notice when her mama left the room; but, at last, turning to speak to her, found herself alone. Presently a thought struck her. Yes, she would do it! She glanced around. There was no one in sight.

Seizing her pail, which she had so often filled with sand on the shores of the far-away Pacific, she opened the door and ran out. Scurrying across the yard to where a drift gleamed white and cold in the morning sun, she scooped up a bucketful of the shining crystals and hurried

back into the house. The journey was repeated again and again.

Her dolls had all been dressed and redressed, and the box of pretty bits of ribbons and laces, which grandma had given her for the numerous family, had been looked over again and again, but still she was not happy. Her throat felt queer,—and her heart, too, when she thought of how she had disobeyed her mama—her good, kind mama! Oh, why had she not waited?

After dinner, she crept softly upstairs. Her mama stood in the south room, motionless, her looks betokening the utmost amazement. On the pretty, light carpet, all around, were stains as of a recent flood; and from some limp, dejected-looking pasteboard boxes on the dresser drops of grayish water were oozing.

The little girl stood breathless for a moment; then she ran across the room to a trunk which stood in the corner. It was empty.

"Mama, mama!" she cried in dismay, the tears starting to her eyes as she gazed from the empty trunk to the scene of desolation about her. "It was to be a lovely birthday surprise for Cousin Anita—and now it 's all gone!"

And little Doña Sofia Laura Micaela Silva de Peralta de la Cordoba de Sanchez é Ybarra de Escobeda sobbed afresh.

A BOY I KNEW.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

II.

THE Boy's earliest attempts at versification were found, the other day, in an old desk, and at the end of almost half a century. The copy is in his own boyish, ill-spelled print; and it bears no date. The present owner, his Aunt Henrietta, well remembers the circumstances and the occasion, however, having been an active agent in the acts the poem describes, although she avers that she had no hand in its composition. The original, it seems, was transcribed by The Boy upon the cover of a soap-box, which served as a headstone to one of the graves in his pets' burying-ground, situated in the back-yard of the Hudson Street house, from which he was taken before he was nine years of age. The monument stood against the fence, and this is the legend it bore—rhyme, rhythm, meter, and orthography being carefully preserved:

Three little kitens of our old cat
Were berrid this day in this
grassplat.
They came to there deth in
an old water pale,
And after loosing their breth
They were pulled out by
the tale.
These three little kitins have
returned to their maker,
And were put in the grave by
The Boy,
Undertaker.

As about this period The Boy officiated at the funeral of another cat, but in a somewhat more exalted capacity. It was the Cranes' cat, at Red Hook, a Maltese who always had yellow kittens. The Boy does not remember the cause of the cat's death, but he thinks that Uncle Andrew Knox ran over her, with the "dyspepsia-wagon,"—so called because it had no springs. Anyway, the cat died, and had to be buried.

The grave was dug in the garden of the tavern, near the swinging-gate to the stable, and the whole family attended the services. Jane Purdy, in a deep crape veil, was the chief mourner, The Boy's aunts were pall-bearers, in white scarves, The Boy was the clergyman, while the kittens—who did not look at all like the mother—were on hand in a funeral basket, with black shoestrings tied around their necks. The ceremony was most impressive; the bereaved kittens were loud in their grief; when, suddenly, the village bell tolled for the death of an old gentleman whom everybody loved, and the comedy became a tragedy. The older children were conscience-stricken at the mummery, and they ran, demoralized and shocked, into the house, leaving The Boy and the kittens behind them. Jane Purdy tripped over her veil, and one of the kittens was stepped on in the crush. But The Boy proceeded with the funeral.

Among the many bumps which are still conspicuously absent in The Boy's phrenological development are the bumps of Music and Locality. He whistled as soon as he acquired front teeth; and he has been singing "God Save the Queen" at the St. Andrew's Society dinners, on November the 30th, ever since he came of age. But that is as far as his sense of harmony goes. He took music-lessons for three quarters, and then his mother gave it up in despair. The instrument was a piano. The Boy could not stretch an octave with his right hand, the little finger of which had been broken by a shinny-stick; and he could not do anything whatever with his left hand. He was constantly dropping his bass-notes, which, he said, were "understood." And even Miss Ferguson—most patient of teachers—declared that it was of no use.

The piano to The Boy has been the most offensive of instruments ever since. And when

his mother's old piano, graceful in form, and with curved legs that are still greatly admired, lost its tone, and was transformed into a sideboard,



MUSIC - LESSONS.

he felt, for the first time, that music had charms.

He had to practise half an hour a day, by a thirty-minute sand-glass that could *not* be set ahead; and he shed tears enough over "The Carnival of Venice" to have raised the tide in the Grand Canal. They blurred the sharps and the flats on the music-books — those tears; they ran the crotchets and the quavers together, and, rolling down his cheeks, they even splashed upon his not very clean little hands.

Another serious trial to The Boy was dancing-school. In the first place, he could not turn round without becoming dizzy; in the second place, he could not learn the steps to turn round with; and in the third place, when he did dance, he had to dance with a girl! There was not a boy in all Charraud's, or in all Dodworth's, who could escort a girl back to her

seat, after the dance was over, in better time, or make his "thank-you" bow with less delay. His only voluntary terpsichorean effort at a party was the march to supper; and the only steps he ever took with anything like success were during the promenade in the Lancers. In "hands-all-round" he invariably started with the wrong hand; and if in the set there were girls big enough to wear long dresses, he never failed to tear such out at the gathers. If anybody fell down, it was always The Boy; and if anybody bumped into anybody else, The Boy was always the bumper, unless his partner could hold him up and steer him straight.

Games, at parties, he enjoyed more than dancing, although he did not care very much for "Pillows and Keys," until he became courageous enough to kneel before somebody besides his maiden aunts. "Porter" was less embarrassing, because, when the door was shut, nobody but the little girl who called him out could tell whether he kissed her or not. All this happened a long time ago!

The only social function in which The Boy took any interest whatever was the making of New Year's calls. Not that he cared to make New Year's calls in themselves, but because he wanted to make



A NEW YEAR'S CALL.

more New Year's calls than were made by any other boy. His "list," based upon last year's list, was commenced about February 1; and it contained the names of every person whom The Boy knew or thought he knew, whether that person knew The Boy or not, from Mrs. Penrice, who boarded opposite the Bowling Green, to the Leggats and the Faures, who lived near Washington Parade Ground, the extreme social limit of his city in those days. He usually began by making a formal call upon his own mother, who allowed him to taste the pickled oysters as early as ten in the morning; and he invariably wound up by calling upon Ann Hughes in the kitchen, where he met the soap-fat man, who was above his profession, and likewise the sexton of Ann Hughes's church, who generally came with Billy, the barber on the corner of Franklin Street. There were certain calls The Boy always made with his father, during which he did not partake of pickled oysters; but he had pickled oysters everywhere else; and they never seemed to do him any serious harm. The Boy, if possible, kept his new overcoat until New Year's day —

gave him the bloodstone seal-ring, which, at first, was too big for his little finger,—the only finger on which a seal-ring *could* be worn,—and had to be made temporarily smaller with a piece of string.

When he received, the next New Year, new studs and a scarf-pin,—all bloodstones, to match the ring,—he exhibited no little ingenuity of toilet in displaying them both, because studs are hardly visible when one wears a scarf, unless the scarf is kept out of the perpendicular by stuffing one end of it into the sleeve of a jacket, which requires constant attention and a good deal of bodily contortion.

When The Boy met Johnny Robertson or Joe Stuart making calls, they never recognized each other, except when they were calling together, which did not often occur. It was an important rule in their code to appear as strangers *indoors*, although they would wait for each other outside, and compare lists. When they *did* present themselves collectively in any drawing-room, one boy—usually The Boy's cousin Lew—was detailed to whisper "T. T." when he considered that the proper limit of the call was reached. "T. T." stood for "Time to Travel"; and at the signal all conversation was abruptly interrupted, and the party trooped out in single file. The idea was not original with the boys. It was borrowed from the Hook and Ladder Company, which made all *its* calls in a body, and in two of Kipp and Brown's stages, hired for the entire day. The boys always walked.

The very first time The Boy went out alone he got lost! Told not to go off the block, he walked as far as the corner of Leonard Street, put his arm around the lamp-post, swung himself in a circle, had his head turned the wrong way, and marched off, at a right angle, along the side street, with no home visible anywhere, and not a familiar sign in sight. A ship at sea without a rudder, a solitary wanderer in the Great American Desert without a compass, could not have been more utterly astray. The Boy was so demoralized that he forgot his name and address; and when a kindly policeman picked him up, and carried him over the way to the Leonard Street station-house for identification, he felt as if the end of everything had



READY FOR A NEW YEAR'S CALL.

and he never left it in the hall when he called! He always wore new green kid gloves—why green?—fastened at the wrist with a single hook and eye; and he never took off his kid gloves when he called, except on that particular New Year's day when his Aunt Charlotte

come. It was bad enough to be arrested, but how was he to satisfy his own conscience, and explain matters to his mother, when it was discovered that he had broken his solemn promise, and crossed the street! He had no pocket-handkerchief; and he remembers that he spoiled the long silk streamers of his Glengarry bonnet by wiping his eyes upon them. He was recognized by his Forty-second-plaid gingham frock, a familiar object in the neighborhood, and he was carried back to his parents, who had not had time to miss him, and who, consequently, were not distracted. He lost nothing by the adventure but himself, his self-respect, a pint of tears — and one shoe.

He was afterwards lost in Greenwich Street, having gone there on the step of an ice-cart; and once he was conveyed as far as the Hudson River Railroad Depot, at Chambers Street, on his sled, which he had hitched to the milkman's wagon, and could not untie. This was very serious indeed, for The Boy realized that he had not only lost himself, but his sleigh too. Aunt Henrietta found The Boy sitting disconsolately in front of Wall's bake-shop; but the sleigh did not turn up for several days. It was finally discovered, badly scratched, in the possession of "The Head of the Rovers."

"The Hounds" and "The Rovers" were rival bands of boys, not in The Boy's set, who for many years made outdoor life miserable to The Boy and his friends. They threw stones and mud at each other, and at everybody else; and The Boy was not infrequently blamed for the windows they broke. They punched all the little boys who were better dressed than they were, and they were depraved enough and mean enough to tell the driver every time The Boy or Johnny Robertson attempted to "cut behind."

There was also a band of unattached guerrillas who aspired to be, and often pretended to be, either "Hounds" or "Rovers" — they did not care which. They always hunted in couples, and if they met The Boy alone, they asked him to which of the organizations he himself belonged. If he said he was a "Rover," they claimed to be "Hounds," and pounded him. If he declared himself in sympathy with the "Hounds," they hoisted the

"Rovers'" colors, and punched him again. If he disclaimed both associations, they punched him anyway, on general principles. "The Head of the Rovers" was subsequently killed, in front of Tom Riley's liberty-pole in Franklin Street, in a firemen's riot, and "The Chief of the Hounds," who had a club-foot, became a respectable egg-merchant, with a stand in Washington Market, near the Root-beer Woman's place of business, on the south side. The Boy met two of the gang near the Desbrosses Street Ferry only the other day; but they did not recognize The Boy.

The only spot where The Boy felt really safe from the interference of these clans was in St. John's Square, that delightful oasis in the desert of brick and mortar and cobblestones which was known as the Fifth Ward. It was a private inclosure, bounded on the north by Laight Street, on the south by Beach Street, on the east by Varick Street, and on the west by Hudson Street; and its site is now occupied by the great freight-warehouses of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company.

In the "fifties," and long before, it was a private park, to which only the property-owners in its immediate neighborhood had access. It possessed fine old trees, winding gravel walks, and meadows of grass. In the center was a fountain, whereupon, in the proper season, the children were allowed to skate on both feet, which was a great improvement over the one-foot gutter-slides outside. The park was surrounded by a high iron railing, broken here and there by massive gates, to which The Boy had a key. But he always climbed over. It was a point of etiquette, in The Boy's set, to climb over on all occasions, whether the gates were unlocked or not. And The Boy, many a time, has been known to climb over a gate, although it stood wide open! He not infrequently tore his clothes on the sharp spikes by which the gates were surmounted; but that made no difference to The Boy — until he went home!

The Boy once had a fight in the park, with Bill Rice, about a certain *lignum-vitæ* peg-top, of which The Boy was very fond, and which Bill Rice kicked into the fountain. The Boy got mad, which was wrong and foolish of The Boy; and The Boy, also, got licked. And The Boy

never could make his mother understand why he was silly and careless enough to cut his under lip by knocking it against Bill Rice's knuckles. Bill subsequently apologized by saying that he did not mean to kick the top into the fountain. He merely meant to kick the top. And it was all made up.

The Boy did not fight much. His nose was too long. It seemed that he could not reach the end of it with his fists when he fought; and that the other fellows could always reach it with theirs, no matter how far out or how

the autumn and winter months; for he could then gather "smoking-beans" and horse-chestnuts; and he could roam at will all over the grounds without any hateful warning to "Keep Off the Grass."

The old gardener, generally a savage defender of the place, who had no sense of humor as it was exhibited in boy nature, sometimes let the boys rake the dead leaves into great heaps and make bonfires of them, if the wind happened to be in the right direction. And then what larks! The bonfire was a house on

fire, and the great garden-roller, a very heavy affair, was "Engine No. 42," with which the boys ran to put the fire out. They all shouted as loudly and as unnecessarily as real firemen did; the foreman gave his orders through a real trumpet, and one boy had a real fireman's hat with "Engine No. 42" on it. He was chief engineer, but he did not run with the



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND PARK.

scientifically his left arm was extended. It was "One, two, three—and recover"—on The Boy's nose! The Boy was a good runner. His legs were the only part of his anatomy which seemed to him as long as his nose. And his legs saved his nose in many a fierce encounter.

The Boy first had daily admission to St. John's Park after the family moved to Hubert Street, and The Boy was about ten years old; and for half a decade or more it was his happy hunting-ground—when he was not kept in school! It was a particularly pleasant place in

machine: not because he was chief engineer, but because while in active motion he could not keep his hat on. It was his father's hat, and its extraordinary weight was considerably increased by the wads of newspaper packed in the lining to make it fit. The chief engineer held the position for life, on the strength of the hat, which he would not lend to anybody else. The rest of the company were elected, *viva voce*, every time there was a fire. This entertainment came to an end, like everything else, when the gardener chained the roller to the

tool-house, after Bob Stuart fell under the machine and was rolled so flat that he had to be

The Boy was put out once by a crack on the ear, which put The Boy out very much.

"The Hounds" and "The Rovers" challenged "The Columbias" repeatedly. But that was looked upon simply as an excuse to get into the park, and the challenges were never accepted. The challengers were forced to content themselves with running off with the balls which went over the fence: which made home runs through that medium very unpopular and very expensive. In the whole history of "The Hounds" and "The Rovers" nothing that they pirated was ever returned but The Boy's sled.

Contemporary with the Columbia Base-ball Club was the Phrenoskian Society, a "mind-cultivating" association, organized by the undergraduates of McElligott's School, in Greene Street. The Boy, as usual, was secretary when he was not treasurer. The object was "debates," but all the debating was done at the business meetings, and no mind ever became sufficiently cultivated to master the intricacies of parliamentary law. The members called it a Secret Society, and on their jackets they wore, as conspicuously as possible, a badge-

pin consisting of a blue enameled circle containing Greek letters in gold. In a very short time the badge



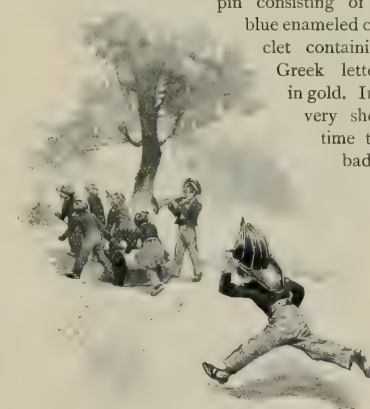
"THE BOY ALWAYS CLIMBED OVER."

carried home on a stretcher made of overcoats tied together by the sleeves.

That is the only recorded instance in

which the boys, particularly Bob, left the park without climbing over. And the bells sounded a "general alarm." The dent made in the path by Bob's body was on exhibition until the next snow-storm.

The favorite amusements in the park were shinny, base-ball, one-old-cat, and fires. The Columbia Base-ball Club was organized in 1853 or 1854. It had nineteen members, and The Boy was secretary and treasurer. The uniform consisted chiefly of a black leather belt with the initials C. B. B. C. in white letters, hand painted, and generally turned the wrong way. The first base was an ailantus tree; the second base was another ailantus tree; the third base was a buttonball tree; the home base was a marble headstone, brought for that purpose from an old burying-ground not far away; and "over the fence" was a home run. A player was caught out on the second bounce, and he was "out" if hit by a thrown ball as he ran.



THE CHIEF ENGINEER OF "ENGINE NO. 42."

was all that was left of the society; but to this day the secret of the society has never been disclosed. No one ever knew, or will ever know, what the Greek letters stood for—not even the members themselves.

(To be continued.)

JUNE'S GARDEN.

BY MARION HILL.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER V.

THE TELLING OF THE SECRET.

THE next morning, when all June's manifold duties in the house were over and done, she raced out as usual into the garden. A patch of color on the grass near the Allison's side took her eye, and she went to investigate. A group of magnificent wild poppies lay straggling there, just as if they had been flung from a height.

"Good gracious! she's done it!" ejaculated June, clasping her hands tragically.

"Guess again," said Roy, bobbing into sight from behind the fence.

"Did n't she?"

"No."

"What *did* she do?"

"Took them rather ill-temperedly, and—"

"And what?"

"And said that it was late in the day for me to be troubling myself about anything for her."

"And what did you say to that?"

"After boiling over, inwardly, I put on the voice of a lamb, and said: 'You are perfectly right, Sarah; I have been a brute, but I am going to try to mend.' Then I closed her hand over the flowers, and slipped out of the room."

"Oh, you nice boy!"

"I rather think so myself," said Roy complacently, jumping into June's garden.

"Come right in," said she, ironically.

"Thanks; I will."

"But what flowers are these?"

"Those I brought for you. Want them?"

"Indeed I do," she said, vastly pleased, as he gathered them up and handed them to her.

"How 's sister Leila, sister June?"

"*Leila! oh, Leila!*" shrieked June, like a musical calliope.

"Do you want me?" asked the owner of the

name, appearing at the distant door, with the inevitable book in her hand.

"Come and see what I 've found," urged June. Thus invited, Leila came out and joined the group, sitting down on the grass with a hope of being able to go on with her story when direct attention was not required.

"What have you found?" asked she.

"A brother! A *beauty!*" breathed June, with fervor.

That beauty, serenely enjoying the friendliness of the two girls, filled his hands with small pebbles, and began to flick them at the astonished Misfit, who sought for the perpetrator of the outrage in the gentle sky above her.

"Stop that!" commanded Misfit's mistress.

"My intentions are very kind. It does not hurt her."

"You can't tell whether it does or not." June insisted. "Besides, it's a brutal instinct. And, anyway, you might pelt her with something soft."

"Can't aim straight with a soft missile," argued Roy. "Moreover, it's not a brutal instinct at all. It's just the sportsman's instinct, to see if I can hit what I aim at."

"In that case," declared June, with decision, "you can aim at something without any feelings; and when you *must* bestow your attention upon Misfit, do it with these"—and she stuffed into his hand a number of white daisies.

"Right you are!" said Roy, accepting the weapons. "I will adopt your advice; but if once in a while I were to waft a daisy at that oak, and hurl a rock at Misfit, you must promise to overlook it."

"I will not," said June, firmly.

Then they all burst out laughing, and with the sound of the lazy hilarity Sarah appeared. She limped down to the fence, and stood leaning upon her crutch, looking over at them.

"You all seem so happy," she said fretfully.

She wore a wild poppy in her dress, to June's intense delight.

"It's such a nice morning!" said Leila, squirming amiably in the warm sunshine.

"I'm coming to the fence to talk to you," said June, scrambling to her feet. "And I have a secret to tell you."

"Let's go hear," suggested Roy to Leila.

"Let's do nothing of the kind," commanded June. "Leila, you tell him about Mrs. Antarctic while I tell Sarah my secret."

"You are always laughing and bright and active," murmured Sarah, as June approached. "How do you manage to keep so happy? Have n't you any troubles?"

"Lots of them," exclaimed June; "but I have an idea that unhappiness is very much of a disease, and must be treated like one."

"I don't understand what you mean."

"Well, I'll tell you," beamed June, resting on the fence, and fanning her flushed face with a calla-lily leaf; "every time I am near getting unhappy or in a bad temper (which is what unhappiness generally is), I take a dose of medicine for it—not out of a bottle. Now, if I have been working very tiresomely, and feel my angry passions bid fair to rise, I grab a hat, and take a long, long walk by myself, and come back *angelic*! Or, if I have been lazy, and envies and jealousies have crept into my mind and threaten to come out in my speech, why, I get madly to work upon something that tires me so that I become as mild as a lamb."

"But suppose that you could not move about briskly, like me," faltered Sarah.

"That brings me to my secret," cried June, dropping rake and leaf, and leaning both arms upon the fence. "It is not a secret exactly; it is something I have been thinking about you."

"About me?"

"It began this way: I kept wondering what you did with your time."

"Nothing," said the lame girl, bitterly.

"What is there that one like me can do?"

"You never seemed to sew—"

"All our things are bought," interposed Sarah. "We are rich, so far as money goes."

"Nor read—" pursued June.

"Reading makes me unhappier than ever."

"Nor play the piano—"

"It tires me to sit on the piano-stool."

"And in my fancy I keep seeing you lonely, miserable, unhappy—"

Sarah bent her head in assent, and tears gathered in her eyes.

"I could fancy you thinking that your—your—misfortune unfitted you for society, that you were not wanted by others—"

"Yes, I have thought all this!" said Sarah, with her hands before her face.

"And I wondered," said June, reaching across the fence and taking the bent head in her trembling arms—"I wondered if you could not, perhaps, put your lonely sweet thoughts, and your brighter fancies, and your sad dreams,



"JUNE SANG WITH A WILL." (SEE PAGE 226.)

into writing, that other people might be made better by them, and more patient. Why should you not be a writer? Do you ever write things?"

"I do," whispered Sarah.

"Then why not throw away all the bitter ones and give the nice ones to the world?"

"Write poetry?—stories?"

"Write whatever comes into your heart."

"I could try," said Sarah. "But if I said anything about it, people would laugh at me."

"Then don't say anything," was June's prompt response. "We can keep it as a secret—our secret. You do the writing, and I'll do the managing; and it will be time enough to tell people if we bump up against success."

"From your language they will probably be wildly romantic."

"*She* suggests that you climb a ladder and get to the fire-escape, whence you can reach the roof and work your way down; *I* suggest that you enter a coal-sack and get carted into their cellar, whence you can work your way up. Neither of us will be jealous if you adopt the plan of the other."

"Why not ring at the front door, and enter like a sane person?" said June, after considering the matter thoughtfully.



JUNE AND SARAH HAVE A SECRET.

"You have given me something nice to think of," said Sarah, gazing into the depths of her many musings. "I will not be lonely any more. I am going right away to—to—"

"Write!" finished June, briskly. "Luck go with you!"

A smile lit up Sarah's face, and the worried wrinkles and frown had crept away. She went slowly into the house.

"June!" called Roy. "Leila and I have been inventing plans by which you might effect an entrance into your inhospitable mansion."

"Because you won't be let in," said Roy, quietly, but with an air of conviction.

"I might try," said June, wandering toward the gate.

"Is she really going?" asked Roy of Leila.

"You can never tell what June is going to do," answered that wise sister.

They watched breathlessly. June went out of the gate. She walked to the Rouncewells' gate. She entered the Rouncewells' garden. She went up the front steps, smiling at her audience. She rang the bell. The door was

opened. Then there was a short conference; she stepped inside, and the door shut upon her.

"She's in!" gasped Leila, in amazement.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Roy. "I hope she comes out alive!"

CHAPTER VI.

IN SHADOW-LAND.

WHAT happened was this: The door was opened by a prim parlor-maid who asked June her business.

"Is Mrs. Rouncewell in?"

"Young Mrs. Rouncewell? No, Miss; she is out."

"So much the better," thought the visitor, as she said, aloud:

"It is the old lady I would like to see."

"Oh, yes; and may I ask, miss, if you be from next door?"

"Yes," answered June, conquering an inclination to reply, "I be."

"Oh, in that case Mrs. Rouncewell is expecting of you." She said if you was to come, you was to be admitted immediately, and asked to come upstairs."

So June entered, feeling that if bad grammar were catching, her case would be hopeless. The parlor-maid led the way, and June followed. The house was magnificent, with palms and portières, and statues, and thick carpets, and faint perfumes, and gloom, and grandeur. They glided up one winding staircase after another. The old lady evidently lived at the top of the house. June thought of Leila's plan of the roof and the fire-escape, and felt a hysterical inclination to laugh. As they neared the top story the faint strains of an organ stole upon the air with weird effect.

"I feel like the fifth act of a play," thought June, uneasily.

"This is the room, miss," said the maid, and vanished noiselessly.

The door was partly open, and June crept in, afraid to knock for fear of stopping the music. The room was all in shadow, like a cathedral, for the windows were so high up, and so long and narrow, lying under the eaves, that the sun could not creep in, but rather threw in the dark silhouette of the roof. Still the room was not

dismal. It seemed to belong to the faint past, and the half-light dealt very tenderly with the quaint furniture, and faded pictures, and old-fashioned ornaments, and all the outgrown relics of a forgotten day. Grandma Bell herself, sweet though she looked, was dressed in a fashion of long ago, and her hair was banded across her ears as in an old picture. She, too, looked like a shadow, and the music she played without any notes was an echo from a shadowed past. Even the organ had a strangely unfamiliar tone, as if it spoke from out a sweet and solemn distance. Finally the strain came to its tender finish, dying away like a sigh, or like a haunting question, which lingered in the memory until it was hard to tell when the sound really stopped.

Then June moved forward.

"Who is it?" asked Grandma Bell softly, as if perhaps she spoke to some unreal shape of her fancy.

"It is June."

"Oh, I am so glad—so very glad! It is so lonely here."

"Lonely—when you can make such beautiful music?"

"Beautiful? Do you like my music? It has been a long while since any one said that to me. It is pleasant to hear you say it. I used to sing once; but I cannot any more. Still I would like to hear singing very much. You sing, perhaps, my dear?"

"A little," said June, dubiously.

"I wish you would sing for me. Do you play the organ?"

"No, ma'am; I play the piano, and I run the sewing-machine, and so I am in the habit of only using one set of limbs at a time; when I try the organ I can't keep all my arms and legs going at once."

"I will play for you, then, while you sing."

"Thank you, ma'am; what would you like me to sing?"

"Do you know 'The Meeting of the Waters'?"

"No, I am sorry to say I don't," replied June.

"Or 'Wapping Old Stairs'?"

"Whopping Old *What*?" asked the puzzled songstress.

"I am very stupid," smiled Grandma Bell, "to expect you to know any of those old-

fashioned airs. If you don't know the songs to my accompaniments, and I don't know the accompaniments to your songs, what are we to do for our concert?"

"How about hymns?" asked June. "They are neither old nor new fashioned."

"A very sweet idea! Do you know this?" and the old lady began upon "Old Hundred."

"Oh, yes!" said June; and she sang with a will. Then "Greenland's Icy Mountains" and "Sweet the Moments" and "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night," and a score of others, until June felt quite like a prima donna, and Grandma Bell was flushed pink with the pleasure of playing for some one, and of hearing a fresh young voice echoing around her shadowy room.

"That has done me a world of good," said the happy organist.

"And me too," declared June, throwing herself in a chair and looking radiantly round.

"Just peep out of the window over your head. Stand upon the chest."

June did so, and uttered a cry of delight. She was gazing down, down into her own garden, where Leila sat reading, looking as little as if June were viewing her through the small end of an opera-glass.

"I never saw our roof before," she announced. "My! does n't our house appear tiny compared with the two big ones alongside it! Just like a puppy-dog between two elephants. I can hear Misfit yowling. Wicked little creature! she is trying to get a dove. But she need n't deceive herself with the belief that she will succeed. I can hardly tear myself away." She jumped down, blinking.

"Don't sit on the chest, dear; it is the one we are going to open, and in which you are going to 'poke.'"

"Oh, is n't that lovely!" exclaimed June, snuggling down on the floor in anticipative rapture. When the box was opened a faint odor stole out, like a magic powder, which carried the mind back for years and years; not exactly the smell of lavender, but the unfamiliar ghost of lavender clinging to the meshes of old lace.

"Peppermint, too," said June, sniffing. The peppermint proved to be in a black satin bag

which hung on the back of Grandma Bell's rocking-chair, and June got some peppermint drops as a reward for her extraordinary powers of penetration.

Lying on the top tray of the chest were a pair of baby slippers, a curl of yellow hair, and a tiny tucked dress. Grandma Bell took them lovingly in her hands.

"My baby's," she murmured.

"The little child who died?" was June's tender question.

"Oh, no; my boy's—Mr. Rouncewell's," was the reply.

"Good gracious!" June called the pompous man to memory, and imagined him petrified with astonishment if she told him she had seen his baby slippers.

"He was learning to walk when he wore these; many 's the time I have held his little hand and guided his unsteady feet. But I did not mind the trouble; I thought that his hand would bear me up, perhaps, when I was feeble and needed help. But it seems as if old people were in everybody's way. We linger when we are not wanted. We outlive love, as we outlive strength; for our children do not remember the time when *they*, too, were a trouble and helpless, and in the way."

She put back the tiny articles with care, kissing them for the sake of the child that used to be, kissing them in spite of the man that was. June dived among the things, more to hide her feelings of disapproval of the man who was so careful of his flowers, than from any motive of curiosity. But she came upon a treasure. It was a turquoise bracelet in the form of a snake.

"Oh, how heavenly!" cried June, slipping it over her wrist, and getting the effect of different lights upon it.

"It is rather odd you should have happened upon that," said Grandma Bell; "for all along I intended it for you. Keep it on."

"You don't mean to say you give it to me!" said June.

"Yes, dear; you may have it for your own."

June burst into a rapture of thanks, and then grew oddly preoccupied. She turned the jewels over and over, and kept silence. Finally she drew off the bracelet and put it back in the

trunk. Then she turned a glowing face to her generous hostess, and explained her action.

"Please don't feel offended," she said eagerly, "but really I can't take the lovely thing, and I'll tell you why."

"Why, dear?"

"Because I want to go into ecstasies over the things I see, and if I think that you may give me some of them, it will take away all the fun. For I would like to be able to say, 'Oh, how I would like to have that!'—feeling all the time that you knew I was n't *hinting*. Do you see?"

"Yes, dear, I see; and it shall be as you wish."

"Then on we goes again," quoted June, gaily.

"Try on this dress," said Grandma Bell, taking out a fairy costume of pink crape trimmed with wild roses. The roses were flatter than nature's, but their color was exquisite, and the robe suited June to a charm.

"I wore it at a fancy-dress ball. Let your

hair down, dear; that's it. And here are the flowers to carry in your hands. Now go downstairs and have a look at yourself in the big glass in the parlor."

Nothing loath, June sped downstairs, and breathlessly entered the drawing-room. As she danced in, she all but bumped into the portly frame of the owner of the house.

"Heaven bless my soul!—what's this?" he demanded.

"I'm June," stammered that unfortunate damsel, turning as pink as her finery, and dropping her roses.

"You look it!" he said, with a merry laugh; and June, swooping up her fallen tributes, sped upstairs like the wind.

When she reached the attic room again, her ear was assailed with a startling sound, far off, but piercing.

"What's that?" she asked, turning pale.

The sound came again. It was Leila's voice; and she had given two frightened, terrible screams.

(To be continued.)

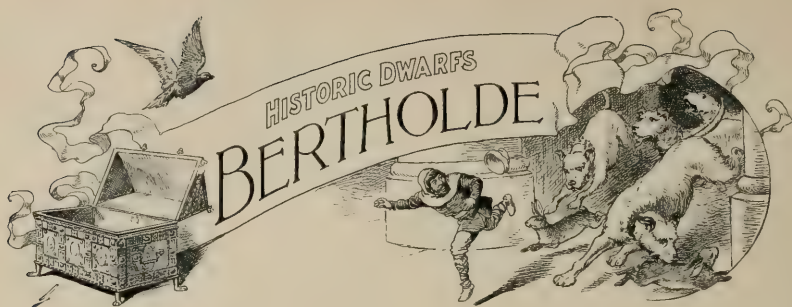
THE JAY.

BY CHARLES A. KEELER.

THE jay is a jovial bird—Heigh-ho!
He chatters all day
In a frolicsome way
With the murmuring breezes that blow,—Heigh-ho!

Hear him noisily call
From the red-wood tree tall
To his mate in the opposite tree, Heigh-ho!
Saying: "How do you do?"
As his topknot of blue
Is raised as polite as can be—Heigh-ho!

Oh, impudent jay,
With your plumage so gay,
And your manners so jaunty and free,—Heigh-ho!
How little you guessed,
When you robbed the wren's nest,
That any stray fellow would see! Heigh-ho!



BY MARY SHEARS ROBERTS.

V. BERTHOLDE.

LONG, long ago, in the barbarous days of the dark ages, there lived in the small Italian village Bertaguona the ugliest little dwarf you can possibly imagine.

His name was Bertholde, and he is described as having a large head, round as a football, eye-brows resembling bristles, while his eyes beneath them glowed like two torches. His hair was as red as carrots, his nose was flat. He had a wide mouth, and a short neck—in fact, it would be almost impossible to fancy the hideousness of this small but clever little rustic.

His parents had a large family, and very few of this world's goods. There were so many children to be clothed and fed that scarcely any attention was paid to their education. Indeed, in those days learning was so little thought of that it did not count for much, and Bertholde's sound judgment, ready wit, and clever speeches amply made up for his rough exterior and lack of culture and refinement. Next to the priest he was the most popular man in the village. On festival days and Sundays the peasants for miles around would flock into Bertaguona to listen to the witty sallies, pithy remarks, and entertaining stories of this truly remarkable dwarf.

He became such a favorite that when he spoke of going out into the world to seek his

fortune, his neighbors offered to contribute to his support in order to keep him amongst them. Bertholde, however, did not choose to be a burden upon his friends, and he persisted in his resolve to make a living elsewhere.

It took him some time to decide which way to go on this his first journey into the great wide world, so full of strife and adversity.

Across the lofty Alps in the Frankish dominions the wicked and cruel Frédégonde and the Merovingian kings were committing all kinds of atrocities, and our little friend wisely concluded to turn his steps toward the more peaceful Verona, where Alboin, King of the Lombards, had recently set up his court.

Some four years previous, this mighty chief with a huge mixed army had swept down from Germany into Italy, had conquered the latter country and established his kingdom there; and one fine day in the year of our Lord 572, the small traveler found himself before the splendid palace of this first of the Lombard kings. Bertholde stood for a time lost in wonder at the beauty of the building, the like of which he had never seen, and then he resolved to pay a visit to the proprietor of the wonderful mansion.

In those days the gates of the palaces were not defended by soldiers and guards. The people came and went as they pleased, and were free to lay their complaints and troubles before the throne.

Bertholde had always considered and be-

lieved that all men were born free and equal; and he never dreamed there was a person on earth with whom he might not converse quite freely. He, therefore, fearlessly approached the royal residence, ascended the broad stairs, traversed several lofty apartments, and astonished the court by suddenly appearing in the great hall where sat the king in all his glory. Without removing his shabby hat, the dwarf marched up to the throne, and, saying never a word, took possession of an empty chair by the side of his august sovereign.

The courtiers were as much surprised at his audacity as they were amazed at his grotesque appearance; but the Lombard chieftain smiled grimly upon the intruder, and inquired of him "what he was, when he was born, and in what country?"

"I am a man," replied the dwarf, whereupon the attendants went off into fits of laughter. "I was born when I came into the world, and the world itself is my country."

King and courtiers now began to realize that they had a shrewd little imp before them, and they commenced to ply him with questions of all kinds. The asking of conundrums was a sort of trial of wit to which sovereigns were much given at this period of history.

"What thing is that which flies the swift-est?" asked one.

"Thought," replied Bertholde promptly.

"What is the gulf that is never filled?"

"The avarice of the miser," was the ready answer of the quick-witted dwarf.

"What trait is the most hateful in young people?"

"Self-conceit, because it makes them unteachable."

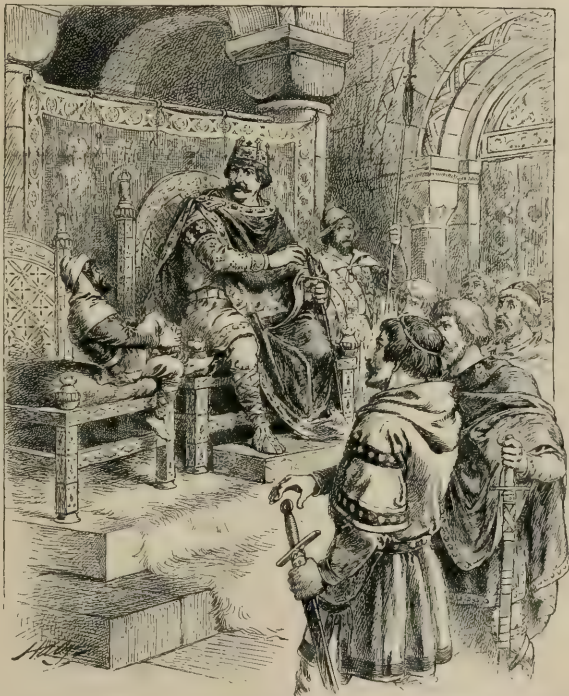
"How will you catch a hare running?" inquired the king.

"I'll stay till I find her on the spit."

"How would you bring water in a sieve?"

"I'd wait till it was frozen," answered the dwarf, readily.

The king was delighted. "For so clever a rejoinder," he said, "you shall have from me anything you may desire."



"I FIND, AS I SUSPECTED," ANSWERED THE DWARF, "THAT SOVEREIGNS ARE HONORED MORE THAN THEY DESERVE."

"Oh, no!" cried Bertholde, with a mocking laugh. "I shall have nothing of the sort. You cannot give me what you do not possess."

I am in search of happiness, of which you have not a particle. So how can you give me any?"

"How!" exclaimed the king. "Am I not happy on so elevated a throne?"

"Yes, you are, if the happiness of a man consists in the height of his seat."

Then Alboin referred to his kingly power and dignity, and the dwarf retorted with another mocking laugh; and when the king called attention to the nobles and courtiers about him, Bertholde with a sneer remarked: "Oh, yes, they cluster round your throne; so do hungry ants round a crab-apple, and with the same purpose — to devour it."

"Well said," spake the king, keeping his temper; "but all this does not prevent me from shining among them, as the sun among the stars."

"True, but tell me, shining Sun, how many eclipses you are obliged to suffer in a year? For the continual flattering of these men must now and then darken your understanding."

"For this reason you would not be a courtier?" inquired his Majesty, whose fingers began to play upon his sword in a threatening manner.

"Miserable as I am, I should be sorry to be placed in the rank of slaves," replied the dwarf. "Besides, I have not the necessary qualities to succeed in this fine employment."

"What then do you seek at my court?" asked the king in an angry tone.

"Something I have not been able to find there," answered Bertholde. "I was told that a king was as much above common men as a tower is above common houses; I find, as I suspected, that sovereigns are honored more than they deserve."

This was a little too much. The king lost his patience, and commanded the dwarf jester to leave the palace immediately or he would have him whipped out of court.

Just as he was leaving the room, however, two angry women entered, each anxious to lay her grievance before the king.

The matter in dispute was a crystal mirror which was claimed by both, but which had been stolen by one from the other. I am sure I do not know whether Alboin was a religious king; but it is quite evident he knew the story of the famous decision of Solomon, and meant to profit by it. He immediately ordered the

mirror to be broken into bits and to be equally divided between the two. One of the women said, "It is a pity so beautiful a mirror should be destroyed." Indeed, she was so quick to express her opinion that I am inclined to believe she, too, was acquainted with the judgment of the wisest of kings. Alboin immediately commanded the mirror to be delivered to her, and the entire court appeared to be delighted at this wonderful exhibition of wisdom. Alboin was so pleased with himself that he forgot his displeasure with Bertholde, and looked for approval at the dwarf, who had lingered to witness the result of the quarrel.

The ugly little face betrayed no emotion whatever, and Alboin was finally forced to ask the small man's opinion. "Am I not an exceedingly clever sovereign?" he inquired.

"Your excellent mightiness can only be said to be an ass," replied Bertholde, preparing to make a hasty retreat. History does not say whether Alboin considered this an answer to his query or otherwise, but he had the dwarf recalled, and Bertholde repaid him by soon playing a very shrewd and bold trick upon the court, as usual coming out victor.

From this time on the king began to take pleasure in the society of his ugly little friend. Bertholde showed such sound judgment that Alboin was wont to consult him in all grave and important affairs, and the poor misshapen peasant became a regular attendant at court, and was usually to be found at the king's side. The queen, Rosamond, however, disliked him thoroughly, and was jealous of his influence with her husband, and the women-in-waiting hated the sight of the little monster, as they called him.

Certain ladies of the court were eager to take a more active part in the government; and, being encouraged by the queen, at length became bold enough to ask that some of them should be made members of the king's council. Alboin was annoyed by the request; for, as he explained to Bertholde, in seeking the clever little man's advice, the husbands of these ambitious women were the generals who commanded his armies. To refuse, without good reason, might even cause a revolution.

Bertholde devised a plan by which the king escaped from the difficulty.

He bought a live bird in the market-place, and, in the king's presence, imprisoned the little captive in a rich casket. This casket, by Bertholde's advice, the king delivered into the keeping of the court ladies who wished to be councilors, telling them that it was not to be opened until the next day. "What it contains," said the king, "is a secret. If it should by any means be let out, you would see that the best interests of the kingdom required me to refuse your request."

The women were greatly impressed by these words; so greatly impressed that they at once began to wonder what the secret could be, and at last their curiosity became so great that the one who had the box in her keeping thought she would just look in for a minute — when, whir! — out came the bird, and away he flew through the window.

The next day the fair petitioners did not come to court to press their claim. For they saw that the king had made them show themselves unable to keep a secret.

For this crafty ruse, Alboin commanded his treasurer to give the dwarf a thousand crowns.

"I hope your majesty will not be displeased if I refuse to accept your gifts," replied Bertholde. "He who desires nothing, and has nothing, has nothing to fear. Nature made me free, and I wish to remain so; but I cannot if I accept your presents, for the proverb says 'He who takes, sells himself.'"

"How then," asked the king, "am I to show my gratitude?"

"I have heard that it is more glorious to deserve the favors of a prince and to refuse them, than it is to receive without deserving them," was the answer. "Your good will is more agreeable to me than all the gifts in the world."

While Alboin and his dwarf were thus talking there came a message from the angry queen, who was determined to be revenged on Bertholde for his mocking and too presumptuous pranks. The unfortunate little peasant had to contrive many artifices to escape the effect of her ill-will, for she too could invent schemes, and had courtiers and soldiers ready to obey her commands. The message was to summon the dwarf to her presence, and she

had four large, ferocious dogs placed in the court through which he had to pass. They were fierce beasts, ready to attack any one, but Bertholde, finding out what was in store for him, managed to procure a pair of live hares. These he threw to the dogs, and while they pursued the prey the dwarf escaped, and to the queen's surprise appeared before her, with his usual sarcastic smile.

She finally appealed to the king, and he, in order to keep the domestic peace and escape her importunities, forgot all his fine promises, and consented to have the poor little man hanged to a tree.

The ready wit of the dwarf did not desert him even in this extremity. He besought the king to take care of the Bertholde family, and to allow him the choice of the tree on which to die. Alboin readily agreed to the request and ordered a guard to accompany the executioner to see that Bertholde made his own choice. The trees of every wood for miles around were carefully examined, but our wise little friend objected to all that were proposed. The executioner and the guards became so weary of the fruitless search, that a message for relief was sent to the king.

By this time another question of importance had come before the throne, and the envoy found the great chief lamenting the loss of his able little counselor. Alboin was so delighted when he heard that Bertholde was still alive that he earnestly inquired the place of his retreat, and went in person to persuade him to return to court. Back in triumph came the dwarf amid the shouts of the populace. His brusque humor and good sense had made him popular with the people of Verona. He soon became the king's confidential adviser, and finally was raised to the position of prime minister.

After the king's death, Bertholde lived on to a good old age.

When he was seventy years old he made his will, a document full of dry wit and sage maxims. He had always said he preferred being poor in order that he might live in peace and tranquillity. A few fine speeches constitute his chief bequests to his two heirs, his wife Marcolfa and a son, who was under twenty-five when the celebrated dwarf breathed his last.

ST. PAUL'S ROCKS.

BY GUSTAV KOBÉ.

ALMOST at the very center of the Atlantic Ocean — only a trifle north of the equator and about half-way between South America and Africa — is a submarine mountain, so high that, in spite of the immense depth of the sea, it thrusts its peak seventy feet above the waves. This peak, startling from its position, forms a labyrinth of islets, the whole not over half a mile in circumference, known as St. Paul's Rocks. So steep is the mountain of which this lonely resting-place of sea-birds is the summit, that one mile from these rocks a five-hundred fathom line with which soundings were attempted by Ross on his voyage to the Antarctic failed to touch bottom.

Were the bed of the sea to be suddenly elevated to a level with the dry land, St. Paul's Rocks would be the cloud-capped peak of a mountain rising in sheer ascent in the midst of a broad plain. They are supposed to have been formed by the same disturbance of nature which separated the Cape Verde Islands from Africa.

Treacherous currents make navigation in the vicinity of these rocks dangerous. A Brazilian naval officer, who passed them on an English steamer, tells me that the evening before they expected to sight them he was told by the captain that at five o'clock in the morning they would appear about five miles west. At that hour the officer went on deck and looked to the westward — nothing but an expanse of heaving sea. He chanced to turn, and there, five miles to the eastward were — the Rocks. The currents had, in less than twelve hours, carried a full-powered steamer ten miles out of her course.

You could count on your fingers the number of human beings who are known to have visited these rocks, but doubtless many a poor cast-away has sought refuge there, only to be swept by the first storm into the pitiless sea. This mountain peak almost at the center of the Atlantic has long been of great interest to scientists. Darwin landed on the Rocks on his voy-

age around the world in the "Beagle." He found much amusement in watching the crabs, which were very numerous, dart out from the crevices and steal the small fish which the noddies or terns had caught and placed beside their nests. He also says that the sharks and seamen had a struggle over every fish which the latter hooked.

Ross's party remained long enough on the rocks for McCormick, the surgeon and scientist of the expedition, to make a map and sketch of them. The sea set in among them with a heavy swell, and the rebound of the surf made the waters in the channels fairly seethe. The terns and gannets hovering over the billows were the first evidence the expedition had that they were approaching these lonely islets. Then two specks upon the horizon were sighted. Gradually one was seen to be dark, the other white, — the dark one being the higher. It was found to be about seventy feet high, and the white peak, on which the gannets had their nests, sixty-one feet. Scant seaweed was the only vegetation on the rocks. A wisp of this and a feather or two were the few and simple materials of which the birds built their nests. He observed that while there were from two to three eggs to a nest, there was not more than one young bird to a pair, and concluded that the crabs, which acted defiantly even toward him, in spite of his rank in the British navy, destroyed most of the eggs.

Sir W. Symonds, another scientist who visited the rocks, relates that he saw the crabs attack nests and capture young birds.

I know of but one man who has been ashore here of recent years. He was an American sea captain who, being becalmed off the Rocks, made use of this opportunity to see them. He found the birds, the crabs, and the swarming sharks; and he found also — a human skeleton, the relic of an ocean tragedy, the fitting companion of this desolate mountain peak rising out of the center of the Atlantic Ocean.



BY M. L. VAN VORST.

OVER the crust of the hard white snow
 The little feet of the reindeer go
 (*Hush, hush, the winds are low*).

And the fine little bells are ringing!
 Nothing can reach thee of woe or harm —
 Safe is the shelter of mother's arm
 (*Hush, hush, the wind 's a charm*),
 And mother's voice is singing.

Father is coming — he rides apace;
 Fleet are the steeds with the winds that race
 (*Hush, hush, for a little space*);
 The snow to his mantle 's clinging.

His flying steed with the wind 's abreast —
 Here by the fire are warmth and rest
 (*Hush, hush, in your little nest*),
 And mother's voice is singing.

Over the crust of the snow, hard by,
 The little feet of the reindeer fly
 (*Hush, hush, the wind is high*),
 And the fine little bells are ringing!
 Nothing can reach us of woe or harm —
 Safe is the shelter of father's arm
 (*Hush, hush, the wind 's a charm*),
 And mother's voice is singing.



BUONAMICO

A Legend of FLORENCE



BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

HEN Monte Morello is capped with
snow,
And the wind from the north comes
whistling down,
It is chill to rise with the morning-star,
In the "City of Flowers" — in Florence
town.

II.

Light is the sleep of the old, for they know
How brief are their few remaining days;
But when hearts are young, sleep lingers long,
And too sweet to leave are the dream ways.

III.

So, Tafi, the master, awoke with the light,
But the prentice lad, Buonamico, was young,
And his dreaming ears were loath to hear
The daybreak bell's awakening tongue.

IV.

For it seemed to speak with old Tafi's voice,
"Colors to grind, and the shop to be swept!"
Then, out of his bed, on the bare stone floor,
Poor Buonamico, shivering, crept.

V.

Busy all day with his quick young hands,—
Busy his thoughts with a project bold.
"The master will find," he said to himself,
"T is not well to work in the dark and
the cold!"

VI.

But the master, heeding the prentice lad,
Matched the mosaics fine and quaint;
Till his tablets of stone revealed the forms
Of Mother and Child, of cherub and saint.

VII.

Buonamico, meanwhile, forsook his tasks,
And, prying in crevice of wall or ground,
With a patience and skill boys only know,
Thirty great beetles the truant found.

VIII.

As many wax tapers, then, he took —
 Thirty small tapers (nor less, nor more),
 And presto! each beetle, clumsy and slow,
 On its broad black back a candle bore.

IX.

Next morning, ere dawn, when Tafi awoke,
 Ere his lips could frame their usual call,
 A sight he beheld that froze his veins —
 An impish procession of tapers small!

X.

Slowly they came, and slowly went
 (And they seemed to pass through a crack
 'neath the door):
 So slowly they moved, he
 counted them all,
 Thirty they numbered, nor
 less, nor more!

XI.

"Surely, some evil
 these hands
 have wrought,
 That the powers
 of darkness in-
 vade my cell!"
 And many an *Ave*
 the master said,
 To reverse and
 undo the un-
 holy spell.

XII.

When daylight was
 come, Buon-
 amico he told:
 "A good lad ever
 thou wert, and
 indeed,
 Wise for thy years;
 and, therefore,
 speak out,
 And, as best thou
 canst, this mys-
 tery read."

XIII.

"May it not be," Buonamico said,
 "The powers of darkness that good men hate,
 Are vexed with my master, who falters not
 In faithful service, early and late?"

XIV.

"Ay, that they are," said the master, "no
 doubt!"

Said the prentice-boy, "*Their* time is
 night;

And it *may* be they like not this wondrous
 work,

Which thou risest to do ere peep of light!"

XV.

"Well hast thou counseled," the master re-
 plied,

"So young of years — so sage in thy thought;

I will rise no more ere the day hath dawned —

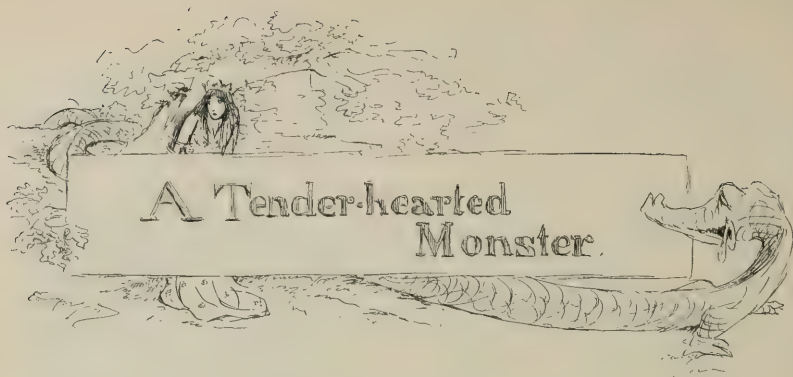
A work of light should in light be wrought!"



"A SIGHT HE BEHELD THAT FROZE HIS VEINS —
 AN IMPISH PROCESSION OF TAPERS SMALL!"

XVI.

Thus runs the legend, which also saith
 Spite of his pranks Buonamico became,
 When the years were fled, and Tafi was gone,
 A painter who rivaled his master's fame.



A Tender-hearted Monster.

BY ALICE CALHOUN HAINES.

"Now, see here," said the Dragon, "are you going to betray me?"

"I—I don't know," faltered Molly, clutching her dolly nervously. "I—I don't think mama 'd like it if she knew you were here."

"That 's just the point," the Dragon answered; "of course she would n't. No lady would; and yet, what harm have I done or what harm do I do? It's the only home I've got."

"But it 's our garden," Molly said; "and we like to walk in it."

"Well," answered the Dragon, "I don't mind. You may walk in it all you please, and I 'll never say a word. I've been here a month already, and nobody 's ever guessed it. You would n't know it now, but that I told you; and I would n't have told you only that I hated to see you crying so hard about your doll



"'I 'VE GOT A TENDER HEART,' GRUMBLED THE DRAGON."

when I could give it back to you just as easy sure. I thought the dragons were all dead, as not."

"Yes," said Molly, "it was very good of you." She hugged Arabella, her favorite wax beauty, closer to her heart. "Oh, Bella," she whispered, "what an adventure you've had! Tumbling into the dried-up well, and spending all this time with a dragon! Goodness, child, I don't see how you ever lived through it! But it *was* good of him to give you back."

"You know," the Dragon continued, "if the Prince should find out my hiding-place it would settle things pretty thoroughly for me. I've almost forgotten how to fight. Anyhow, dragons never *do* beat the princes; you must know that, if you know anything."

"But there is n't any prince," said Molly.

"You don't say!"—the Dragon raised himself high on his hind legs and peered out at her—"you don't say so!" His head was thrust far out of the well now, and Molly drew back in terror. He was a very dreadful-looking beast; but there was also something quite familiar about his appearance. For a moment this puzzled her; but then she saw it was his likeness to a picture in her new fairy-book that caused the feeling.

"Don't be afraid," he said, when he saw her shrink away; "I won't hurt you. But do you really mean to tell me that there is n't any prince at all?"

"Why, yes," Molly answered faintly; "they all died long ago. At least, there are n't any in this country, I'm quite

had n't been for the old fairy Merenthusa I should n't be here either. It's a queer story—" he shook his head sadly.

"Oh, tell it," cried Molly—she was a little girl who dearly loved to listen to stories.



A NEEDLESS ALARM.



"WE HAD A PRIVATE TUTOR, AND THAT WAS FUN, TOO."

"Now, see here," said the Dragon, "I'll tell you the story, if you will promise not to

tell your folks about my being here. Come, now—is it a bargain?"

Molly considered for a few moments.

"I'd love to hear the story," she said, "but just think how dreadful it would be if mama or papa were walking alone in the garden, and you should snap off one of their feet."

"I would n't," the Dragon answered; "I

would n't like to eat you a bit, but it would be my duty, you know, if you were a princess."

"Would it? How dreadful!" Molly's little face grew quite white with horror.

"You need n't think I'd enjoy it," said the Dragon, "for I never did one bit. I want to whisper to you. It's a terrible thing I have to say, and I'd rather not speak it aloud."

"There's nobody near," Molly objected; "there is n't a soul in the garden but just you and me. I—I'd rather not put my ear down. Can't you say it without that?"

"Well, if I must, I must," grumbled the Dragon. "I did not think you were so suspicious; but nobody trusts me. I'm beginning to get used to it; and yet all the time, you know, *I've got a tender heart.*" He patted his chest with his paw as he spoke. "Yes; I've got a tender heart."

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Molly, cheerfully. "It's a nice thing to have."

"Not for a dragon, my dear," the monster answered; "you're all off there. On the contrary, it's a drawback, a most terrible drawback!"

"Why, I don't see that," Molly cried.

"My mama says that



"A SIGHT THAT WOULD MAKE MOST DRAGONS LEAP FOR JOY WOULD JUST MAKE ME CRY."

never eat anybody but just princesses. I say, you are n't a princess, are you?"

"Oh, no!" cried Molly, hastily, "indeed, I'm not. I'm just a little girl—Molly Forster."

"I'm glad of that," he assured her; "I

there is nothing so bad as a hard heart. You can cure other things, you know, but you can't cure that. If you are really hard-hearted you have just got to stay so. Why, I believe it's the very worst fault there is."

"For a little girl, I'll admit, or for a princess; but not for us. It's what we all aspire after, and most of us have it. I never did." He sighed deeply. "That's one of the particular features of my story. Shall I tell it to you?"

"Yes, indeed," cried Molly.

"Well," said the Dragon, "there were seven of us, and we lived in a cave in the mountains. It was a big cave with lots of cracks and crevices and crannies to play hide-and-seek in, and my!—but we had a good time! Our father died when we were babies, and our mother let us do just whatever we chose. She was the most indulgent parent that dragon ever had; and yet *she* did n't have a tender heart. She could eat a princess wit' all the gusto in the world; and that is the thing I never did manage. Oh! h-m-m! It has embittered my whole life; however, I'm not up to that yet.

"As I said, we had a glorious time up there in our old cave in the mountains. We never went away to school—our mother could n't part with us—so we had a private tutor, and that was fun, too. My!—we led him a life! The jokes we played on that poor old fellow would make you split your sides laughing; but I have n't time to tell about them now. I remember one morning in particular—but never mind; I guess I won't tell you that."

"Oh, please do," cried Molly; "I love to hear about naughtinesses."

"No," said the Dragon, "I don't think it would be strictly honorable. You see I'm here in your mother's garden, enjoying her hospitality,—her guest you might almost say,—so I must be doubly careful, and tell you only those stories that she would care for you to hear—stories that have a moral."

"I don't like that kind," pouted Molly.

"Well, you ought to," said the Dragon; "that's all that concerns me. Shall I go on?"

Molly thought a moment. "What is the moral of this one?" she asked.

"Never be tender-hearted," the Dragon answered. "It's the best one I know."

"Oh," cried Molly, "why, that's not a moral at all!"

"You wait and see if it's not," said the



"SHE RAISED HER WAND AND THAT IS ALL I CAN REMEMBER."

Dragon, with much confidence. "I think I am the best judge of that."

"Go on," Molly whispered. She felt that she was a very naughty little girl, but she had not time to grieve over the matter just then.

"Well," said the Dragon, "one by one my brothers left the old cave, till at last I alone was left. I had always been delicate, and then, too, I was the baby, so my mother naturally hated to part with me. But when I was about five years old I grew impatient of that quiet life, and determined that it was time for me also to go forth to seek my fortune.

"My mother felt very sad when I told her what was in my mind. 'My dear child,' she said, 'it is what I have been dreading for a long time, but if you feel that you cannot be happy here any longer, why, of course, I can't keep you. Nothing would induce me to make one of my children unhappy for a single moment.' Now was n't she a good creature?"

"Indeed she was," said Molly.

"Next morning I started upon my travels. I shall never forget how strange everything seemed to me, secluded as I had always been in my happy home among the rocks. I remember well seeing my first man — my heart leaped within me, for I had never seen anything like

poor fellow's face and heard his breath coming in quick, panting gasps, it gave me such a queer, sick sort of feeling that I stopped running and the man got away.

"At first I could not imagine what was the cause of my weakness, but the meaning flashed



"'I WAS TENDER-HEARTED! I STOPPED RUNNING AND THE MAN GOT AWAY.'"

him before, and 't was only by hearsay that I knew what he was. Of course, the correct thing was to chase him; all my brothers had told me that, so I began at once. I never thought that I should mind. My brothers all enjoyed it, and I expected to also; but when I saw the horror depicted upon the

upon me all of a sudden. I was tender-hearted! The conviction forced itself upon me and nearly drove me mad."

"Poor Dragon!" said Molly; and then she thought, "Oh, what a bad, bad little girl I am, to be sorry because he did not eat the man! I did n't think I could be so wicked!"

"Yes," said the dragon, "that was how I first knew it, and from that day to this I have never known a happy moment! It's been the same way with everything I've undertaken; I'd go out in the woods and see a lovely princess tied to a tree, a sight that would make most dragons leap for joy, and it would just make me cry! I could not help it, somehow, the tears would come.

"I'd say over and over to myself, 'You're a dragon. You're a dragon. It's your duty to eat her. She won't mind. Princesses never do. It's what they're made for.' But try as I would I could not bring myself to do it. I'd go away and hide in a cave till some one had untied her, and sometimes I'd overhear remarks like this: 'They say there is a dragon around here, and, do you know, the Princess Rose, or Belinda, was tied to this tree for three whole days and he never came near her. I would n't give much for a beast like that!' Oh, it was most humiliating, and the older I grew the worse it was.

"At last one day things came to a crisis. I was walking in the forest when suddenly I came upon three beautiful maidens, all in a row, tied to sycamore trees. I just turned about and ran! I'm sorry to confess it, but it's true. I scuttled over the ground as fast as I could crawl, slipping under the brushwood and whisking around the tree-trunks, till suddenly I stopped spell-bound, for there — right in front of me — was another of them! I just stood still and looked at her, my eyes almost bulging out of my head!

"'So this is the way you bear yourself, oh, valiant one!' she cried, her voice full of fury. 'This is the way you devour princesses, oh, ranger of the woods! Very pretty conduct; very pretty, indeed!'

"'Good gracious!' I gasped, 'do you want me to eat you?' I had never expected this. 'Let others scoff as they will,' I always thought, 'at least I have the sympathy of the princesses.'

"'Look at me,' she commanded; and then I understood. She was not a woman at all, but a fairy. I knew her at once by her eyes; they

were pale green and twinkled like stars. Her name was Merenthusa, and she was both wicked and powerful.

"'They were my step-daughters,' she said, 'and I tied them to the trees this morning. I knew that there was a dragon near and I wanted to get rid of them. Then I tied myself to this tree, intending to make myself invisible when you passed, and so escape unharmed. When my husband returned he should find me here weeping and wailing over the fate of his three lovely daughters. I should have told him that you were frightened away before you had eaten me. That would have been true, at all events.'

"'No, it would n't,' I cried, and I jumped at her; and, do you know, I really believe I should have eaten her, but she raised her wand, and — that is all I can remember.

"I think she must have put me into a magic sleep, in which I lay for years and years, for about two months ago I woke and found myself in what used to be the forest — it is only a patch of woods now; a great thicket had grown up around me, and I suppose that is how I had escaped detection.

"When I scrambled from it everything seemed changed; nothing was as it used to be, and I felt lost and strange. I traveled a great many miles, always during the night, and hid in the day time, and after a while I made my way into your garden, found this old well, and here I have been ever since. That's my story. Now remember, you promised not to tell."

"Molly! Molly! Molly!" It was her mother's voice calling.

The little girl started up from the ground, where she had been sitting, and ran toward the house. She felt queer and stiff.

"I don't suppose I can break my word," she whispered, "though mama would love to hear about him. Oh, I wish to-morrow would hurry up and come. I am going to get him to tell me a new story every day."

But, strange to say, next morning when Molly sought her friend the dragon in the garden he was nowhere to be found, and the little girl never saw nor heard of him again.

THE TRUE STORY OF MARCO POLO.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

[*Begun in the June number.*]

CHAPTER XV.

THE KHAN AS A HUNTER.

WE have already seen that Marco had a keen taste for sport, and it is noticeable that he describes the hunting-scenes of the Khan with great gusto, as if he had been present at some of these, and had a good time in the field with the imperial sportsman. Here is what he has to say about the animals trained to hunt for the Great Khan:

The Emperor hath numbers of leopards trained to the chase, and hath also a great many lynxes taught in like manner to catch game, and which afford excellent sport. He hath also several great Lions, bigger than those of Babylonia, beasts whose skins are colored in the most beautiful way, being striped all along the sides with black, red, and white. These are trained to catch boars and wild cattle, bears, wild asses, stags, and other great or fierce beasts. And 't is a rare sight, I can tell you, to see those Lions giving chase to such beasts as I have mentioned! When they are to be so employed the Lions are taken out in a covered cart, and every Lion has a little doggie with him. They are obliged to approach the game against the wind, otherwise the animals would scent the approach of the Lion and be off.

There are also a great number of eagles, all broken to catch wolves, foxes, deer, and wild-goats, and they do catch them in great numbers. But those especially that are trained to wolf-catching are very large and powerful birds, and no wolf is able to get away from them.

This is an accurate description of the manner of hunting still in vogue in some parts of India among the native princes. The "lion" to which Marco refers as being trained to hunt is the cheetah, a species of leopard, which is carried to the hunting-field in a box, with its eyes covered by a hood. When loosed in the field, the cheetah will bound off in pursuit of any game that may be in sight; and it seldom fails to bring it down. Hawking was a fashionable diversion in Europe during Marco's time,

as well as in Cathay. Kublai Khan had hawks of various kinds taught to fly at feathered game; and his trained eagles pursued larger game, as wolves and foxes. Here is a detailed account of the Great Khan's hunting expeditions:

The Emperor hath two Barons who are own brothers, one called Baian, and the other Mingan; and these two are styled *Chinuchi* (or *Cunichi*), which is as much as to say, "The Keepers of the Mastiff Dogs." Each of these brothers hath 10,000 men under his orders; each body of 10,000 being dressed alike, the one in red and the other in blue, and whenever they accompany the Khan to the chase, they wear this livery, in order to be recognized. Out of each body of 10,000 there are 2000 men who are each in charge of one or more great mastiffs, so that the whole number of these is very large. And when the Prince goes a-hunting, one of those Barons, with his 10,000 men and something like 5000 dogs, goes towards the right, whilst the other goes towards the left with his party in like manner. They move along, all abreast of one another, so that the whole line extends over a full day's journey, and no animal can escape them. Truly it is a glorious sight to see the working of the dogs and the huntsmen on such an occasion! And as the Khan rides a-fowling across the plains, you will see these big hounds coming tearing up, one pack after a bear, another pack after a stag, or some other beast, as it may hap, and running the game down now on this side and now on that, so that it is really a most delightful sport and spectacle.

The Two Brothers I have mentioned are bound by the tenure of their office to supply the Khan's Court from October to the end of March with 1000 head of game daily, whether of beasts or birds, and not counting quails; and also with fish to the best of their ability, allowing fish enough for three persons to reckon as equal to one head of game.

Now I have told you of the Masters of the Hounds and all about them, and next will I tell you how the Khan goes off on an expedition for the space of three months.

After he has stopped at his capital city those three months that I mentioned, to wit, December, January, February, he starts off on the 1st day of March, and travels southward toward the Ocean Sea, a journey of two days. He takes with him full 10,000 falconers, and some 500 gerfalcons, besides peregrines, sakers, and other hawks in great numbers; and goshawks also to fly at the water-fowl. But do not suppose that he keeps all these together

by him; they are distributed about, hither and thither, one hundred together, or two hundred at the utmost, as he thinks proper. But they are always fowling as they advance, and the most part of the quarry taken is carried to the Emperor. And let me tell you when he goes thus a-fowling with his gerfalcons and other hawks, he is attended by full 10,000 men, who are disposed in couples; and these are called *Toscaol*, which is as much as to say, "Watchers." And the name describes their business. They are posted from spot to spot, always in couples, and thus they cover a great deal of ground! Every man of them is provided with a whistle and a hood, so as to be able to call in a hawk and hold it in hand. And when the Emperor looses a hawk, there is no need that he follow it up, for those men I speak of keep so good a lookout that they never lose sight of the birds, and if these have need of help they are ready to render it.

All the Emperor's hawks, and those of the Barons as well, have a little label attached to the leg to mark them,

But if not, the bird is carried to a certain Baron, who is styled the *Bularguchi*, which is as much as to say, "The Keeper of Lost Property." And I tell you that whatever may be found without a known owner, whether it be a horse, or a sword, or a hawk, or what not, it is carried to that Baron straightway, and he takes charge of it. And if the finder neglects to deliver his find to the Baron, the latter punishes him. Likewise the loser of any article goes to the Baron, and if the thing be in his hands it is immediately given up to the owner. Moreover, the said Baron always pitches on the highest spot of the camp, with his banner displayed, in order that those who have lost or found any thing may have no difficulty in finding their way to him. Thus nothing can be lost but it shall be soon found and restored without delay.

And so the Emperor follows this road that I have mentioned, leading along in the vicinity of the Ocean Sea (which is within two days' journey of his capital city, Cambaluc), and as he goes there is many a fine sight to be seen, and plenty of the very best entertainment in hawking; in fact, there is no sport in the world to equal it!

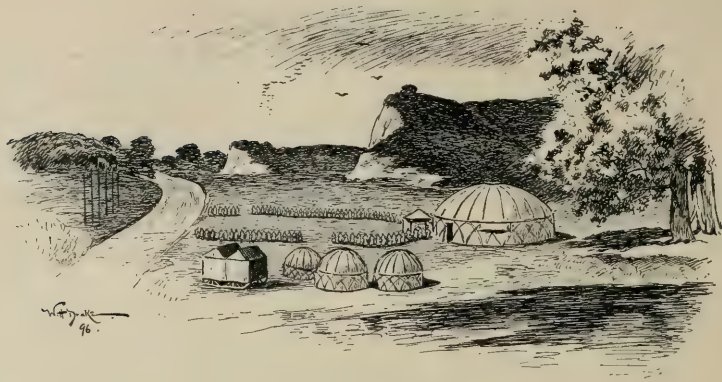
The Emperor himself is carried upon four elephants in a fine chamber made of timber, lined inside with plates of beaten gold, and outside with lions' skins, for he always travels in this way on his fowling expeditions, because he is troubled with gout. He always keeps beside him a dozen of his choicest gerfalcons, and is attended by several of his Barons, who ride on horseback alongside. And sometimes, as they may be going along, and the Emperor from his chamber is holding discourse with the Barons, one of the latter shall exclaim: "Sire! Look out for the Cranes!" Then the Emperor instantly has the top of his chamber thrown open, and having marked the cranes, he flies one of his gerfalcons, whichever he pleases; and often the quarry is struck within



AN EAGLE AND ITS VICTIM.

on which is written the names of the owner and the keeper of the bird. And in this way the hawk, when caught, is at once identified and handed over to its owner.

his view, so that he has the most exquisite sport and diversion there, as he sits in his chamber or lies on his bed; and all the Barons with him get the enjoyment of



PART OF THE KHAN'S ENCAMPMENT.

it likewise! So it is not without reason I tell you that I do not believe there ever existed in the world, or ever will exist, a man with such sport and enjoyment as he has, or with such rare opportunities.

And when he has traveled till he reaches a place called CACHAR MODUN, there he finds his tents pitched, with the tents of his Sons, and his Barons, and those of his ladies and theirs, so that there shall be full 10,000 tents in all, and all fine and rich ones. And I will tell you how his own quarters are disposed. The tent in which he holds his courts is large enough to give cover easily to a thousand souls. It is pitched with its door to the south, and the Barons and Knights remain in waiting in it, whilst the Khan abides in another close to it on the west side. When he wishes to speak with any one he causes the person to be summoned to that other tent. Immediately behind the great tent there is a fine large chamber where the Khan sleeps; and there are also many other tents and chambers, but they are not in contact with the Great Tent as these are. The two audience-tents and the sleeping-chamber are constructed in this way. Each of the audience-tents has three poles, which are of spice-wood, and are most artfully covered with lions' skins, striped with black and white and red, so that they do not suffer from any weather. All three apartments are also covered outside with similar skins of striped lions, a substance that lasts for ever. And inside they are all lined with ermine and sable, these two being the finest and most costly furs in existence. For a robe of sable, large enough to line a mantle, is worth 2000 bezants of gold, or 1000 at least, and this kind of skin is called by the Tartars "The King of Furs." The beast itself is about the size of a marten. These two furs of which I speak are applied and inlaid so exquisitely, that it is really something worth seeing. All the tent-ropes are of silk. And, in short, I may say that those tents, to wit the two audience-halls and the

sleeping-chamber, are so costly that it is not every king could pay for them.

Round about these tents are others, also fine ones and beautifully pitched, in which are the Emperor's ladies, and the ladies of the other princes and officers. And then there are the tents for the hawks and their keepers, so that altogether the number of tents there on the plain is something wonderful. To see the many people that are thronging to and fro on every side and every day there, you would take the camp for a good big city. For you must reckon the Leeches [doctors], and the Astrologers, and the Falconers, and all the other attendants on so great a company; and add that everybody there has his whole family with him, for such is their custom.

The Khan remains encamped there until the spring, and all that time he does nothing but go hawking round about among the canebrakes along the lakes and rivers that abound in that region, and across fine plains on which are plenty of cranes and swans, and all sorts of other fowl. The other gentry of the camp also are never done with hunting and hawking, and every day they bring home great store of venison and feathered game of all sorts. Indeed, without having witnessed it, you would never believe what quantities of game are taken, and what marvelous sport and diversion they all have whilst they are in camp there.

There is another thing I should mention; to wit, that for twenty days' journey round the spot nobody is allowed, be he who he may, to keep hawks or hounds, though anywhere else whosoever list may keep them. And furthermore, throughout all the Emperor's territories, nobody, however audacious, dares to hunt any of these four animals, to wit, hare, stag, buck, and roe, from the month of March to the month of October. Anybody who should do so would rue it bitterly. But those people are so obedient to the Khan's commands, that even if a man were to find one of those animals asleep

by the roadside he would not touch it for the world! And thus the game multiplies at such a rate that the whole country swarms with it, and the Emperor gets as much as he could desire. Beyond the term I have mentioned, however, to wit, that from March to October, everybody may take these animals as he lists.

After the Emperor has tarried in that place, enjoying his sport as I have related, from March to the middle of May, he moves with all his people, and returns straight to his capital city of Cambaluc (which is also the capital of Cathay, as you have been told), but all the while continuing to take his diversion in hunting and hawking as he goes along.

In those days hunting with hawks and falcons was called a royal sport, although we should consider it rather cruel to chase the birds of the air with fierce birds of prey which are the natural enemies of the game

birds. But that was certainly a royal manner of hunting in which Kublai Khan went to the field. Carried in a fine chamber lined with gold and covered with choice skins, and borne by a double team of elephants, Kublai Khan had only to sit and view the scenery until called by his barons to look out for the game that had been scared up for him. No wonder that Marco exclaims in his enthusiasm that he does not believe that any other man in the world has such rare opportunities for sport! But the great Emperor had one drawback, which must have reminded him that he was, after all, only a common mortal. With all his magnificence, riches, and opportunities for enjoyment, this gorgeous monarch had the gout!

(To be continued.)

SANTA CLAUS STREET IN JINGLETOWN.

BY SARAH J. BURKE.

EVERY night when the lamps are lit,
And the stars through the curtain begin to
peep —
When pussy has grown too tired to play,
And has laid herself down on the rug to
sleep —
When the spoon drops into the empty bowl
(For baby has eaten her bread and milk),
And bright eyes hide behind drooping lids,
Fringed with lashes as soft as silk —
When I lift my baby and fold her bib,
And carry her off to her little crib,
She whispers: "Before we cuddle down
Let us take a journey to Jingtowntown."

Oh, Jingtowntown is a wonderful town!
Mother Goose lives on its finest square,
And little Jack Horner bought his pie
At one of the bakers' shops there.
The House that Jack Built stands near the
church

Where they sounded Cock Robin's knell,
And Little Bo Peep there lost her sheep,
When she took them to town to sell.
But the funniest thing of all is this —
You must stop at the toll-gate and pay a kiss!
For the tiniest tear or the slightest frown
Will keep a child out of Jingtowntown.

When we go, I follow my baby's lead,
But, oh! she never wants to rest,
And I walk the streets of the queer old town
In a never-ending quest.
But the street that my darling loves the most
Is bordered with trees of evergreen,
Whose branches droop to the ground, and
show

The twinkling lights between.
There the merriest children swarm,
And my darling lingers, wrapped up warm
In her traveling robe of eider-down —
Santa Claus street, in Jingtowntown!

THE LAST THREE SOLDIERS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER VI.

MESSAGES OF DIRE DISASTERS.

"WHAT a pity," he cried, "that the boys on the next mountain should be left in ignorance of these victories when we could so easily send them the news without using the cipher — and this the Fourth of July, too!"

That form of communication, however, was strictly forbidden by the severe rules of the service, and it was the fate of Number 19 to remain in the dark, like all the other stations on the line, except the first and tenth and their own, which alone were in charge of commissioned officers who held the secret of the cipher.

The news of the destruction of the "Alabama," which had been the terror of the national merchant-vessels for two years, was of the highest importance, and would cause great rejoicing throughout the North. Although the battle with the "Kearsarge" had taken place on June 19th, it must be borne in mind that this period was before the permanent laying of the Atlantic cable, and European news was seven and eight days in crossing the ocean by the foreign steamers, and might be three days late before it started for this side, in case of an event which had happened three days before the sailing of the steamer. After several unsuccessful attempts, a cable had been laid between Europe and America in 1858, three years before the beginning of the great war, and had broken a few weeks after some words of congratulation had passed between Queen Victoria and President Buchanan. Some people even believed that the messages had been invented by the cable company, and that telegraphic communication had never been established at all along the bed of the ocean. At all events, news came by steamer in war-times, and so it happened

that these soldiers, who had been three days in the wilderness, heard with great joy, on July 4, of the sinking of the "Alabama," which happened on the coast of France on June 19.

The garrison flag was raised on a pole over the "A" tent, and the day was given up to enjoyment, which ended in supping on a roast fowl, with such garnishings as their limited larder would furnish. On this occasion Lieutenant Coleman waived his rank so far as to preside at the head of the table — which was a cracker-box — and after the feast they walked together to the station, and sat on the rocks in the moonlight to discuss the military situation.

If General Grant had met with some rebuffs in his recent operations against Petersburg, in Virginia, he was steadily closing his iron grasp on that city and Richmond; and not one of these intensely patriotic young men for a moment doubted the final outcome. Philip and Lieutenant Coleman had been much depressed by the recent disaster, and the news of the morning greatly raised their spirits. If Bromley was less excitable than his companions, the impressions he received were more enduring; but, on the other hand, he would be slower to recover from a great disappointment.

"The reins are in a firm hand at last," said Lieutenant Coleman, referring to the control then recently assumed by General Grant, "and now everything is bound to go forward. With Grant and Sheridan at Richmond; Farragut thundering on the coast; the "Alabama" at the bottom of the sea, and Uncle Billy forcing his lines nearer and nearer to Atlanta, we are making brave progress. I believe, boys, the end is in sight."

"Amen!" said Corporal Bromley.

"Hurrah!" cried Philip.

"You, boys," continued Lieutenant Coleman, "have enlisted for three years, while I have been educated to the profession of arms;

but if this rebellion is not soon put down I shall be ashamed of my profession, and leave it for some more respectable calling."

So they continued to talk until late into the night, cheered by the good news they had heard, and very hopeful of the future.

The following day was foggy, and Philip went down the ladder to bring up the potatoes, which he had quite forgotten in the excitement of the day before. Bromley, too, paid a visit to the tree where he had thrown in the cartridges; but the opening where he had cast in the sack was so far from the ground that it would be necessary to use the ax to recover it, and as he could find no drier or safer storehouse for the extra ammunition, he was content to leave it there for the present. Lieutenant Coleman busied himself in writing up the station journal in a blank-book provided for that purpose.

When Philip found his potatoes, which had been scattered on the ground where he had been thrown down in the darkness by the mysterious little animal, he was at first disposed to leave them, for they were so old and shrunken and small that he began to think the troopers had been playing a joke on him. But when he looked again, and saw the small sprouts peeping out of the eyes, a new idea came to him, and he gathered them carefully up in the sack. He bethought himself of the rich earth in the warm hollow of the plateau, where the sun lay all day, and where vegetation was only smothered by the coating of dead leaves; and he saw the delightful possibility of having new potatoes, of his own raising, before they were relieved from duty on the mountain. What better amusement could they find in the long summer days, after the morning messages were exchanged on the station, than to cultivate a small garden? If he had had the seeds of flowers, he might have thrown away the wilted potatoes; but next to the cultivation of flowers came the fruits of the earth, and if his plantation never yielded anything, it would be a pleasure to watch the vines grow. Lieutenant Coleman readily gave his consent; and, after raking off the carpet of leaves with a forked stick, the soft, rich soil lay exposed to the sun, so deep and mellow that a piece of green wood, flat-

tened at the end like a wedge, was sufficient to stir the earth and make it ready for planting. Philip cut the potatoes into small pieces, as he had seen the farmers do, and with the help of the others, who became quite interested in the work, the last piece was buried in the ground before sundown.

On the following morning the flags announced that, in a cavalry raid around Petersburg, General Wilson had destroyed sixty miles of railroad, and that forty days would be required to repair the damage done to the Danville and Richmond road. During the next three days there was no news worth recording, and the fever of gardening having taken possession of Philip, he planted some of the corn they had brought up for the chickens, and a row each of the peas and beans from their army rations.

The tenth of July was Sunday, the first since they had been left alone on the mountain; and Lieutenant Coleman required his subordinates to clean up about the camp, and at nine o'clock he put on his sword and inspected quarters like any company commander. After this ceremony, Philip read a psalm or two from his prayer-book, and Corporal Bromley turned over the pages of the Blue Book, which was the Revised Army Regulations of 1863. These two works constituted their limited library.

There was a dearth of news in the week that followed, and what little came was depressing to these enthusiastic young men, to whom the temporary inactivity of the army which they had just left was insupportable.

On Monday morning, however, came the cheering news that General Sherman's army was again in motion, and had completed the crossing of the Chattahoochee River the evening before.

On the 19th, they learned that General Sherman had established his lines within five miles of Atlanta, and that the Confederate general Johnston had been relieved by General Hood.

The messages by flag were received every day, when the weather was favorable, between the hours of nine and ten in the morning; and now that the campaign had reopened with such promise of continued activity, the days, and even the nights, dragged, so feverish was the

desire of the soldiers to hear more. They wandered about the mountain-top and discussed the military situation; but, if anything more than another tended to soothe their nerves, it was the sight of their garden, in which the corn and potatoes were so far advanced that each day seemed to add visibly to their growth.

On the morning of the 21st, they learned that Hood had assaulted that flank of the intrenched line which was commanded by General Hooker, and that in so doing the enemy had been three times gallantly repulsed. The new Confederate general was less prudent than the old one, and they chuckled to think of the miles of log breastworks they knew so well, at which he was hurling his troops. General Sherman was their military idol, and they knew how well satisfied he would be with this change in the tactics of the enemy.

By this time it had become their habit to remain near the station while Lieutenant Coleman figured out the messages, each of which he read aloud as soon as he comprehended its meaning.

On Saturday morning, July 23, while Corporal Bromley leaned stolidly on his flagstaff, and Philip walked about impatiently, Lieutenant Coleman jumped up and read from the paper he held in his hand:

"Hood attacked again yesterday. Repulsed with a loss of 7000 killed and wounded."

With no thought of the horrible meaning of these formidable figures to the widows and orphans of the men who had fallen in this gallant charge, Philip and Bromley cheered and cheered again, while the lieutenant sat down to decipher the next message. When he had mastered it, the paper fell from his hands. He was speechless for the moment.

"What is it?" said Philip, turning pale with the certainty of bad news.

"General McPherson is killed," said Lieutenant Coleman.

Now, so strangely are the passions of men wrought up in the time of war that these three hot-headed young partizans were quick to shed tears over the death of one man, though the destruction of a great host of their enemies had filled their hearts only with a fierce delight.

During the Sunday which followed, there

was a feeling of gloomy foreboding on the mountain, and under it a fierce desire to hear what should come next.

On Monday morning, July 25, the sun rose in a cloudless sky, bathing the trees and all the distant peaks with cheerful light, while at the altitude of the station his almost vertical rays were comfortable to feel in the cool breeze which blew across the plateau. Lieutenant Coleman glanced frequently at the face of his watch, and the instant the hands stood at nine Philip began waving the flag. There was no response from the other mountain for so long a time that Corporal Bromley came to his relief, and the red flag with a white center continued to beat the air with a rushing and fluttering sound which was painful in the silence and suspense of waiting.

When at last the little flag appeared on the object-glass of the telescope, it spelled but seven words and then disappeared. Philip uttered an exclamation of surprise at the brevity of the message, while Bromley wiped the perspiration from his forehead and waited where he stood.

In another minute Lieutenant Coleman had translated the seven words, but even in that brief time, Corporal Bromley, whose eyes were fixed on his face, detected the deathly pallor which spread over his features. The young officer looked with a hopeless stare at his corporal, and without uttering a word extended his hand with the scrap of paper on which he had written the seven words of the message.

Bromley took it, while Philip ran eagerly forward and looked tremblingly over his comrade's shoulder.

The seven words of the message read:

"General Sherman was killed yesterday before Atlanta."

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH THE THREE SOLDIERS MAKE A REMARKABLE RESOLUTION.

LIEUTENANT COLEMAN, although stunned by the news conveyed by the seven words of the message, as soon as he could reopen communication with the other mountain, telegraphed

back to Lieutenant Swann, in command of the tenth station:

"Is there no mistake in flagging General Sherman's death?"

It was late in the afternoon when the return message came, which read as follows:

"None. I have taken the same precaution to telegraph back to the station at Chattanooga.

"LIEUT. JAMES SWANN, U. S. A."

After this, and the terrible strain of waiting, Lieutenant Coleman and Corporal Bromley walked away in different directions on the mountain-top; and poor Philip, left alone, sat down on the ground and burst into tears over the death of his favorite general. He saw nothing but gloom and disaster in the future. What would the old army do without its brilliant leader?

And, sure enough, on the following morning came the news that the heretofore victorious army was falling back across the Chattahoochee; and another despatch confirmed the death of General Sherman, who had been riding along his lines with a single orderly when he was shot through the heart by a sharpshooter of the enemy.

Every morning after that the three soldiers went up to the station at the appointed hour, expecting only bad news, and, without fail, only bad news came. They learned that the baffled army in and about Marietta was being reorganized by General Thomas; but the ray of hope was quenched in their hearts a few days later, when the news came that General Grant had met with overwhelming disaster before Richmond, and, like McClellan before him, was fighting his way back to his base of supplies at City Point.

One day—it was August 6—there came a message from the chief signal-office at Chattanooga directing them to remain at their posts, at all hazards, until further orders; and, close upon this, a report that General Grant's army was rapidly concentrating on Washington by way of the Potomac River.

They had no doubt that the swift columns of Lee were already in motion overland toward the National capital, and they were not likely to be many days behind the Federal army in concentrating at that point. Rumors of foreign

intervention followed quick on the heels of this disheartening news, and on August 10 came a despatch which, being interpreted, read: "Yesterday, after a forced march of incredible rapidity, Longstreet's corps crossed the upper Potomac near the Chain Bridge, and captured two forts to the north of Rock Creek Church. At daylight on August 9, after tearing up a sec-



"POOR PHILIP, LEFT ALONE, BURST INTO TEARS."

tion of the Baltimore and Ohio's tracks, a column of cavalry under Fitzhugh Lee captured a train-load of the government archives, bound for Philadelphia."

Thus on the very day when General Sherman was bombarding the city of Atlanta, and when everything was going well with the National cause elsewhere, these misguided young men were brought to a degree of despair by some mysterious agency which was cunningly falsifying the daily despatches. Nothing more melancholy can be conceived than the entries made at this time by Lieutenant Coleman in the station diary.

Returning to the entry of July 28, which was the day following that on which they had re-

ceived information of the death of General Sherman, the unhappy officer writes :

My men are intensely patriotic, and the despatch came to each of us like a personal blow. Its effect on my two men was an interesting study of character. Corporal Bromley is a Harvard man, having executive ability as well as education far above his humble rank, who entered the service of his country at the first call to arms without a thought for his personal advantage. He is a man of high courage; and if he has a fault it is a too outspoken intolerance of the failures of his superiors. Private Welton is of a naturally refined and sensitive nature, and at first he seemed wholly cowed and broken in spirit. Bromley, on the other hand, as he strode away from the station, showed a countenance livid with rage.

After supper, for we take our meals apart, I invited the men to my tent and we sat out in the moonlight to discuss the probable situation. We talked of the overwhelming news until late in the evening, and then sat for a time in silence in the shadow of the chestnut trees looking out at the dazzling whiteness of the mountain top before retiring, each to his individual sorrow.

In the entry for August 6, after commenting somewhat bitterly on the report of the defeat of the Army of the Potomac, Lieutenant Coleman says, with reference to the despatch from the chief signal-officer of the same date :

The situation at this station is such, owing to our ignorance of the sentiment of the mountaineers and the hazard of visiting them in uniform, that I find a grave difficulty confronting me, which must be provided for at once. Our guide to this point has returned to Tennessee with the cavalry escort, and I have now reason deeply to regret that he was not required to put us in communication with some trustworthy Union men. The issue of commissary stores is reduced from this date to half rations, and we shall begin at once to eke out our daily portion by such edibles as we can find on the mountain. Huckleberries are abundant in the field above the bridge, and the men are already counting on the wild mandrakes.

August 8. Nothing cheering to brighten the gloom of continued defeat and disaster. The necessity of procuring everything edible within our reach keeps my men busy and affords them something to think of besides the disasters to the National armies. Welton discovered to-day four fresh-laid eggs, snugly hidden in a nest of leaves under a clump of chestnut sprouts interwoven with dry grasses, three of which he brought in.

These entries referring to trivial things are interesting as showing the temper of the men, and how they employed their time at this critical period.

On August 18 came a despatch that the

Army of Northern Virginia was entering Washington without material opposition. Lieutenant Coleman, in a portion of his diary for this date, says :

After a prolonged state of anger during which he has commented bitterly on the conduct of affairs at Washington, Corporal Bromley has settled into a morose and irritable mood, in which no additional disaster disturbs him in the slightest degree. With his fine perceptions and well-trained mind, the natural result of a liberal education, I have found him heretofore a most interesting companion in hours off duty. My situation is made doubly intolerable by his present condition.

At 9.30 A.M. of August 20, 1864, came the last despatches that were received by the three soldiers on Whiteside Mountain.

Hold on for immediate relief. Peace declared. Confederate States are to retain Washington.

The effect of this last message upon the young men who received it is fully set forth in the diary of the following day, and no later account could afford so vivid a picture of the remarkable events recorded by Lieutenant Coleman :

August 21, 1864. The messages of yesterday were flagged with the usual precision, and we have no reason to doubt their accuracy. Indeed, what has happened was expected by us so confidently that the despatches as translated by me were received in silence by my men and without any evidence of excitement or surprise. I myself felt a sense of relief that the inevitable and disgraceful end had come.

* * * * *

Last evening was a memorable occasion to the three men on this mountain. We are no longer separated by any difference in rank, having mutually agreed to waive all such conditions. In presence of such agreement, I, Frederick Henry Coleman, Second Lieutenant in the 12th Regiment of Cavalry of the military forces of the United States (formerly so called), have this day, August 21, 1864, written my resignation and sealed and addressed it to the Adjutant-General, wherever he may be. I am fully aware that, until the document is forwarded to its destination, only some power outside myself can terminate my official connection with the army, and that my personal act operates only to divest me of rank in the estimation of my companions in exile.

After our supper last night we walked across the field in front of our quarters and around to the point where the northern end of the plateau joins the rocky face of the mountain. The sun had already set behind the opposite ridge, and the gathering shadows among the rocks and under the trees added a further color of melancholy to our gloomy and foreboding thoughts.

I am forced to admit that I have not been the dominant spirit in the resolution at which we have arrived. George Bromley had several times asserted that he would never return to a disgraced and divided country. At the time I had regarded his words as only the irresponsible expression of excitement and passion.

As we stood together on the hill last night, Bromley reverted to this subject, speaking with unusual calmness and deliberation. "For my part," said he, pausing to give force to his decision, "I never desire to set foot in the United States again. I suppose I am as well equipped for the life of a hermit as any other man; and I am sure that my temper is not favorable to meeting my countrymen, who are my countrymen no longer, and facing the humiliation and disgrace of this defeat. I have no near relatives and no personal attachments to compensate for what I regard as the sacrifice of a return and a tacit acceptance of the new order of things. I came into the army fresh from a college course which marked the close of my youth; and shall I return in disgrace, without a profession or ambition to begin a new career in the shadow of this overwhelming disaster? I bind no one to my resolution," he continued, in clear, cold tones; "all I ask is that you leave me the old flag, and I will set up a country of my own on this mountain-top, whose natural defenses will enable me to keep away all disturbers of my isolation."

I was deeply impressed with his words, and the more so because of the absence of all passion in his manner. I had respected him for his attainments; I now felt that I loved the man for his unselfish, consuming love of

country. Strange to say, I, too, was without ties of kindred. My best friends in the old army had fallen in battle for the cause that was lost. On the night when we sat together exulting over the double victory of the capture of Kenesaw Mountain and the sinking of the "Alabama," I had expressed a determination to renounce my chosen profession in a certain event. That event had taken place. Under the magnetic influence of Bromley, what had only been a threat before became a bitter impulse and then a fierce resolve.

Taking his hand, and looking steadily into his calm eyes, I said: "I am an officer of the United States Army, but I will promise you this; until I am ordered to do so, I will never leave this place."

Philip Welton had been a silent listener to this strange conversation. His more sentimental nature was melted to tears, and in a few words he signified his resolution to join his fate with ours.

We walked back across the mountain-top in the white light of the full moon, silently as we had come. After the resolve we had made, I began already to experience a sense of relief from the shame I felt at the failure of our numerous armies. The old Government had fallen from its proud position among the nations of the earth. The flag we loved had been trampled under foot and despoiled of its stars — of how many we knew not. Our path lay through the plantation of young corn whose broad glistening leaves brushed our faces and filled the air with the sweet fragrance of the juicy stalks. The planting seemed to have been an inspiration which alone would make it possible for us to survive the first winter.

(To be continued.)



THE JAPANESE "GOOD-DAY."

BY MAE ST. JOHN BRAMHALL.



A FALL to the knees,
A turn to the toes,
A spread of the hands,
And a dip of the nose.
It takes all these just to say, "Good-day,"
In Chrysanthemum-land, so far away.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

BY FLORENCE E. PRATT.

WILLY in the corner crying! What can
be the matter?
What can ail my happy little, merry little
boy?
Tears on Christmas morning!—tell us
what 's the trouble.
Who has caused the tears that spoil our
little darling's joy?

"Grandpa's gone a-skating with the little
skates I gave him;
Auntie 's sitting reading in the Fairy-
book I bought;

Mama 's playing horses with that pair of
reins—a present
I made to her last Friday. It 's mean!
because I thought—

"Boohoo!—I thought that grandpa was a
gen'rous sort of grandpa,
And I thought that all the rest of 'em
were generous, you see;
And after they had all admired the pretty
things I gave them,
They 'd think such things more suit'ble
for a little boy like me!"

ST. NICHOLAS DAY IN HOLLAND.

—
BY ANNIE C. KUIPER.
—

HAVE you ever been in Holland? I don't mean to ask whether you have passed through it on your way to Germany or Switzerland; but have you really seen the country and its peculiar beauties? If you have, you must have admired the pretty walks along the canals in Amsterdam, and the fine old houses and high bridges in the ancient part of the town, the beautiful scenery of The Hague and Scheveningue, the splendid picture-galleries, the lovely woods near Arnheim and the surrounding villages, the green meadows with their famous cattle in the northern part of the country, and—ever so many things more, which you should some day visit if you have not yet seen them.

Holland naturally looks its prettiest in spring and in summer, though it is a fine sight to see the skating on the canals and on the ponds in the parks upon a bright winter day. But not all days in winter *are* bright in Holland. We have no London fogs; but we, as well as the inhabitants of the English metropolis, have our share of rain and mud. If you could see Amsterdam during the dark days of November and December, you would not be much charmed with it, I fear.

And yet there are days in those months when, notwithstanding the bad temper of the weather and the muddy slipperiness of the streets, all the large and small towns in Holland, and the villages and hamlets as well, wear a look of importance, of something unusual going on, and something well worth seeing. This is on the days preceding December 6, and on that day itself, when old and young remember and praise St. Nicholas, the dear old saint of long ago. There is a pleasant, bright, festive look about the shops, a gay bustle among the customers, a cheerful good-nature shown by people meeting on the streets, which reminds one of the famous description of an English Christmas in Dickens's "Christmas Carol."

The city of Amsterdam claims St. Nicholas as its patron saint, and during the first week of December confectioners' shops throughout the city display one special delicacy called "St. Nicholas cake," of which large quantities are sold at this season. "Men" and "women" made of this crisp, brown cake, or gingerbread, can be bought in different sizes and at all prices. These sweet creatures are often called "sweet-hearts" ("*vrijers*" we say in Dutch), and the girls receive a "man," the boys a "woman." I remember quite well what fun it used to be to hear the servant come in with: "If you please, ma'am, here is Miss Annie's sweetheart"—and see her hand a gingerbread man to my mother.

Most of the confectioners—indeed, nearly *all* shopkeepers—give up one of their private rooms for the purpose of showing off their Christmas wares to the best advantage.

At the confectioners' happy children gaze upon little candy tables, chairs, mice, cats, dogs, funny little clowns and babies, dolls' houses, whistles, fishes, cigars,—the whole alphabet in pretty letters; in fact, everything,—in sugar and chocolate. I have often seen little children, allowed to choose one or two of these precious dainties, take in all the splendor of a confectioner's shop with glistening eyes, and stand hesitating, hesitating, unable to decide what they would like to possess most.

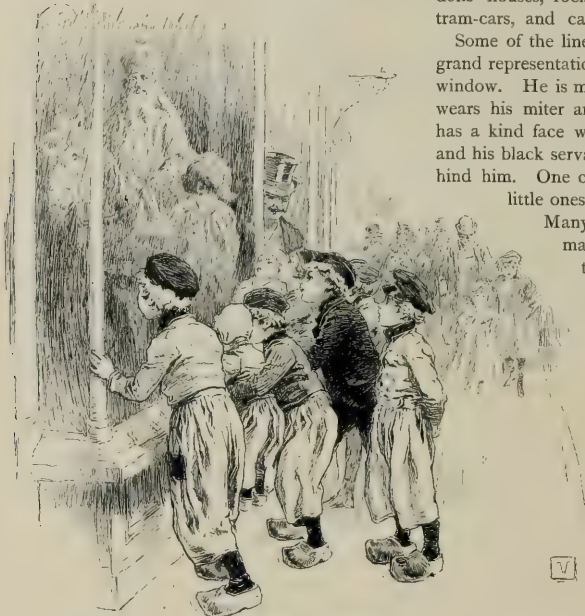
Naturally proud is the happy confectioner of his lovely "hearts," the large pieces of delicious marchpane which his energy molds into heart shape. A very frequent joke is the sending of such a heart to an intimate friend. It sometimes means something, but as a rule is nothing but a joke. Of course most girls like having such an innocent heart sent to them; and it is funny to see the mysterious look with which one tells another: "I had a large heart sent to me last night. I cannot possibly think who sent it!"

One kind of gingerbread is very popular at the feast of St. Nicholas. From its toughness it is called "tough-tough" (Dutch, *taai-taai*). One needs very good, sound teeth to eat this hard, brown delicacy, which, however, becomes

their rarity at this time of the year; the fancy-shops, with their beautiful vases and brackets, tiny lamps, blue-and-white jugs, and tiles, which are the delight of all foreigners; and the toy-shops, which seem to rival each other in an endless variety of dolls and dolls' houses, rocking-horses, whips, balls, tram-cars, and carriages.

Some of the linen-draper's shops have a grand representation of St. Nicholas in the window. He is mounted on a fiery horse, wears his miter and bright red robe, and has a kind face with a long, white beard, and his black servant Jan (John) stands behind him. One can always see groups of little ones admiring the figures.

Many of the other shops are made specially attractive by the so-called "surprises" in the windows. Sometimes they consist of artificial apples made of soap, with a mysterious opening somewhere, in which the present has to be concealed. We also see beautifully imitated pieces of meat, loaves, old hats, funny little Chinese figures, grim chimney-sweeps, big carrots, and so on. But the nicest and most intricate sur-



ST. NICHOLAS IN THE WINDOW.

mellow with age if patiently kept for some time in a tin box.

It is a treat to go through the streets of Amsterdam in this first week of December, and to walk leisurely past the shops, which all look their best and brightest, often in pleasant contrast to the gloomy and dirty weather.

The jewelers' shops, with their splendid show of glistening rings and necklaces, diamonds of all sizes, brooches and bracelets, little knick-knacks and costly trifles, attract a great deal of attention. So do the fruit-shops, with their red-cheeked apples and fine hothouse grapes and pears; the flower-shops, with their delicate ferns and roses, looking the prettier because of

prizes are those made by the giver himself or herself. Of these more hereafter.

The greatest fun, after all, goes on *in* the houses, not outside. In some families with many little children the night preceding December 5 shows a worthy preparation of the famous things which are to follow. Santa Claus (or Sint-Nicolaas, also Sinterklaas, as he is called in Holland) mounts his fiery steed and rides over the roofs of the houses. He often puts his hand into his capacious pocket, and out comes an abundance of sweets, which he throws through the chimneys into the rooms where the glad children, who have been singing the Saint's praises ever since dinner-time,

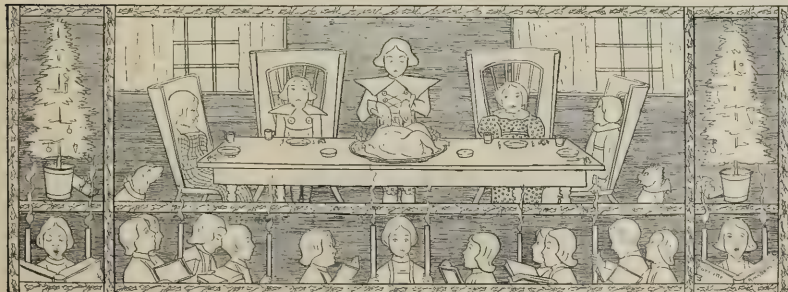
rush at the rain of goodies and gather as much as they possibly can.

Sometimes a brave little mite of four or five years goes as near as possible to the chimney, and cries out in a loud, clear voice: "*Dank je wel, Sinterklaas!*" ("Thank you very much, Santa Claus!") The next evening the same brave child may have to recite a piece of poetry when St. Nicholas stands before her in all his glory of miter, white beard, and red robe trimmed with gold and soft white fur. His black servant stands grinning behind, and the little child feels so much awed by the presence of the two visitors that the poem is recited in an extremely low voice. Needless to say that there is always an uncle or a friend of the family willing to represent St. Nicholas. The Saint himself hands round the presents, which his black servant has been carrying in a large bag, and afterward disappears—not up the chimney, but, like an ordinary mortal, through the door.

In some houses the little children who go to bed early put out their shoes and stockings and find them crammed with presents in the morning. Others have to play a game of hide-and-seek for their presents, which the father and mother have hidden in the most mysterious manner and in out-of-the-way places. In a great many families, however, December 5 is celebrated by sending and receiving parcels in

the evening of that day. "Parcels" must be taken here in a very broad sense. The servant who has to answer the bell is obliged to bring in whatever is put into her hands or before her, and consequently is often heard to giggle behind the door of the room in which the whole family is assembled. Then in walks—nay, is put—a most extraordinary-looking gentleman or old lady, or a queer animal, consisting chiefly of wood or of linen filled with sawdust, in which the present, sometimes one of very small dimensions, lies concealed. Funny little rhymes often accompany the parcels; and generally much good-natured teasing is contained in the poetical lines. The patience of some people is often sorely tried by a parcel consisting of a big ball of very fine cotton, which has to be unwound to get at the present.

The day after St. Nicholas there is such a lot of talking and laughing going on in the school-room, such a buzz, such exclamations of joy and admiration, and, among the girls, such kissing and warm thanksgivings, and so very little inclination for the every-day duties of life, that the teacher's patience may be tried; but he or she also has had a bright St. Nicholas eve, and has enjoyed it so thoroughly that for once work and learning get less attention than they deserve, and are neglected for a nice, bright talk which takes up the first half hour of the day.



AN OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS DINNER.



IT'S A SERIOUS THING TO WALK ABROAD
DRESSED UP IN FINEST STYLE;



ABOUT OUR WORK WITHIN THE HOUSE
WE'RE MERRY ALL THE WHILE.

REPORT UPON THE PRIZE PUZZLE "FIFTY CHARADES."

THE correct and complete list of answers is as follows :

ANSWERS TO THE FIFTY CHARADES.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Crabbed (crab, bed). | 26. Notice (not, knot; ice). |
| 2. Arcady, or Arcadie (ark; A. D. for Anno Domini). | 27. Capsize (caps, eyes; or caps, sighs; or cap, sighs). |
| 3. Eye-glass (I, glass). | 28. Mortgage (Moore, Gage). |
| 4. Pleasure (plea, sure). | 29. Mandolin (man, dole, inn, in). |
| 5. Mermaid (myrrh, made). | 30. Urchin (Ur, chin). |
| 6. Cat-tail, or cat's-tails (cat, tail; or cats, tails). | 31. August (awe, gust). |
| 7. Helpmeet (help, meat). | 32. Windfall (wind, fall). |
| 8. Escape (s, cape). | 33. Sideboard (sighed, bored). |
| 9. Nosegay (nose, gay). | 34. Seaweed, or seaweeds (sea, C, si; weed or weeds). |
| 10. Crosswise (cross, wise). | 35. Snowdrop (snow, drop). |
| 11. Kindred (kind, red). | 36. Bootjack (boot, jack). |
| 12. Couplet (cup, let). | 37. Sealskin (seal, skin). |
| 13. Lamp-post (lamp, post). | 38. Corn-cob (corn, cob). |
| 14. Jason (Jay, J, jay; sun). | 39. Beanstalk (beans, talk). |
| 15. Heathen (heat, hen). | 40. Tartan (tar, tan). |
| 16. Maiden (May, den). | 41. Failure (fail, your). |
| 17. Sidewalk (side, walk). | 42. Hubbard ("Hub," bard). |
| 18. Portent, or portents (pour; tent or tents). | 43. Student (stew, dent). |
| 19. Shirt-waist, or shirt-waists (shirt; waist or waists). | 44. Ink-well (ink, well). |
| 20. Apron (ape, run). | 45. Brownie (brow, knee). |
| 21. Decade (deck, aid). | 46. Sparrow (spar, row). |
| 22. Threshold (thresh, old). | 47. Lesson (less, son). |
| 23. Spendthrift (spend, thrift). | 48. Carmine (car, mine). |
| 24. Cowslip (cow, slip). | 49. Firedog, or firedogs (fire; dog or dogs). |
| 25. Motor (moat, mote; or, ore). | 50. Snowball (snow, ball). |

Under the conditions, as stated in the October number, the Committee of Judges in awarding the prizes took into consideration the ages of the senders and the neatness of the manuscripts.

Out of sixteen hundred answers received fifty-eight were found correct; and among these the standard of excellence was so high that it was difficult to decide upon the thirty to whom prizes were due. But after a careful weighing of merits, the Committee has awarded the promised prizes as follows :

LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS.

(The figures after the names are the ages of the winners. Where no figures are given, the age is over 18.)

First Prize, Ten Dollars : May D. Bevier.

Two Second Prizes, of Eight Dollars each : Marian Jackson Homans, 15; Katharine McDowell Rice.

Five Prizes, of Six Dollars each : Etta S. Guild; Clara L. Nasmith; Mary F. Sanford, 16; Amelia Burr, 17; Roger W. Tuttle.

Ten Prizes, of Four Dollars each : Stoddard S. More, 12; John C. More, 14; Ellen C. Goodwin; Margaret Webb; Katharine S. Frost, 13; Mary N. MacCracken; Sophie S. Lanneau, 16; J. Barton Townsend; Charles Ewan Merritt; Julia Townsend Coit.

Twelve Prizes, of Two Dollars each : Abbie S. Kingman; Clara L. King; Anne Huene; Lilian Lehman Schindel, 17; Robert Dunlap, 12; Eleanor Spangler Kieffer; Earle G. Heyl, 17; Ralph W. Deacon, 18; Marjorie Cole, 12; Norma Rose Waterbury, 13; Elisabeth Quincy Sewall, 15; Helen C. McCleary.

But there still remained twenty-eight competitors whose answers, though not equal (under the conditions of the competition) to those of these prize-winners, were yet correct in giving the list of fifty words upon which the charades were made. Thirteen of these clever solvers are entitled to especial consideration because under eighteen years of age, and the Committee has decided to award thirteen extra prizes of one dollar each to these younger contestants,

and to put upon a brief Roll of Honor the names of the fifteen successful solvers who were over eighteen. The Roll of Honor is, therefore, a mark of especial distinction, since all whose names are there presented handed in a correct list of the answers.

Thirteen Extra Prizes of One Dollar each: R. Charlotte Moffitt, 15; Morton Atwater, 14; Elsie Mulligan, 13; Joseph B. Eastman, 14; Stillman Dexter, 16; George Howard White, Jr., 15; Jean Richardson, 10; Elsie Goddard, 11; Evelyn L. Swain, 15; William H. Geisler, 13; Ben F. Carpenter, 16; Grace Viele, 17; Harold C. Dodge, 11.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Zella Cronyn, John J. Moffitt, Mary Stephens, Harriet I. Meakin, Sue B. Lowrie, Grace Van Glahn, Marion Fraser Crane, Lucretia Pope, Janet Emerson, Mabelle Jacqueline Hunter, Mrs. Charles F. Lilly, Cordelia B. Browne, D. G. Fiskien, Almira C. Twining, Mary Evelyn Thomas.

This competition has been a sort of "St. NICHOLAS family" affair. So many kind and charming letters were received with the solutions, written in a spirit of delightful friendliness, that the Editor has decided to allow all of the competitors to share some of these letters.

Here are quotations from some of the many letters received:

"I AM over eighteen, — *twice* over, in fact, — but I was beginning to wonder even if at that I was old enough to guess those charades. However, I aged a good deal while at work on them, and succeeded in solving forty-nine by last Saturday, but number two baffled me until to-day."

"Even though I fail to win a prize, I want to thank you for the pleasure that this and the other prize puzzles have given us. * * * We have been taking St. NICHOLAS for three years, and have enjoyed every number. We all thank you most heartily for many pleasant hours, and we hope you may live always to delight young folks."

"I must confess to having stayed awake nights over some of the answers to these charades."

"It is very fascinating and tantalizing, the work of solving these charades; and the ones that seem simplest are usually the most baffling."

"The following solutions are sent by one to whom St. NICHOLAS has been for years a very dear friend, bringing often, in hours of pain and weariness, the rest and recreation which other — though dear — book-friends had failed to bring."

"I am confined to my bed with a lame knee, and it is in a plaster cast. Mother and I began to work at the charades for my amusement. We were so interested we could not stop. Thank you for the pleasure you have given me."

"The prize puzzle in St. NICHOLAS has given much pleasure in our family, and we consider it most ingenious and interesting."

"We have taken you for seven years, but the answer to the prize puzzle, forwarded to-day, is the first time we have attempted any communication but a business one. * * * We have enjoyed the charades so much, and are already rewarded by our pleasure for the effort. Your magazine is highly prized, even in this far-off Canadian town."

"Although it was not 'so nominated in the bond,' Helen desires me to say that she had assistance from mama in finding her answers. It is with deep regret, mingled with disgust, that she finally consents to forego all hope of the first prize, because of number two's Cim-

merian darkness; and she expects a double measure of disgust when time shall reveal the simple answer. Helen does not remember the time when St. NICHOLAS was not her own familiar friend, and she wishes you to know that it was because of her delight in 'Marjorie and her Papa' that her little sister was named Marjorie five years ago."

"I want very much to get one of the prizes. I tried so hard to make my answers look nice that the back of my neck aches yet."

"The puzzle has afforded me several dollars' worth of fun, whether my answers merit a prize or not."

"My people have taken 'dear St. NICHOLAS' ever since the first number was issued; we have been 'brought up' on it. The youngest member of our household is now thirteen, but none of our family (and it is a large one) can ever grow too old to read you."

"I candidly confess that I do not expect a prize, but I have been richly repaid by the satisfaction derived from a partial solution of your ingenious brain-twisters."

"When I tell you that I have been your constant and enthusiastic reader since the year 1874, I need hardly add that I am over eighteen. Every month for twenty-two years your familiar presence has come to gladden our household. * * * I have read the conditions for former prize puzzles with an unconquerable sense of disappointment that I could not try too, and you can imagine my delight when I discovered that this time there was 'a chance for young and old.' I am sure there is no one who takes more pleasure in submitting a list of answers than myself."

"For many years I have been your interested reader and devoted admirer. Therefore I was much pleased to see your contest thrown open to your grown-up children."

"I am so glad you have allowed older readers to guess your charades. My sister and I began to take your magazine in 1879, so of late years I have been counted out in the competitions."

"You are an old and dear friend of our family, as we have a complete set of bound volumes. I have never tried for any of the prize puzzles before this."

"In sending my set of answers to the charades, let me send you my thanks for extending the age limit."

"I have been deeply interested in these charades, and think them wonderfully good."

"I have been a reader, for a long time, of your good pages, but I have not enjoyed anything more than these capital charades."

"It has been a great pleasure to solve this puzzle, as the charades are so ingeniously written."

"We did not guess quite all of the charades. I could not tell you the age, because all of our family guessed them—my mother, father, grandfather, aunt, and uncle."

"I am sure it must be a pleasure to know so witty and charming a woman as the author of these charades—with the exquisite variety of their verse and their ingenious and accurate, yet puzzling, clues—must be. I humbly offer her my compliments on her achievement."

"I am sorry that I must acknowledge eighteen and over; but two facts, at least, compel me. One is, that in your very earliest years you were my childhood's frequent visitor, and several of your first volumes are still treasured in my library, and are often referred to for instruction or amusement. And the second is a small daughter who, though too young to solve puzzles, has for the last three years delighted monthly in the bright and merry pages of ST. NICHOLAS. I wish to express the pleasure I have taken, these past few days, in attempting to solve these extremely clever charades."

"M—— has solved these charades unaided; and she has been a regular reader of ST. NICHOLAS ever since she could read. I consider a course in your magazine quite as essential in my children's education as one in mathematics."

"It seems as if I really ought to thank you for all the pleasure you have given me during the many years that I have read your pages. You seem even more of a companion to me now than in my younger days, though you were then the only magazine I cared to read. In especial, I owe you thanks for the many pleasant hours spent over these charades. This is the most enjoyable puzzle I ever encountered; and I have always been very fond of puzzles."

"I inclose a list of answers to the prize charades, and I wish to add my appreciation of their cleverness. One had only to guess one answer when the fascination immediately began to work; and if the demand for extra numbers has been as universal as in this town, I am sure you will think the charades have received the attention they deserve."

"For fifteen years your magazine has been a regular visitor at our home, and next to 'the girls,' their father has been its most devoted reader. Using two evenings, he made satisfactory answers to all but two of the fifty charades. These he carried with him mentally through several days' journeys, and finally submits them to your gentle criticism, with only a very slight qualm on one single point."

"I send you herewith my solutions to the best lot of charades ever published. They are not only good, they are exceedingly clever. * * * I hope you will publish more charades soon, either with or without a prize attachment."

"Before me, drawn up in long array, are the red backs of ST. NICHOLAS, from the first number ever published. They are by no means in a bright, new condition, though they have been bound and rebound; for they have been constantly used ever since my oldest brother was old enough to enjoy them. How many times we have read the old stories! * * * May there never be a year when a new ST. NICHOLAS is not added to our long line!"

"I send you herewith my answers to all but two of the charades, which, of course, we think deserve a prize—indeed, if they may be valued by the amount of midnight oil and much wrinking of brows expended on them, are entitled to *all* the prizes! However, I shall be satisfied with one, or even with none, if there be as many better answers as will absorb all the prizes. But please don't give us any more charades, at least not for some time, until we have rested and got back to our normal condition. For these charades have risen up with us and sat down with us for two whole weeks. They have cooled our porridge in the morning and our soup at dinner; and as for lunch, Smith's 'Classical Dictionary' with 'Worcester' for sauce, was more than enough. At first the children complained of having charades served up three times a day, and between meals as well; and my amiable better-half has gone about her duties with the same 'prize-puzzle expression' as was worn by the rest of us. Now, however, that the agony is over, we join in exclaiming, 'Oh, joy!'

"But, joking apart, we all ask you to thank Miss Carolyn Wells for her beautiful charades, and for the fun she has afforded us."

"ST. NICHOLAS came in my mail when I was ill at a hospital. The charades have made easier for me many hours of pain. I think, although I never tried a charade before, that I could have puzzled them all out if I had had time and strength, but I could look at the book only a few minutes at a time; sometimes I could only have a stanza read to me by one of the nurses, and sometimes I could not even think of them for days. It has been good exercise to sharpen the wits, even if I do leave many blanks. I can hardly wait to see the correct answers."

"Your magazine has been familiar to us—a part of our pleasure—nearly all the years of its existence; and I think the younger readers hardly find it more interesting, or give it a more cordial welcome, than does *one*, at least, of the older children."

"In submitting the inclosed list of answers, I would say that the charades have helped me to pass away many tedious and painful hours."

"I inclose the combined effort of our family, even the father at times coming to our relief. The children have been warned that, so far as a prize is concerned, they must be willing to be disappointed. Still, they have had great pleasure in the work, and we thank you for the pleasure you are always giving us."

"Helen sends you the solution of thirty-seven charades; she has done her very best without any assistance, excepting her dictionary. * * * She can repeat every charade, without reference to the book, from constantly studying them."

"This is the first time I have ever tried to solve charades, and they have nearly driven me distracted. I am over eighteen years old, and perhaps it may interest you to know that I have been stone-deaf and nearly blind since a little boy, and besides that, I lost all the fingers

of my right hand about eight years ago. Yet, as you see, I have learned to write. It was hard work learning, but now, by practice, I can do anything except climb a rope. As you will imagine, it is no small thing for a deaf person to solve such play on words as charades; and the few years of my life in which I could hear were passed among the Kaffirs and Fingo tribes in South Africa. I have been a delighted reader of ST. NICHOLAS for several years. It is always a welcome guest to me."

One list, prefaced by a brief note saying that the writer was totally blind, was written beautifully, but in pencil. Besides the list of answers, she inclosed the following original prose charade: "My first is one of the great ruling powers on the earth; my second is used many times in the construction of a house; my whole is often used instead of my first." The word which forms the answer will be found in this paragraph.

Two or three competitors sent answers in rhyme; and the winner of the first prize, May D. Bevier, not only had every answer correct, but put each answer into the form of a verse that was almost, if not quite, equal in merit to the charade itself.

A few of her clever verses are here appended.

4. Pleasure (plea, sure).

MAID of Athens, hear my *plea*!
I have given my heart to thee.
Thou art tender, true, and pure—
Let me of thy love be *sure*.
Speak thy *pleasure*, quickly speak!
Alas! to me 't will all be Greek.

11. Kindred (kind, red).

COLUMBUS sailed before the wind,
Leaving his *kindred* all behind;
They said that, though the world was wide,
He'd tumble off on the other side:
But he was bold to risk mishap,
In order to complete the map;
And so at last he found his way
To land he took to be Cathay.
He found the natives dressed for bed,
Kind to be sure, but 'very *red*.

25. Motor (moat, mote; or, ore).

I TROW a bridge may span a *moat*,
E'en though the moat be dry;
But I'd suggest, perhaps the *mote*
Was in your brother's eye.

I grant you *or* is difficult
Exactly to explain;
But whether *ore* is hard to mine
Depends upon the vein.

We have the *motor* now, and soon, I think,
Gold will be plentiful as lead or zinc.

27. Capsize (caps, eyes).

A YACHT upon a stormy day,
When *caps* are white on sailor and on sea,
Is watched by anxious *eyes* alway,
Least she *capsize* and founder suddenly.

30. Urchin (Ur, chin).

'T WAS *Ur* that removed to Canaan's fair land;
It's the *chin* you can't see, but can hold in your hand;
An *urchin* 's a radiate, also a boy—
A professor's delight, and a fond mother's joy.

34. Seaweeds (sea, C, si; weeds).

THE *sea* 's red, yellow, black, blue, white, and gray,
Restless, or dead; *C* high or low, they say,
And *C*, or *si*, is writ to read, or sing, or play.

And *weeds* are various; some are good, some bad.
A widow's *weeds* demonstrate she is sad.
A school-girl, finding *seaweeds* on the sand, is glad.

38. Corn-cob (corn, cob),

HEAR the legend of Mundamin,
How he wrestled with my hero—
Wrestled till his ears were torn off,
Till his riches golden all were
Stol'n by Rusticus, my hero,
Who then harnessed up his courser—
His stout *cob*, Houyhnhnm, his plow-horse.
Said he: "Faithful friend, come with me;
Drag Mundamin to the miller's:
He will grind him fine as powder."
Home at evening came my hero,
Sat beside the kitchen fire,
Stripped the *corn* all off the white *cob*,
Made himself a *corn-cob* peace-pipe,
Smoked his peace-pipe, smoked Mundamin.

40. Tartan (tar, tan).

A SOLDIER and a sailorman,
Well met, well matched, and fitly clad:
A jolly *tar* with a coat of *tan*,
And a warlike Scot in *tartan* plaid.

42. Hubbard (hub, bard).

BOSTON 's the *hub* of the universe,
And Milton 's the *bard* that 's most sublime;
But never a dog was treated worse
Than Mother Hubbard's of olden time.

47. Lesson (less, son).

THOUGH horses be my hobby, dogs my fad,
Still triumph the emotions of a dad:
I love my darling *son*, not *less*, but more,
E'en though he find his *lesson* but a bore.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WE regret to say that an error crept into the Prize Puzzle, "A Boston Tea-Party." The question was asked, "Who first copyrighted a book under a United States law?" It was believed by the author of the puzzle that Noah Webster was the first, and a large majority of the puzzle-solvers gave that answer.

The records of the Librarian of Congress prove, however, that a "Philadelphia Spelling-Book" was the first recorded for copyright, by John Barry, June 9, 1790.

We are indebted to two friendly and scholarly correspondents for calling attention to this error.

DURRAN HILL HOUSE, CARLISLE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My two sisters and I have taken you for more than a year, and we like you very much. My twin-sister is very fond of drawing, and is always copying your pretty pictures. Last Christmas holidays we got up some tableaux vivants. We took advertisements from the "Illustrated London News." One of them was a soap advertisement; perhaps you know the picture,—a little white girl standing on the seashore offering a piece of soap to a little colored boy. I was the boy, with my face and neck blackened, and black stockings on my arms and legs. My twin-sister was the little girl. There was no mistaking us *that* time; sometimes people make mistakes between us.

Wishing you long life and success,

Your interested reader, DOROTHY C. BUTLER.

KINGSTON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you a number of years, and think your magazine very interesting.

The "Old Senate House," the only house left standing after the burning of Kingston in 1776, stands here still, and is a low stone building. It is filled with relics.

One is a little shoe said to be over 250 years old; it does not look much like the shoes we now wear. It also contains a very old piano (I forget how old), and it looks something like a writing-desk. I tried to play on it, but it sounded like pounding an old tin pan.

I am getting a collection of pennies, and have some very old ones.

Hoping you will print this letter, I remain yours,

LULU R.

BENNINGTON, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy of eleven, and I thought the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS would be interested to hear about the Bennington Battle Monument, which was finished August 19, 1891. It marks the site of the old store-houses where the Green Mountain Boys who fought at the battle of Bennington under General Stark kept their supplies and ammunition. The monument is three hundred feet high, and has a large star on top.

During the battle there stood an old and historic tavern where General Stark stayed the night before the battle. The tavern was called the Catamount Tavern. It was burned in 1871. They have erected on the site of the old tavern a life-size bronzed catamount on a polished pedestal of granite. We live quite near the monu-

ment, and I have been up in it several times. The battle was fought near a little place called White Creek, in New York State.

The day that the monument was finished there was a lively time. West Point Cadets and old veteran soldiers came marching up and around the monument. In the carriages which followed the procession I saw ex-President Harrison, who was then President, and also the late ex-Governor Russell of Massachusetts. In the winter we live in Troy, N. Y., and in the summer here. We have spent our summers here for eight years, and we like it very much.

I must now close, and remain your steady reader,
BARRY WELLINGTON.

LINCOLN, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although many of my friends take you, I believe I have never seen a letter from this place. I am very fond of you, and my ten-year-old brother is also very interested in you.

I have a pug dog and a cat who are the best of friends. My pug has a pedigree, but my cat is very humble, as we found *her* on the doorstep.

I am very fond of poetry and music. I composed a study in music, which the music professor at the college here said was very good. I will inclose a little rhyme that I composed when I was eleven:

THE SAD NOVEMBER WIND.

I.

POET. "Pray tell thy mournful secret,
Thou drear November Wind:
Why dost thou moan and mutter?
What is weighing on *thy* mind?"

II.

"Why do the trees stand leafless,
And quiver in thy power?
Why does the sun hide from thee,
And clouds about thee lower?"

III.

WIND. "Oh, hast thou seen my maiden,
The maiden of my heart—
Fair Summer? She has wandered,
And we are far apart.

IV.

"I've lost her, my own lady,
With blossoms in her hair;
Of all the fairest maidens,
To me she was most fair.

V.

"She's a sister to sweet Spring-time,
And she, also, has fled."

POET. "How could I tell the mournful Wind
His Summer-love was dead?"

My brother has a pony and cart, and also a wheel. I am not fond of his pony, so I drive our large surrey-horse, which is quite gentle.

I must tell you what my brother and another little boy found last summer. They were "poking" about in an old coal shed, which stood behind an old empty house, and found a queer old German snuff-box. Inside lay two ten-dollar bills and two five-dollar bills. It was supposed that an old man who had lived there had buried it under the coal. He and his wife had been dead many years, and as my cousin owned the property, he gave the money to the boys for their own.

Your interested reader, CLARE H.—

SAMOKOV, BULGARIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl eleven years old. My father is a missionary-doctor, and I have always lived in Bulgaria.

I think, perhaps, the other girls who read the "Letter-Box" would like to hear about a holiday we have just had. It was observed in honor of two good men who lived many years ago, Cyril and Methodius. They came to Bulgaria and brought the Bible to their people, who were heathen at that time, and gave them the written language. Every year on the 23d of May services are held in the church, and after that teachers and scholars go off into a pleasant place outside the city and spend the rest of the day in merry-making. There are two missionary schools here, and we go out every year to a quiet, woody place and take our dinner there and play games and have a very nice time.

I am your faithful reader,

MARGARET L. KINGSBURY.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is so seldom that you see a letter from the "Crescent City" that I thought I would write to you to show you that ST. NICHOLAS is not forgotten in this delightful city.

The news that one of the several passes which constitute the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi River has a crevasse several thousand feet wide in it, was a sad blow to the commerce here, as without these jetties at the mouth of the river New Orleans would be practically an inland city, as none of the large vessels which daily enter and leave this large port would be able to enter the mouth of the river, and reach New Orleans.

I have been taking you since 1888, and, unlike other things, ST. NICHOLAS, as it grows older, seems to get brighter. I liked "Toinette's Philip." The scene of the story, as you know, lies in New Orleans, many of the places mentioned being places of interest to travelers. The old Union Bank, on the corner of Custom House and Royal streets, is now a theater. The old St. Roch's Cemetery is a point which all visitors generally visit before leaving.

I remain your sincere friend, W. B. GILL.

ADAM'S RANCH, COLORADO SPRINGS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from either Colorado Springs or my old home in the West Indies. I have only subscribed lately, but we have always had a bound volume of your delightful magazine for a Christmas present.

I have only been in Colorado Springs a few months, and have always lived in Nassau, Bahamas. It seems so strange to see the leaves turning and falling, as in Nassau we never have any frosts or snow.

Nassau is a pretty little island with lovely trees and flowers, such as the royal poinciana, cocoa-nut palms, orchids, etc. There are a lot of wild flowers, and we get most roses and garden-flowers in the winter, as it is so

hot in the summer. We have lovely white beaches, and a variety of pretty shells can always be found. We often go for picnics to some of the cays near Nassau. There are generally a lot of cocoa-nut trees, and we always knock down the nuts, and have a drink of the milk. We sometimes have a dip in the sea, if we get very hot and tired. Everybody can swim out there. The water is so warm we can stay in hours at a time.

We came up here last May, and have been spending the summer on a ranch. The house is on the side of Cheyenne Mountain, and we have a lovely view of the prairie. We have to pass through a prairie-dog town when we drive into the Springs. The dogs are such quaint little animals; they are so fat when they have begun to get their winter coat.

We are going back to the Springs for the winter. I am looking forward to seeing snow and ice. We had a light fall of snow last week; it is the first I have seen. I think it is very lovely.

I remain your devoted reader, MARION SAWYER.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our family has taken you for over a decade, and I have taken you ever since 1892. I think that the ST. NICHOLAS is the best magazine published, and I suppose many of your readers think the same. I live in New Haven on a lovely shady street. Five years ago there was not an electric car in this city, and now, I am glad to say, there is not a horse-car.

We go to the seashore nearly every summer, and, as your readers like to hear about old relics, I will tell you about some. For five years we have spent three weeks of summer at Morris Cove. We stayed at the Morris House, which was built about the year 1700. In the backyard there is a grapevine over a century old, and it is nearly a foot in circumference, appearing as a small tree. In the house are old-fashioned, three-sided chairs, and many curious portraits. The house is very large, and was injured by the British in the Revolutionary War. It is very nice there, with the exception of mosquitoes.

I remain a constant reader, CHAS. P. TUTTLE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SUMMER.

As I was waiting in the Syracuse Depot last summer for papa, who had gone out for a walk, I saw a gentleman coming toward me who looked very much like papa, having the same hat, clothes, and bald head; but, strange to say, he had no mustache. I could not believe that it was papa, although I did not see what right any other man had to be smiling at me as if he knew me. I was placed in a very awkward position. I did not want to address any stranger as papa, and yet I knew that if it was papa and I did not recognize him, I should be teased most unmercifully. As he paused in front of me, I began to laugh or cry, I don't know which. I stopped at last. And the gentleman with a queer look on his face turned, and walked away. GWLADYS R. ERSKINE.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Edna S. Keith, Grace D. Varnum, Lucille Byron Lee, Jessie Curran, Frances E. Lucas, Eva Griffith Stevenson, Edythe Stewart, Lesta Eckfeld, Gwendolene Canfield, Herbert J. H. Hotchkiss, Sarah S. Wilkinson, Edwin B. Fussell, Beatrice E. Yoell, Margaret Edwards, Marion A. Barker, Lyle Barnes, Chase C. Fisher, Helen M. Wodehouse, James Waite, Marian Moore Powell, Millie E. C. Davis, Emma B. Fielding, Mary Howard Lloyd, Coral Clark, Elizabeth Auchincloss, Winifred E. N. Birks, Enda Halcomb B., Francis F. Chase, Fred Biggere and Eugene Shier, Caroline E. Clark, Rowena M. Newton, Sarah L. Waley.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Ward. 2. Aloe. 3. Rose. 4. Deer.
ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Jefferson. 1. Judge. 2. Heart. 3. Cuffs. 4. Knife. 5. Bugle. 6. Sword. 7. Bison. 8. Money. 9. Noose.

CHARADE. Dodo.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Maryland. 1. Mahogany. 2. Asbestos. 3. Religion. 4. Ypsiloid. 5. Language. 6. Achilles. 7. Nautilus. 8. Delusion.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Slab. 2. Lane. 3. Anna. 4. Bear. II. 1. Laws. 2. Atop. 3. Wove. 4. Sped. III. 1. Rats. 2. Also. 3. Tar. 4. Sore. IV. 1. Wars. 2. Aloe. 3. Rose. 4. Seas. V. 1. East. 2. Alto. 3. Step. 4. Tops.

RIDDLE. Perch.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL. Armenia. Cross-words: 1. Atlanta. 2. Orinoco. 3. Sumatra. 4. Genesee. 5. Phoenix. 6. Liberia. 7. Formosa.

ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC. Stuart. (Gilbert.) 1. Cutlass. 2. Locust. 3. Zebu. 4. Umbrella. 5. Guitar. 6. Epaullet.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Josephine Sherwood—G. B. Dyer—M. McG.—"M. K."—"Tod and Yam"—"Four Weeks in Kane"—Mabel and Henri—Paul Reese—"Dondy Small"—Richard H. Weld, Jr.—L. O. E.—"Jersey Quartette"—"Edgewater Two."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Julia Callender, 1—"The Four G's," 2—Lulu C. Shearman, 1—Fedora Edgar, 2—Marjorie Watmough, 2—"Two Allegheny Girls," 2—Margaret Ladley, 2—Florence Kipp, 1—"We Two," 1—Sarah Otis Ernst, 1—Virginia and Ruth Battle, 4—Gertrude Teschan, 1—Claudice Piper, 1—Clair, 4—Fred Haskell, 2—Marie A. and Hildegard Lemcke, 1—Wm. A. Lockman, 9—Eloise F. Purdy, 1—Daniel Hardin and Co., 8—Florence and Edna, 5—Lucille Byron Lee, 1—A. Woodhull, 1—David R. Pratt, 6—"Merry and Co.," 8—Halleck and Co., 2—Alma L. Knapp, 1—Mabel M. Carey and Georgia Curtiss, 8—Chiddingstone, 9—"Two Little Brothers," 9—Laura M. Zinser, 7—Franklyn A. Farnsworth, 9—Sigourney Fay Nininger, 9—Effie K. Talboys, 7—Helen Garrison, 4—Marguerite Sturdy, 9—"Embla," 9—"Woodside Folks," 3—Clara D. Lauer Co., 7—Orson Moore, 1—Jo and I, 9—Grace Edith Thallon, 9—J. K., Jr., and Co., 2—Edward, Will and I, 4—Esther Park, 1—Harold Beecher, 1—Nicholas Nolan, Jr., 1—Edith M. A., 2.

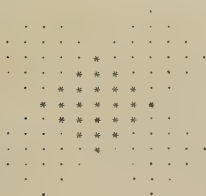
DIAGONAL.

WHEN the words have been rightly guessed, and written one below the other, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of an American general.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An orthodox Mohammedan. 2. A sea. 3. Brave. 4. Lamenting audibly. 5. A plain in western Palestine celebrated for its fertility. 6. To gain possession of.

R. D. E.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In scanty. 2. A covering for the head. 3. A famous conqueror of ancient times. 4. A lake in New York State. 5. Pertaining to the ancient Carthaginians. 6. A little cavity. 7. In scanty.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In scanty.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, melon (lemon); finals, lopes, (slope, poles). Cross-words: 1. Mail. 2. Echo. 3. Lamp. 4. Oboe. 5. Neis.

RHOMBIC. Reading across: 1. North. 2. Rural. 3. Tenor. 4. Edder. 5. Sedan.

SUBTRACTIONS. 1. D-rav. 2. Ma-lt. 3. M-cat. 4. Hi-lt. 5. Li-v-e. 6. Draw-l. 7. Car-t.

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC. French Revolution. 1. Fire. 2. Ride. 3. Evil. 4. Now. 5. Care. 6. Heart. 7. Read. 8. Earn. 9. Vase. 10. Own. 11. Lead. 12. Use. 13. Taste. 14. Isle. 15. Owl. 16. Now.

DIAMONDS. I. 1. T. 2. Sat. 3. Tales. 4. Tea. 5. S. II. 1. T. 2. Yea. 3. Tepid. 4. Aid. 5. D.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. L. 2. Lot. 3. Lotus. 4. Tudor. 5. Sowed. 6. Resin. 7. Dinah. 8. Naked. 9. Heron. 10. Dozen. 11. Negus. 12. Nubia. 13. Since. 14. Acerb. 15. Ergot. 16. Boxer. 17. Texas. 18. Rat. 19. S.

2. A rug. 3. A piece of metal in the form of a coin, which serves as a reward. 4. Certain things used for both tea and golf. 5. To infect. 6. To allow. 7. In scanty.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In scanty. 2. An animal. 3. A very useful animal. 4. Beloved of photographers. 5. The surname of a famous English actress. 6. A song. 7. In scanty.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In scanty. 2. Timely. 3. A scholar. 4. Hooded cloaks. 5. A designation. 6. The surname of a famous general. 7. In scanty.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In scanty. 2. An affirmation. 3. A pleasure-boat. 4. A disenter. 5. Tottering. 6. To test. 7. In scanty.

A. M. STONE.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS.

EACH blank is to be filled by a word of five letters. No two words are alike, though the same five letters, properly arranged, may be used to make the seven missing words.

With careless laugh he * * * * * the fruit, when hark!
 A step—a tall * * * * * man, of aspect dark,
 Has barred his way: "My * * * * * then you shall know

My wrath—these * * * * * of late too frequent grow—
 I wield no * * * * *, yet you, rash youth, shall see
 How all transgression * * * * * its penalty!
 For I adjudge ('t is obsolete, you'll say)
 That you shall * * * * * what you have done to-day!"

E. T. CORBETT.

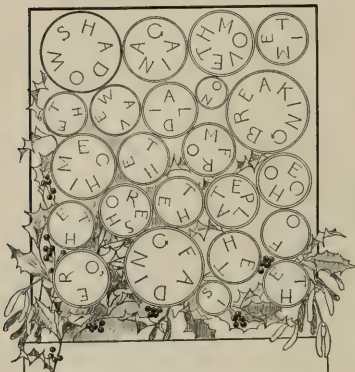
CONUNDRUM CHARADE.

WHY is something to the purpose like a gentle hit?
In my first you'll find the answer if you think a bit.

Why is the part played by an actor like a breakfast dish?
In my second lies the answer. Find it if you wish.

Why's an Irishman's fall downstairs like a soldier's watch?
In my whole the answer's waiting for your eye to catch.
L. E. JOHNSON.

A NEW YEAR VERSE.



THE letters in each circle, in the order in which they stand, form a word. When these words are rightly placed they will form a four-line verse suitable for New Year's Eve.

HIDDEN LETTERS.

TEN letters in four syllables
Compose my well-known name,—
Three vowels and seven consonants,
And only two the same.

In Russia you can find my first,
In Italy my second,
My third in England oft is seen,
My fourth in Spain is reckoned,
My fifth is found in Congo State,
My sixth appears in Chili,
My seventh in Holland, and my eighth
In Switzerland so hilly;
My last two are found in Siam;
Now who first can tell what I am?

F. G. NELSON.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. I. OFTEN on a tea-table. 2. Method. 3. To worship. 4. To work for. 5. Large plants.

II. I. Confuses. 2. Brisk. 3. An animal. 4. A mistake. 5. To gaze rudely. HELEN MURPHY.

TWO ZOÖLOGICAL ACROSTICS.

I. THE words described are of equal length. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell a name familiar to every reader of ST. NICHOLAS.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A water-fowl. 2. An Asiatic deer. 3. A wild goat. 4. An aquatic insect. 5. A

batrachian. 6. A pygmy deer found in Java. 7. A large, wading bird. 8. A fresh-water fish. 9. A bird of prey. 10. An African antelope. 11. The "King of Beasts." 12. Arctic sea-birds. 13. An aquatic animal valued for its skin, fur, and oil.

II. THE final letters of the name of each animal will spell an animal dear to ST. NICHOLAS.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. A kind of field spaniel. 2. A large Egyptian antelope. 3. An animal of tropical America, allied to the racoon. 4. A large carnivorous animal. 5. A South African antelope. 6. A mouse-like rodent. 7. A small rodent. 8. A large ungulate. G. B. DYER.

DIVIDED CITIES.

EXAMPLE: Divide a city of Ireland into a metallic instrument and quick. Answer, Bel-fast. All of the cities are in the United States.

1. Divide a city into a boy's name and a planet.
2. Divide a city into an organ and a shallow place in a river.
3. Divide a city into a masculine name and a weight.
4. Divide a city into a foreman and a weight.
5. Divide a city into a prohibition and blood.
6. Divide a city into a masculine name and a place of security.
7. Divide a city into a season and a poet.
8. Divide a city into angry, a pronoun, and a planet.
9. Divide a city into a small stream and another city.
10. Divide a city into adhere and to draw from the water.
11. Divide a city into uncooked and a sheltered place.
12. Divide a city into novel and a place of safety.

TWO COUSINS.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and eight letters, and form one verse of a well-known poem.

Her 3-62-105-75 it was Belinda, and his 69-62-105-31 it was 20-97-81-81-34;

They loved each other 11-93-62-47-100-28 and they said that they would 105-62-81-81-07.

Said 55-21, on their 92-47-2-84-30-19 wedding-day, "I'm happy as a 27-9-76-70;"

And 49-44-13, with equal happiness, did 38-63-51 with joy and 16-35-08-78:

"The violet's blue; the 1-40-96-108 is red as 65-38-62-81-94-101-56 holly-berry;

My own big 61-28-59-26 are 12-39-41-101 and I am 32-62-64-47-45-81 than a 32-62-64-47-51.

My wedding-ring has 91-89-97-105-5-36-106-49 bright, and if they're not too 11-59-62-47,

I'll get a ring and 72-13-38-27-52-97-38-101 on my birthday every 34-93-97-63."

They 49-80-62-63-73-108-25 on their wedding 102-85-6-81, the wide 8-18-81-14-42 for to see;

They thought they'd take a 12-5-62-87 and 63-85-88 across the "82-36-66-71-97-98 Sea;"

A 46-86-63-77-48-41-26 54-62-90-108 did 38-79-97-96-31 that boat, and 38-62-41-4-103-57 her in a 105-104-83-41-43-13;

And ere our pair could 92-62-68-95 their 38-63 97-32-50, they found they were "72-40-29 53-83 107-17."

They could not 49-22-23-105, they could not 32-10-40-62-7; he 74-108-24-99 her 12-60 her 58-97-53-47;

She 38-33-6-3-37 to him; some voyagers soon found them struggling there.

They in a 80-1-68-38-61 were helped aboard a ship so grand and 65-87-62-57-45-94-60,

They said though their first voyage had 46-97-53-15-13-11, their second pleased them greatly.

And so they got back 20-40-105-61 with care,—A 49-97-106-11-75-63 and a 8-68-96-75-81 pair.

LUCILLE BYRON LEE.



THE DAUGHTERS OF THE ARTIST. AFTER A PAINTING BY CORNELIS DE VOS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL PICTURE. BY PERMISSION OF BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., NEW YORK.

C DE VOS

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIV.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

NO. 4.

A SIBERIAN SCARE.

BY GEORGE KENNAN.

I WONDER if any one has ever heard of an arctic ghost. Is there on record any well authenticated case of supernatural apparition in Spitzbergen, for example, or Greenland, or Novaya Zemlya, or in the midst of the great polar ice-pack? Has any arctic explorer ever seen a ghost or heard of one, north of latitude 65°? Ghosts seem to be plentiful enough in the north temperate zone and in the tropics, but, so far as I know, I am the only person who has ever encountered one in the far North.

I first heard of my ghost in the winter of 1865-66, when I was exploring a route for a telegraph line through northeastern Siberia, and was living temporarily in a small Russian village called Anadyrsk (An-ad'-eersk), about four hundred miles west of Bering Strait. I had rented from one of the natives in this village a one-story log house of the usual Siberian type, with a living-room and a small bedroom in one end, a kitchen in the other, and an outside door opening into a square entry between them. Over the living-room there was a rough, unfurnished garret or attic, which could be

reached by climbing a notched log set up ladderwise in the entry, but which during my occupancy of the house was never used, and was empty. It had a floor of rough spruce boards laid loosely across the joists, and it received a little light from the door in the entry below; but it was never warmed, and in winter its floor was generally covered with snow which sifted in through chinks and cracks in the neglected roof. I was alone in this house, with the exception of a native boy sixteen or seventeen years of age, named Yegor (Yeh-gor'), who cooked and kept house for me, and who slept on the floor in the kitchen. Our outside door was never locked at night, and indeed I don't think there was such a thing as a lock in the whole settlement. Theft, burglary, and assault were crimes almost unknown to the quiet, upright people of Anadyrsk; and as they left their doors unlocked and unbolted from one year's end to another, I naturally followed their example.

One dark still night in February, between ten and eleven o'clock, as I lay in bed reading, I was startled by the quick and violent throw-

ing open of the entry door, and a swift rush of somebody into the adjacent sitting-room.

"Who 's that?" I demanded. There was no reply, but as I sprang out of bed to investigate, I was met at the sitting-room door by what looked like the wraith of Yegor. His long, dark hair was disheveled, his eyes were dilated, his face was as pale as ashes, and as he stood there, trembling violently and looking apprehensively toward the door through which he had just come, he seemed the very embodiment of horror and fear.

"Why, Yegor!" I exclaimed, "what 's the matter?"

For a moment he seemed unable to speak, but with an effort he controlled himself, and said in a low, excited tone, "There 's something walking in the kitchen."

"Nonsense!" I replied. "You 've had the nightmare, and you 're not more than half awake yet. Nobody would come into the kitchen at this time of night. What did you think you heard?"

"It was n't a nightmare, Barin,*" he protested. "I had n't been asleep at all. There was nobody in the room; but the minute I blew out the candle something walked across the floor in heavy boots.†"

The idea of a Siberian ghost pacing the floor of Yegor's kitchen at night in American boots was so ludicrous and incongruous that I burst into a fit of laughter.

"Where did the 'something' get its boots, Yegor?" I said jeeringly. "Mine are there in the bedroom, and there is n't another pair in the settlement."

But Yegor evidently thought the matter too serious for joking, and merely replied that he was "unable to know."

"Well, come along," I said finally. "Let 's go to the kitchen and take a look."

Putting on a fur "kukhlanka,‡" for the night was cold, I stepped out into the entry, threw open the kitchen door, held a light, and listened. The only "things" that seemed to

be "walking" in Yegor's department were the cockroaches, some of which were quite big enough to wear the boots of Lilliput, if not the boots of America.

"You see, Yegor," I said, "there 's nothing and nobody there. After you blew out your candle you probably dropped asleep without knowing it, and had a bad dream."

But Yegor was not to be thus reassured; and when we went back he begged so hard to be allowed to stay in my end of the house that I told him he might sleep on the floor beside the oven. After I had blown out my light he stole noiselessly into my room, and crawled under my bed, where, soon afterward, I heard him draw a long, deep breath of relief, as if for the first time he felt himself safe.

Several days passed without any further alarm. Yegor went back to the kitchen to sleep, and I had forgotten all about the ghost in boots, when, between eleven and twelve o'clock one night, after I had gone to bed, my attention was attracted by the sound of light, stealthy footsteps crossing the floor of the garret over my head in the direction of the sitting-room. My first thought was that Yegor had gone up there to get something; but when I remembered his fear of ghosts and recalled the fact that the garret was absolutely empty, I dismissed this explanation as altogether improbable, and decided that the footsteps were those of some poor wandering Korak§ from a neighboring encampment, who had been detained in the village overnight, and who had stolen up into our garret to sleep because it was a little warmer there than out of doors. I once thought of shouting to him that he might come down and sleep in the kitchen; but I was not sure that he would understand Russian. I knew that the Koraks were accustomed to sleep out on the snow in all kinds of weather, and I said to myself, "What 's the use of worrying about him? He 'll be comfortable enough up there; and if he is n't, he can knock at the kitchen door and wake Yegor." I heard

* "Master" or "Seigneur"—a title given by a Russian peasant to his superior in rank or position.

† The Russian word is "sapaghee"—that is, boots with hard soles and heels, which are known to the Siberian natives as "American boots." Their own footgear is made of soft skins, and their footsteps are almost noiseless.

‡ A garment like a blouse or sweater, made of reindeer skin.

§ A nomadic tribe of Siberian natives.

him lie down in one corner of the garret, over the sitting-room ikon*, and then, several times afterward, I heard him turn over or move uneasily, as if he found the floor of the garret a hard bed.

When Yegor brought me my coffee on the following morning, I said to him, "Who slept up in the garret last night?"

The ghost-started expression instantly returned to his face as he replied, "Nobody."

"But somebody certainly did," I insisted; "I heard a man walk softly on tiptoe across the garret floor about eleven o'clock, and lie down in the corner over the ikon. I thought at first it was you, but I suppose it must have been some Korak. Were any of them in the village yesterday?"

Yegor declared that there had not been a Korak in the village for a week, and that the sounds in the garret were undoubtedly made by the same evil spirit that had frightened him. "The house is haunted, Barin," he said, "and we ought to have the priest come here and drive away the spirits."

"What stuff!" I exclaimed. "There's no such thing as an evil spirit, and you ought to be ashamed, at your age, to believe old gossips' stories about haunted houses and ghosts. The footsteps in the garret were the footsteps of a man; and if you'll make inquiries in the village, you'll probably find out that it was some Korak who did not want to go back to his encampment, and had no other place in which to sleep."

"If there was a man there," said Yegor, "he must have left tracks in the snow on the floor. Shall I go and look?"

"Of course he left tracks," I assented. "Go and look, if you want to. You'll find that the footprints are those of a Korak's *tor'basses*.†"

The boy went out, but before he had had time, it seemed to me, to climb the notched log to the garret, he came rushing back and declared breathlessly, "There are no tracks at all!" Inasmuch as I felt absolutely certain

that some human being had slept in that garret and had walked across that garret floor, this unexpected announcement was something of a "facer"; and, not knowing exactly what to say, I went out myself, climbed the log ladder in the entry, and from the top of it peered into the recesses of the dimly lighted garret. Yegor's statement was true. The floor was covered with half an inch or more of light snow, which had evidently lain there for weeks; but as for tracks, there were none. Not even a mouse had crossed that floor since the last snow-storm. Surprised and perplexed, I returned to the sitting-room and tried to think out the puzzle. That there had been somebody or something in that garret the night before, I felt positively certain; but where were the tracks? How could footsteps that made a distinct sound fail to leave an impression on light, feathery snow?

Yegor lingered about the door to see what I would say, but as I said nothing he finally inquired timidly what I thought.

"I don't know what to think, Yegor," I replied; "but if that ghost of yours in boots walks across the garret floor again, I shall try to get a sight at him, even if I can't see his tracks."

For two or three days after this Yegor took refuge at night in the house of a neighboring friend, and left me to tackle the ghost alone; but neither in the garret nor in the kitchen did I hear the faintest sound to indicate that the mysterious somebody who walked in darkness and left no tracks was abroad. Meantime, however, the news that a ghost had appeared to Yegor in the Barin's kitchen, and that even the skeptical Barin himself had heard the "unclean spirit" pacing the floor of the garret at midnight, spread to every house in the village; and the next Sunday afternoon who should appear at my door but a Russian priest, dressed in all his robes and followed by one of the church choir-boys with a basin of water and a small bundle of long, flexible twigs. The reverend father came in swinging a smoking

* In one corner of every Siberian house there is a smoky, gilt-incrusted portrait of some old Russian saint, called an ikon (ee-kon'), before which all members of the Orthodox Greek Church are accustomed to cross themselves upon entering the room, and to say their prayers at night and in the morning.

† The wandering natives of Siberia wear boots called "*tor'basses*" or "*torbassa*," made, somewhat after the fashion of moccasins, out of soft reindeer skin sewed with thread of dried sinews.

censer and reciting sonorously a selection from the old Slavonic psalter. He marched solemnly around the entry, the kitchen, and the sitting-room, fumigating every nook and corner where a ghost might lurk, and then took the basin and the brush of twigs and sprinkled the whole house with water after the manner of the Greek Church. Having thus performed his official duty, he greeted me courteously, apologized for the intrusion, and said that it was his custom to conduct a ceremony of that kind once a year in every house in the village. I was not, of course, a member of his church; but he had taken the liberty, he said, of coming to my house, because there were reports in circulation that mysterious noises had been heard in it, and the minds of his parishioners were disturbed.

After this visit of the Russian priest Yegor recovered his courage, and began again to sleep in the kitchen. He evidently thought that no "unclean spirit" would dare to reënter a house whose floor had just been sprinkled, and whose atmosphere was still pervaded by the odor of incense. But he underestimated the audacity of ghosts in American boots. At about eleven o'clock upon the very next night I distinctly heard again those soft, stealthy footsteps in the garret. They seemed to proceed diagonally from the top of the log ladder to the corner over the ikon, and as the night was intensely cold and very still, I could distinctly hear the faint squeaking of the frosty snow on the garret floor under the pressure of the mysterious intruder's feet.

I sprang out of bed in my night-shirt, rushed to the entry, climbed the notched log, and with the words, "What are you doing here?" on my lips, held the candle over my head and looked into the garret, expecting to see a man. But there was not a living thing there! I was so astonished and dumfounded that I could only stare into the empty room, while a chill, due partly to cold and partly to a sense of mystery, crinkled down my back. Less than thirty seconds before, somebody had certainly walked on tiptoe across that garret floor; and yet not only was the garret untenanted, but the snow on the floor was as smooth and undisturbed as it had been when Yegor and I looked at it the

week before. After listening intently for two or three minutes without hearing the faintest sound, I returned to my room, dressed myself, and sat down to await further developments. I was determined to solve the mystery of those ghostly footsteps, even if I had to go up into the garret to sleep. In the course of twenty minutes I heard distinctly a noise as if some person were turning over or moving about on the floor of the garret just above the ikon. I crept to the door between the sitting-room and the entry, opened it softly, and listened. The noise had ceased. Apparently the person who made it had heard me open the door and had also stopped to listen. I climbed up into the garret, and found it dark, still, and empty as it had been before.

By this time I had begun to feel very uncomfortable and very much exasperated. That something walked and moved about in that garret was absolutely certain; but how it crossed the floor without disturbing the snow, and how it noiselessly and mysteriously escaped every time I went to look for it, were questions that baffled me. The next time I heard the stealthy, creaking footsteps overhead I put on a fur hood and a kukhlanka, and climbed up into the garret, prepared to stay there, if necessary, until morning. The place was empty and still, of course, as before; but I took my stand near the chimney, with a candle in my hand, and waited patiently to see whether the noises would begin again in my presence. For twenty minutes or more there was not a sound. Then, suddenly, I heard the footsteps again, louder than ever, but instead of being on the floor of the garret they were directly over my head. I climbed hastily down the notched log, rushed out of doors, and looked up on the roof. The night was moonless, but the stars furnished light enough to enable one to see the outline of any dark object against the white background of snow; and, so far as I could discover, there was nothing on the house or near it. I then went into the kitchen and, with some trouble, waked the boy.

"Yegor," I said, "I have just chased your ghost out of the garret, and he has gone up on the roof. I want you to come outdoors and stay on one side of the house, while I go around

the other, and perhaps we 'll be able to get a sight of him."

As soon as Yegor waked up sufficiently to realize the nature of the service required of him, he was simply paralyzed with fear. He refused absolutely at first to go out of doors at all, even with me; but when I told him that the ghost had apparently left the garret through the roof, and so might possibly come down the chimney into the kitchen as soon as I should begin the attack outside, poor Yegor decided to take his chances in the open; but incessantly he muttered low prayers for protection from spirits, at short intervals, and trembled so with cold and terror that his teeth chattered. I walked around the front of the house, with Yegor at my elbow, and examined the roof carefully on both sides. It was covered with old, hardened snow, which in places was somewhat drifted; but there was not a sign on it of any living thing, and I did not see how anybody or anything could get access to it without a ladder.

I was just about to abandon the search outside and return to the garret, when it suddenly struck me that there was something peculiar in the dark out-

line of the western chimney. It looked lumpy on one side, as if a man's figure were crouching close against it in the black shadow. I changed my point of view a little, and became



"PICKING UP A STICK OF FIREWOOD, I HURLED IT WITH ALL MY STRENGTH AT THE CHIMNEY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

satisfied that the queer object was a man dressed in a dark fur kukhlanka.

"Who 's that?" I shouted in Russian. "I see you there in the shadow of the chimney! Come down out of that!"

There was no reply, and the figure did not move. Picking up a stick of firewood from a little pile near the entry door, I hurled it with all my strength at the chimney. Just as it struck the bricks, out leaped the "ghost"—a huge, shaggy Siberian sledge-dog, who ran swiftly along the ridge-pole of the roof to the kitchen end of the house, sprang off into the darkness, and disappeared.

"Well, Yegor," I said, "there 's your ghost at last, and it 's nothing but a dog!"

Upon making an examination, I discovered that in the shelter of the eastern or kitchen end of the house the prevailing northwesterly gales had formed a huge snowdrift, which rose to within about a foot of the eaves. This sloping drift, under the influence of wind and frost, had slowly hardened until it would support the weight of a man; and one or more of the village dogs had formed the habit of climbing up

it to the roof at night, walking about on the housetop, and perhaps lying down to sleep against the warm side of the chimney. In the dead stillness of an arctic winter night their footsteps on the roof sounded to a person in the house below exactly as if they were in the garret; and I found afterward, by experiment, that if a man walked across the roof at night on tiptoe, it was almost impossible for a listener in the sitting-room to decide whether he was in the garret or on the housetop.

It is hardly necessary to say that neither Yegor nor his superstitious village friends ever accepted my common-sense explanation of the mysterious footsteps. The story which was current the next winter was that after the priest drove the "unclean spirit" out of the house with incense and holy water, it took refuge on the roof; and that when the Barin found it there, and began to pelt it with chunks of wood, the spirit suddenly took the form of an immense dog, snarled fiercely, and immediately vanished in a thick cloud.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BY GEORGE H. YENOWINE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, our great War President, was born in Larue County, Kentucky, in a rude little log-cabin. This cabin has recently been restored, and, so far as possible, made exactly as it was eighty-eight years ago, when a little, baby boy was born to Thomas and Nancy Lincoln, or "Linkhorn," as the name was then spelled—humble "settlers," who had moved to the neighborhood from Washington County, four years before.

The few living people who remember Thomas Lincoln, the father, say that he was a rather, improvident man, not working long at any one thing. He was a hard worker, but was a poor manager; and the little family was often without more than the simplest necessities of life. Thomas Lincoln cleared a few acres around his cabin, and raised a small crop of corn and grain. Then he became a carpenter and tinker, working at such odd jobs as he could find among the pioneer neighbors. He was away at work at the time Abraham was born.

The neighbors heard that Mrs. Lincoln was in the cabin all alone with the little baby, and had little to eat except corn and potatoes. They at once visited the Lincoln cabin, taking such delicacies as their houses afforded. The father returned in a few days; and the baby was named Abraham Lincoln, after his grandfather, who had been killed by the Indians when Thomas Lincoln was a little boy.

When this country boy had become President, he often spoke of the trials and struggles of his early days as "simple annals of privation and of poverty."

The child's life during the time the family lived in Kentucky appears to have been entirely uneventful. He helped his mother—after he was three years old—in the simple household duties, went to the district-school, and played with the children of the neighborhood. The only one of young Lincoln's play-

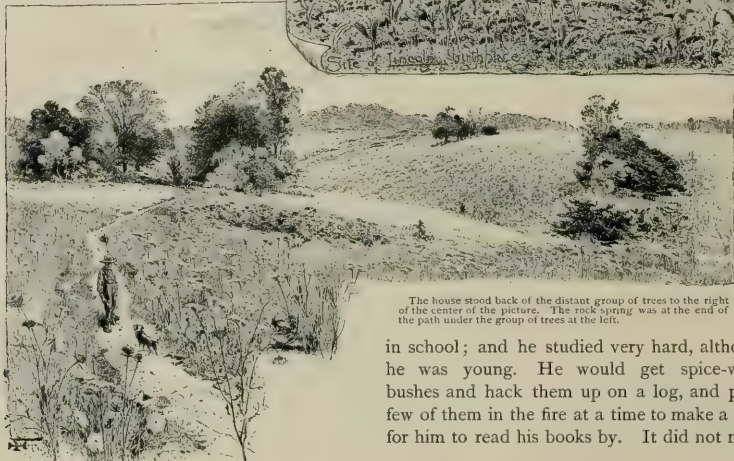
mates now living is an old man nearly a hundred years old, named Austin Gollaher, whose mind is bright and clear, and who never tires of telling of the days Lincoln and he "were little tikes, and played together." This old man, who yet lives in the log-house in which he has always lived, a few miles from the old Lincoln place, tells entertaining stories about the President's boyhood.

Mr. Gollaher says that they were together more than the other boys in school, that he became fond of his little friend, and he believed that Abe thought a great deal of him.

In speaking of various events of minor importance in their boyhood days, Mr. Gollaher remarked: "I once saved Lincoln's life." Upon being urged to tell of the occurrence, he thus related it: "We had been going to school together one year; but the next year we had no school because there were so few scholars to attend, there being only about twenty in the school the year before. Consequently, Abe and I had not much to do; but, as we did not go to school, and our mothers were strict with us, we did not get to see each other very often. One Sunday morning my mother waked me up early, saying she was going to see Mrs. Lincoln, and that I could go along. Glad of the chance, I was soon dressed and ready to go. After my mother and I got there, Abe and I played all through the day. While we were wandering up and down the little stream called Knob Creek, Abe said: 'Right up there'—pointing to the east—'we saw a covey of partridges yesterday. Let's go over and get some of them.' The stream was swollen, and was too wide for us to jump across. Finally, we saw a narrow foot-log, and we concluded to try it. It was narrow, but Abe said, 'Let's coon it.' I went first, and reached the other side all right. Abe went about half-way across, when he got scared and began trembling. I hollered to

him, 'Don't look down, nor up, nor sideways, but look right at me, and hold on tight!' But he fell off into the creek, and as the water was about seven or eight feet deep, and I could not swim, and neither could Abe, I knew it would do no good for me to go in after him. So I got a stick—a long water-sprout—and held it out to him. He came up, grabbing with both hands,

A nearer view of the exact place where the log house stood.



VIEW OF THOMAS LINCOLN'S FARM, WHERE ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN.

and I put the stick into his hands. He clung to it, and I pulled him out on the bank, almost dead. I got him by the arms and shook him well, and then rolled him on the ground, when the water poured out of his mouth. He was all right very soon. We promised each other that we would never tell anybody about it, and never did for years. I never told anyone of it until after Lincoln was killed."

"Was he a bright boy at school, and did he learn rapidly?"

"Oh, yes," he replied; "Lincoln was an unusually bright boy, and he made good progress in his books, better than almost any one else

The house stood back of the distant group of trees to the right of the center of the picture. The rock spring was at the end of the path under the group of trees at the left.

in school; and he studied very hard, although he was young. He would get spice-wood bushes and hack them up on a log, and put a few of them in the fire at a time to make a light for him to read his books by. It did not make



THE LOG-CABIN IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN.

From a photograph by The Evans Art Co., Elizabethtown, Kentucky.

a very good light, but it was all he had at night. Young Lincoln was never good-looking. He was angular and awkward. His mother was

a rather slim woman of medium height. Tom Lincoln, his father, was tall. Abe was not very much like him, for Tom Lincoln had a fuller face, and was of a heavier build."

In answer to a question as to Lincoln's brothers or sisters, the old man brightened up and said, "Oh, yes, he had a sister. Her name was Sally, and she was about my age. That was one reason why I thought so much of Abe. But when the Lincolns moved to Indiana, I did not say good-by to either of them.

"I next heard of Lincoln several years afterward. It was said that he would make rails during the summer, and thus earn money to go to school. Then I heard no more of Lincoln, until he was nominated for President. I told the boys that no matter what happened, I was going to vote for Abe. I said I was going to vote for him if it was the last act of my life, because I had played with him when a boy, and I was glad he had gone up in the world; and I did vote for him!" said the old man.

Little Abe was nearly nine years old when Thomas Lincoln left Kentucky to find a home in the wilderness of Indiana.

Twelve years ago, the cabin in which Lincoln was born was torn down, and the logs were hauled to an adjoining farm, and used in the construction of another house. The old farm had practically been abandoned, and nearly all the people in the neighborhood had quite forgotten, a second time within a decade since the death of Lincoln, that he was born on the "Lincoln Spring Farm," as the place has always been called. The Lincoln birthplace is fifty-four miles southeast of Louisville. It can be reached from Louisville by going to Elizabethtown, in Hardin County, a distance of forty-two miles, and then taking another road from Elizabethtown to Hodgenville, a ride of twelve miles. The Lincoln Spring Farm is three miles from this quaint old town, on Nolin's Creek, directly on the public road

leading from Hodgenville to Buffalo, a village six miles to the east. It is a pleasant twenty-minutes' drive over a good dirt road, through a poor, but interesting, country.

The original Lincoln cabin had been torn down and the materials had been moved away, as stated, by a man named Tom Davenport, who used the logs in his own house.

Mr. A. W. Dennett, a New York gentleman, not long ago bought the Davenport house, recovered the logs, and, after much difficulty, restored the cabin exactly as it was originally, using the very same timbers, door, window, and frames. It occupies the former site, and is in much the same condition as it was in when the



"THE LINCOLN SPRING."

From a photograph by The Evans Art Co., Elizabethtown, Kentucky.

Lincolns left it. The cabin is eighteen feet long, sixteen feet wide, and about twelve feet high, counting from the floor to the ridge pole. There is only one door and one window—the latter an opening twenty inches square. A large open fireplace built in the most primitive way occupies nearly the whole of one end of the cabin. The chimney is made of small logs, placed together just as log-houses are built. Inside of it, flat stones placed on the ground made the hearth, and wide flat stones placed against the logs kept the fire within bounds and protected the wooden chimney. The inside, from the hearthstones to the top of the chimney, was thickly daubed with clay. The

chimney reaches only half-way to the roof of the house, and is rounded off with small sticks. This simple fireplace furnished most of the light, all of the heat, and the sole means for cooking the meals for the family. The cabin did not have even a loft, or second story, as have most cabins. It was built by Thomas Lincoln, father of the President, some time about 1804 or 1805, and was entirely constructed with an ax and saw, the simple tools of the pioneers. The clapboard roof was anchored down by small logs, laid lengthwise on top of the rows of oak boards. There were no nails or hardware. The door-hinges were of wood, and the paneless windows had an inside board-shutter, held in place by raw-hide thongs. There were chinks and mud between the logs, and the puncheon floor was pegged down. It is probable that after Abraham Lincoln's grandfather was killed by the Indians at Long Run Meeting-house, in Jefferson County, Ky., the family went further into the forest, and took up a section of land in La Rue, then part of Hardin County. Later, to better his fortune, Thomas Lincoln left this farm on Nolin's Creek, and settled on Knob Creek, a dozen miles from Hodgenville, and from there he went to Indiana, and later to Illinois.

The Lincoln Spring Farm takes its name from a magnificent spring at the foot of the hill, on the crest of which the cabin stands. It is about one hundred and fifty feet from the house, and this beautiful spring undoubtedly attracted the attention of Thomas Lincoln. Under a cluster of large oak-trees there is a circular depression in the ground, fifty feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet deep. One side of this is solid limestone, an overhanging ledge forming the covering for a spring of clear, cool water that issues from a cleft in the rocks, falling a distance of four or five feet. The water gurgles and sputters as it falls from one ledge of the rock to another, and makes its way down into the earth through a natural cavern, or "sink-hole," as the natives call it. The country is hilly, and there are many caves, and this overflow that so mysteriously disappears probably escapes through some underground passage,

like the rivers that flow through the Mammoth Cave in Edmonson County, forty miles away. There are also disappearing rivers, or creeks, in this section of Kentucky. Streams sometimes end abruptly, disappearing in the ground without any visible outlet, and reappearing miles away in a like mysterious manner.

The oldest inhabitants agree that the place has always been called "The Lincoln Spring," and it is more than likely that the future President played, until four or five years of age, under the shade-trees around this beautiful natural fountain. The new owner of the place wishes to convert it into a national park, a sort of patriotic Mecca, as has been done at Mount Vernon. The property has been surrounded by a good substantial fence, the old, sterile hillsides have been plowed up, and the slopes are covered with grass. Most of the young trees have been trimmed and left standing, and in a few years the old farm will become a spot of great beauty.

The revival of interest in the early career of the great War President has caused many people to make pilgrimages to the primitive city of Hodgenville, a place of about 1,000 inhabitants. Many people come in search of Lincoln relics. Very recently a queerly-made iron candle-stick was plowed up near the cabin, and it is the general belief that it was made by the President's father, who had a small blacksmith's forge in his yard.

The family having moved to Indiana, when Abraham was about nine years old, and very soon thereafter to Illinois, the serious part of young Lincoln's life began. He worked day and night, and read borrowed books until he had gained a fair education, and was finally enabled to begin the practice of law. The life of Lincoln after his thirtieth year is familiar to almost every boy and girl in the wide land.

There was not a year's difference between the ages of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis; and it is an interesting fact that the President of the Confederacy also was born in Kentucky, and within a hundred miles of the log-cabin that was the birthplace of President Lincoln.

WILLIE AND TAD LINCOLN.

BY JULIA TAFT BAYNE.



WILLIE LINCOLN.

SPRING in Washington was never more beautiful than in April, 1861, when my two brothers and I crossed Lafayette Square on our way to the White House.

My mother had sent us "to play with the Lincoln boys." Mrs. Lincoln had told how lonely her sons were, and asked to have my brothers come and play with Willie and Tad. I was sent with them to see the acquaintance properly begun. We had been to the White House often before; for Mr. Watt, who had charge of the conservatory and grounds, was our very good friend, and showed us the rare flowers, and talked about them, and often gave us bouquets, which we thought marvelously beautiful, made up by the "bouquet man" on a fixed plan—the short-stemmed flowers tied on

broom-straws and built into solid oval structures surrounded by a fringe of green.

We lingered in the Square, which was filled with nursemaids and children, many of whom we knew; for to-day we felt a strange reluctance and hesitation. Instead of going to the entrance and asking for the boys, as our mother had suggested, we skirted the Treasury Building, and went in at the little gate back of it to the grounds. Assuring ourselves that things were outwardly the same under the new administration, we entered Mr. Watt's office under the conservatory, and he called up the stairs:



TAD LINCOLN, IN HIS ZOUAVE UNIFORM.

"Here!—Willie! Tad!—are some boys come to see you." No answer was returned, and we went up, and there stood the boys by the water-

lily tank, where they had been watching the goldfish. Such quiet, shy, nice boys, I thought.

In five minutes the four boys had disappeared, and I saw them no more till dark, when my brothers returned home, looking—as Larney, our mulatto girl, declared—“like they done bin huntin’ coons in de bresh”; but they had had “the best time they ever had”; they had been “everywhere,” and Mrs. Lincoln said they “must come every day,” and “Mr. Lincoln, I mean, the President—she called him Mr. Lincoln, anyway—took us all on his lap, and told us a story.”

Early next morning Willie and Tad appeared at our house, brought by one of the gardeners, and remained all day, being sent for at night.

Thus began an intimacy which continued till Willie's death. I think there was hardly a day in that time when the four were not together.

Willie Lincoln was the most lovable boy I ever knew—sensible, sweet-tempered, and gentle-mannered. He was rather fair, with blue-gray eyes, while Tad had quick, dark eyes, and a fiery temper. Though very affectionate when he chose, Tad was unyielding in his dislikes. His peculiar defect of speech made it difficult for strangers to understand him; but those who saw him every day had no difficulty.

The two Lincoln boys were then a little over ten and eight years of age, my two brothers being a year or two older. The elder, Horatio, or “Budd” as he was always called, was fair, like Willie Lincoln, while Hally was dark. This resemblance of the two pairs of boys was often remarked upon.

Willie and Tad were two healthy, rollicking Western boys who had never been accustomed to restraint. The notice which their father's exalted station brought upon them was at times distasteful. Willie once said: “Was n't there ever a President who had children before? I wish they would n't stare at us so!”

The first time they went to church with us, Willie said: “Will he pray for us, do you think? Preachers always pray so long for Pa.” Dr. Smith did pray for them, as he recognized them in our pew. Willie's cheeks grew very red, but Tad was sitting on the floor of the pew, and heeded not. He was so uneasy that he always sat on the floor a good part of the ser-

vise, drawing pictures, and amusing himself with whatever he could find in his pockets.

On another Sunday, when he was unusually restless, a young officer friend of ours gave him a knife, which he thought Tad could not open; but he did, and cut his finger, and I had to do it up in my best embroidered handkerchief.

On this occasion I was goaded to say, “I'll never take you to church again, Thomas Lincoln!”—he hated of all things to be called Thomas,—“I just suffer agonies all the time!”

“Well,” said Tad, “was n't Willie sitting up there, good as pie, and you poked me with your toe?”

One evening, late in May, the Lincoln boys came with one of the men from the White House, saying they had tickets for a noted minstrel show then in the city. All four boys went to see the performance, and from that evening each one longed to be a minstrel! They talked incessantly about it, and, in order to make a theater, even suggested taking out some partitions in our attic, which was cut up into small bedrooms. But fortune favored them.

A verbal message came from Mrs. Lincoln: “The Madam's compliments, and as the weather was very rainy and Willie and Tad had bad colds, might Budd and Hally stay at the White House till she returned from New York?” This was rather alarming. Who knew what might happen in a week? Mrs. Lincoln was to be absent at least a week.

Not long before this a messenger had appeared at dinner-time, asking whether Willie and Tad were with us, and saying that they had not been seen since breakfast.

They had “lost themselves” in the Capitol, after listening in the gallery of the House of Representatives as long as Tad would let them. Some gentleman had given them lunch at the restaurant of Congress, and they had played marbles with some of the pages. Tad, at least, had played with success, for marbles were fairly bursting from his pockets.

After some consultation our boys were allowed to accept Mrs. Lincoln's invitation. As they were putting their clothes into a small valise, Willie and Tad arrived under a large and dilapidated umbrella which Tad said they had “borrowed from the cook.” All four soon

PROGRAM

I. PART.

Hail Columbia

Star Spangled Banner

Dixie Land

Home, Sweet Home.

Red, White & Blue

Troupe

Billy Sanders,

Joe Corkhead.

J. King.

C. Donelson.

Tad Lincoln

Bud Taft

Willie Lincoln

Helen Taft

II. PART.

Banjo Solo

Champion Race

Larging & Laringing

Billy Sanders & Joe Corkhead.

Billy Sanders.

John Small & Joe Corkhead.

STOCKS UP & STOCKS DOWN

Joe Corkhead, Billy Sanders & J. King

The STEAM ARM..

III. PART

TO

Conclude with

THE BLACK STATUE.

Tad, Lincoln

admission

5 Cents

J. King

proprietor.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE PROGRAM PRINTED BY WILLIE LINCOLN.

left, with whoops of joy from Tad, and the fervent assertion, "You bet we'll have a good time!"

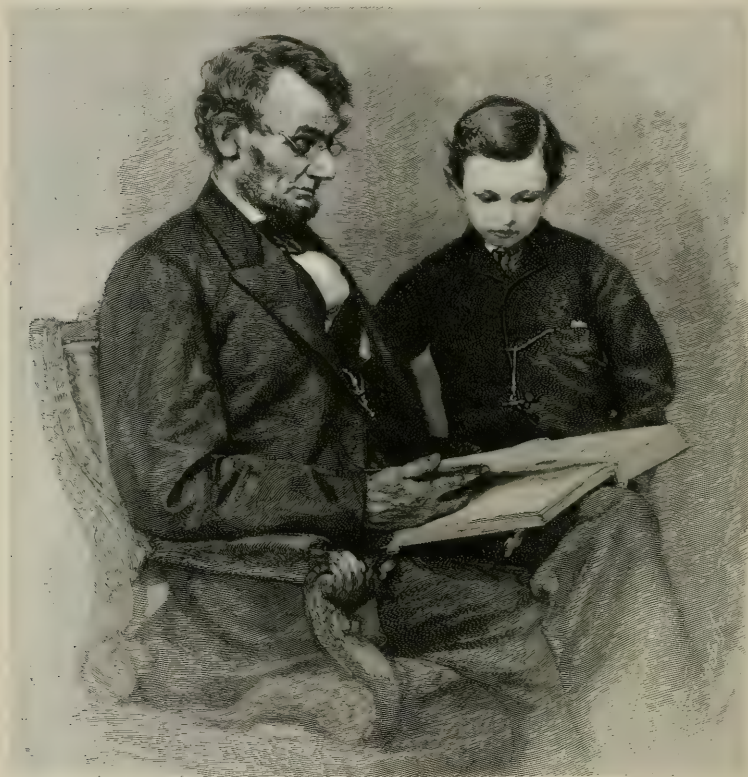
Next day I attended a review with my fa-

ther, and had a distant view of the boys, in the President's carriage, behaving with perfect propriety. The day after, a relative was brought

from camp very ill, and for a time no one thought of the boys; but the following morning, as I returned from an errand, the servant, as she opened the door, said:

"Ole Miss done gwine to de horspital, and she say, 'Arsk Miss Julie, when she come, ter

was intensified on the countenance of a negro coming down the walk; and this wild grin rippled and spread like a wave as I went on—orderlies, soldiers, doorkeepers, all wore that peculiar smile. I asked where the boys were. "Upstairs, miss," the man said; and I heard



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND TAD.

go see 'f dem chillun doan pull down the White House yit."

I went to the White House. As I approached, I saw that it was standing indeed, but I noticed a strange grin on the face of an orderly holding some horses. Some soldiers lounging near also wore the same grin, which

him chuckle as he turned away. As I came along the upper corridor Tad appeared.

"Oh, Julia, come and see our circus!" he cried when he saw me. "We've got a circus in the attic. We're minstrels. I've got to be blacked up, and Willie can't get his dress on; it's too big. Pin it up, will you? Hurry!"

I took a horrified survey and said, "A circus! Does the President know it?"

"Oh, yes, he knows it," said Tad. "He does n't care; he's got some general or other in there. Come on—hurry!"

Willie was struggling with the full, long skirt and flounces of a lilac silk I had seen Mrs. Lincoln wear at an afternoon reception, while Budd wore a ruffled morning-wrapper which he was pinning up in billowy festoons.

When the boys were nearly ready to go before their "audience," Tad began singing at the top of his voice, "Old Abe Lincoln came out of the Wilderness."

"Hush!" said Budd; "the President will hear you."

"I don't care if Pa does hear, and he don't care either," said Tad. "We've got to sing that in the show." And I think he did!

But, some time after, as Tad was singing a campaign song at our house about "Old Abe splitting rails," Willie asked my mother, "Mrs. Taft, ought Tad to sing that song? Is n't it disrespectful to Pa?" Tad kicked the chair, as he always did when displeased, and said, "Everybody in this world knows Pa used to split rails."

Mama explained why she thought it in bad taste, and Tad said: "Well, I'll sing about 'John Brown's body,' then." He always obeyed my mother, though generally so headstrong.

I was at their "circus" only a short time. A curtain of sheets pinned together was stretched across one side of the attic. Their extensive "repertoire" was somewhat mixed; and they did not keep very closely to the programme reproduced here, which Willie brought to our house next day, asking me to "correct" it. I put in the second M (then considered necessary), and the real names of the actors.

Willie and Budd both made a copy of this, and the original was left in my portfolio, together with a copy Tad began to make; but after drawing a picture of General Scott on the paper, he gave up the task. Tad as the "Black Statue" was a great success. Every one who paid one cent went in, I think, though it said "five cents" on the bill. Servants, orderlies, soldiers, strangers, came and went all day.

I found a book in Mrs. Lincoln's sitting-

room (there were many new books sent to her, and she told me to take any I chose), and went to one of the windows to read.

By and by, I was aware of something large and dark looming over me, and the President—for it was he—said, "Why, it's Budd's sister. Having great times up there, hey?"

I jumped up, with my finger in the book,—for Mama told us always to rise when the President spoke to us,—answering, "Yes, sir."

He looked kindly at me for a moment, glanced at the title of the book, and passed on. He seemed tired, and I thought perhaps his visitor, the general, had "bothered" him.

Budd often carried messages from the private apartments to the office. One day Willie asked, "Why do you always call Pa 'Mr. President'? Is it more polite?"

"Oh," said Budd, "it is n't proper to call Presidents by their names."

"Well, why don't you call Ma 'Mrs. President'?"

"Why, she's just Mrs. Lincoln, only the servants call her 'the madam.'"

"Hu!" said Tad; "I shall call Pa, Pa!" and he sang, "I don't care for the corporal, I don't care for the guard," or something like that.

One day the boys would be making a "survey" of the grounds, under the guidance of some good-natured engineer, while the next, perhaps, would be spent in the Patent Office with my father. The models of locomotives and steamboats in his room were very interesting.

They spent a great deal of time at General McClellan's headquarters. He was very kind to them, and so was Mrs. McClellan. They often went to the McClellans' house to play with the baby. Budd was very fond of her.

Of course the boys attended every review. Once they rode in the staff. Willie's bride was held by the Duc de Chartres, and Budd's by the Comte de Paris, while the aides took the smaller boys in front of them.

On another occasion,—a very hot day,—as Tad had been indisposed the day before, his mother was unwilling he should go to see the troops. The review took place across the Long Bridge, and as the President's carriage passed down the line, a cart came clattering after, drawn by a rickety horse driven by a

grinning negro boy. In it were the boys in new Zouave uniforms, their swords at a salute!

I think many old soldiers must remember that sight. Willie said the boys paid the darky a quarter from their "circus money."

About this time they formed a military company called "Mrs. Lincoln's Zouaves." She gave them a flag, and they were reviewed by the President from the portico. The Secretary of War promised to furnish light (condemned) rifles, but I do not remember whether they were ever armed or not, for the company dwindled until it was like Artemus Ward's—"all officers." Willie was colonel, Budd major, and Hally captain, while Tad refused every rank but that of drum-major. The officers had old-fashioned swords, given them either by the Secretary of War or by General McClellan.

They spent a great deal of time on the flat copper roof of the White House. It was surrounded by a stone balustrade, and here they built a cabin. The roof was by turns a "fort" and a "quarter-deck." They used to raise and lower the flag with due ceremony, and look for "strange sail" through a spy-glass.

I remember once, when "Budd's sister" ascended to the stronghold with a stern demand for the scissors, she was received at the "side" with naval etiquette. They showed me a Confederate flag at Munson's Hill, I think, and Tad said some boats on the river were "pirates."

In September Mrs. Lincoln secured a tutor for the boys, and asked to have my brothers come regularly to lessons there, thinking their presence would be an incentive to Willie and Tad. But, not long before, my father lost his government office.

After a while my father received another office, and the boys began school with Willie and Tad. The tutor had no easy post with the two younger boys, though Willie and Budd studied well, and made rapid progress.

The boys had another "show" early in January, 1862. Among their Christmas presents was a magic lantern; and for a week they gave exhibitions every evening, I think in the private dining-room. They sent the President and Messrs. Hay and Nicolay free tickets, and the President came in once.

I notice in my father's journal that Willie and Tad dined with us every day for a week,

and then took Budd and Hally back for their "show." My two brothers were often urged to stay to dinner by the President and Mrs. Lincoln; and if it was stormy she would send us word that she would keep the boys over night.

Mrs. Lincoln in those days was always kind—

anxious to "let the children have a good time." She gave me pieces of music which had been sent to her, and urged me to practise and play them to her when I came again. I never did, because I never practised, if I could help it.

She often said: "Get a bouquet for your mother before you go." Indeed, Mr. Watt always gave me flowers when I came into the conservatory. Tad was rather destructive there. He would pick the choicest blossoms, and once ate all the strawberries Mr. Watt was forcing!

The boys received a present of a pony at this time, and spent most of their waking hours riding it by turns, and petting and feeding it. Twice in January, Willie and Tad attended church and Sunday-school with us at Dr. Smith's. The last time Willie came to our house my mother noticed that his feet were wet. She made both the boys dry their feet; and as a surgeon (I think it was Dr. Barnes, of the 27th New York) was calling at the time, she asked him to take the boys home in his ambulance, which pleased them.

On February 1 Budd had a severe cold and was kept in for a few days, and Tad reported that "Willie had a cold, too." When Budd returned from a visit, he said, "Willie is dreadfully sick; he talks about me and the pony all the time." My mother went to inquire, and Mrs. Lincoln told her they feared typhoid fever.

Sometimes the President would come in, stand a while at the foot of the bed, and go out without speaking. Once he laid his arm on Budd's neck as he sat at the bedside, and leaning over, smoothed Willie's hair.

Although on February 20, at noon, my mother brought news from the White House that Willie was better, saying that he had held Budd's hand and knew him, Willie died at five o'clock of that day. Tad was overcome with grief, and was ill for some time after.

We removed North in '63, and the friendship with the Lincoln boys became only a pleasant memory.

MASTER SKYLARK.

By JOHN BENNETT.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XII.

A STRANGE RIDE.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT at the first dim hint of dawn went the chamberlain's knuckles upon the door. To Nick it seemed scarce midnight yet, so sound had been his sleep.

Master Carew having gotten into his high-topped riding-boots with a great puffing and tugging, they washed their faces at the inn-yard pump by the smoky light of the hostler's lantern, and then in a subdued, half-wakened way made a hearty breakfast off the fragments of the last night's feast. Part of the remaining cold meat, cheese, and cakes Carew stowed in his leather pouch. The rest he left in the lap of a beggar sleeping beside the door.

The street was dim with a chilly fog, through which a few pale stars still struggled overhead. The houses were all shut and barred; nobody was abroad, and the night-watch slept in comfortable doorways here and there, with lolling heads and lanterns long gone out. As they came along the crooked street, a stray cat scurried away with scared green eyes, and a kennelled hound set up a lonesome howl.

But the Blue Boar Inn was stirring like an ant-hill, with firely lanterns flitting up and down, and a cheery glow about the open door. The horses of the company, scrubbed unreasonably clean, snorted and stamped in little bridled clumps about the court-yard, and the stable-boys, not scrubbed at all, clanked at the pump or shook out wrinkled saddle-cloths with most prodigious yawns. The grooms were buckling up the packs; the chamberlain and sleepy-lidded maids stood at the door, waiting their farewell farthings.

Some of the company yawned in the tap-room; some yawned out of doors with steam-

ing stirrup-cup in hand; and some came yawning down the stairways pulling on their riding-cloaks, booted, spurred, and ready for a long day's ride.

"Good-morrow, sirs," said Carew heartily. "Good-morrow, sir, to you," said they, and all came over to speak to Nicholas in a very kindly way: and one or two patted him on the cheek and walked away speaking in undertones among themselves, keeping one eye on Carew all the while. And Master Tom Heywood, the play-writer, came out with a great slice of fresh wheat bread, thick with butter and dripping with yellow honey, and gave it to Nick; and stood there silently with a very queer expression watching him eat it, until Carew's groom led up a stout hackney and a small roan palfrey to the block, and the master-player, crying impatiently "Up with thee, Nick, we must be ambling!" sprang into the saddle of the gray.

The sleepy inn-folk roused a bit to send a cheery volley of, "Fare ye well, sirs, come again," after the departing players, and the long cavalcade cantered briskly out of the inn-yard, in double rank, with a great clinking of bridle-chains and a drifting odor of wet leather and heavy perfume.

Nick sat very erect and rode his best, feeling like some errant knight of the great Round Table, ready to right the whole world's wrongs. "But what about the horse?" said he. "We can na keep him in Stratford, sir."

"Oh, that's all seen to," said the master-player. "'T is to be sent back by the weekly carrier."

"And where do I turn into the Stratford road, sir?" asked Nick, as the players clattered down the cobbled street in a cloud of mist that steamed up so thickly from the stones that the horses seemed to have no legs, but to float like boats.

"Some distance further on," replied Carew

carelessly. "T is not the way we came that thou shalt ride to-day; that is t' other end of town, and the gate not open yet. But the longest way round is the shortest way home, so let 's be spurring on."

At the corner of the street a cross and sleepy cobbler was strapping a dirty urchin, who belowered lustily. Nick winced.

"Hollo!" cried Carew. "What 's to do?"

"Why, sir," said Nick, ruefully, "father will thresh me well this night."

"Nay," said Carew, in a quite decided tone; "that he 'll not, I promise thee!"—and as he spoke he chuckled softly to himself.

The man before them turned suddenly around, and grinned queerly; but, catching the master-player's eye, whipped his head about like a weather-vane in a gale, and cantered on.

As they came down the narrow street the watchmen were just swinging wide the city gates, and gave a cheer to speed the parting guests, who gave a rouse in turn, and were soon lost to sight in the mist which hid the valley in a great gray sea.

"How shall I know where to turn off, sir?" asked Nick, a little anxiously. "'T is all alike."

"I 'll tell thee," said the master-player; "rest thee easy on that score. I know the road thou art to ride much better than thou dost thyself."

He smiled quite frankly as he spoke, and Nick could not help wondering why the man before them again turned around and eyed him with that sneaking grin.

He did not like the fellow's looks. He had scowling black brows, hair cut as close as if the rats had gnawed it off, a pair of ill-shaped bandy-legs, a wide, unwholesome slit of a mouth, and a nose like a raspberry tart. His whole appearance was servile and mean, and there was a sly malice in his furtive eyes. Besides that, and a thing which strangely fascinated Nick's gaze, there was a hole through the gristle of his right ear, scarred about as if it had been burned, and through this hole the fellow had tied a bow of crimson ribbon, like a butterfly alighted upon his ear.

"A pretty fellow!" said Carew, with a shrug. "He 'll be hard-put to dodge the hangman

yet; but he 's a right good fellow in his way, and he has served me—he has served me."

The first loud burst of talk had ceased, and all rode silently along. The air was chill, and Nick was grateful for the cloak that Carew threw around him. There was no sound but the beat of many hoofs in the dust-padded road, and now and then the crowing of a cock somewhere within the cloaking fog. The stars were gone, and the sky was lighting up; and all at once as they rode, the clouds ahead, low down and to the right, broke raggedly away and let a red sun-gleam shoot through across the mist, bathing the riders in dazzling rosy light.

"Why, Master Carew," cried Nick, no little startled, "there comes the sun, almost ahead! We 're riding eastward, sir. We 've missed the road!"

"Oh, no, we 've not," said Carew; "nothing of the sort." His tone was so peremptory and sharp that Nick said nothing more, but rode along, vaguely wishing that he was already clattering down Stratford High Street.

The clouds scattered as the sun came up, and the morning haze drifted away into cool dales, and floated off upon the breeze. And as the world woke up the players wakened, too, and rode gaily along, laughing, singing, and chattering together, until Nick thought he had never in all his life before seen such a jolly fellowship. His heart was blithe as he reined his curveting palfrey by the master-player's side, and watched the sunlight dance and sparkle along the dashing line from dagger-hilts and jeweled clasps, and the mist-lank plumes curl crisp again in the warmth of the rising sun.

The master-player, too, had a graceful, taking way of being half-familiar with the lad; he was besides a marvelous teller of wonderful tales, and whiled away the time with jests and quips, mile after mile, till Nick forgot both road and time, and laughed until his sides were sore.

Yet slowly, as they rode along, it came home to him with the passing of the land that this was country new and strange. So he began to take notice of this and that beside the way; and as he noticed he began to grow uneasy. Thrice had he come to Coventry, but surely never by a road like this.

Yet still the master-player joked and laughed

and pleased the boy with little things — until Nick laughed, too, and let the matter go. At last, however, when they had ridden fully an hour, they passed a moss-grown abbey on the left-hand side of the road, a strange old place that Nick could not recall.

"Are ye sure, Master Carew," he ventured

dost come without fail to the very place that thou art going. I will, upon my word, and on the remnant of mine honour!"

But in spite of this assurance, and in spite of the master-player's ceaseless stream of gaiety and marvels, Nick became more and more uneasy. The road was certainly growing stranger



"THEY OVERTOOK HIM AS HE TOPPED THE HILL, AND, LEANING OVER, CAREW SNATCHED THE BRIDLE FROM HIS HAND."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

timidly, "are ye sure we be na going wrong, sir?"

At that the master-player took on so offended an air that Nick was sorry he had spoken.

"Why, now," said Carew, haughtily, "if thou dost know the roads of England better than I, who have trudged and ridden them all these years, I'll sit me down and learn of thee how to follow mine own nose. I tell thee I know the road thou art to ride this day better than thou dost thyself; and I'll see to it that thou

and stranger as they passed. The company, too, instead of ambling leisurely along, as they had done at first, were now spurring ahead at a good round gallop, in answer to a shrill whistle from the master-player; and the horses were wet with sweat.

They passed a country village, too, that was quite unknown to Nick, and a great highway running to the north that he had never seen before; and when they had ridden for about two hours, the road swerved southward to a

shining ford, and on a little tableland beyond he saw the gables of a town he did not know.

"Why, Master Carew!" he cried out, half-indignant, half-perplexed, and thoroughly frightened, "this is na the Stratford road at all. I'm going back. I will na ride another mile!"

As he spoke he wheeled the roan sharply out of the clattering file with a splash of the rein across the withers, and started back along the hill past the rest of the company, who came thumping down behind.

"Stop him! Stop him there!" he heard the master-player shout, and there was something in the fierce, high voice that turned his whole heart sick. What right had they to stop him? This was not the Stratford road; he was certain of that now. But "Stop him!—stop him there!" he heard the master-player call, and a wild, unreasoning fright came over him. He dug his heels into the palfrey's heaving sides and urged him up the hill through the cloud of dust that came rolling down behind the horsemen. The hindmost riders had plunged into those before, and the whole array was struggling, shouting, and wrangling in wild disorder; but out of the flurry Carew and the bandy-legged man with the ribbon in his ear spurred furiously and came galloping after him at the top of their speed.

Nick cried out, and beat the palfrey with the rein; but the chase was short. They overtook him as he topped the hill, one on each side, and, leaning over, Carew snatched the bridle from his hand. "Thou little imp!" he panted, as he turned the roan around and started down the hill. "Don't try this on again!"

"Oh, Master Carew," gasped Nick, "what are ye going to do wi' me?"

"Do with thee?" cried the master-player, savagely clapping his hand upon his poniard,— "why, I am going to do with thee just whatever I please. Dost hear? And, hark 'e, this sort of caper doth not please me at all; and by the whistle of the Lord High Admiral, if thou triest it on again, thy life is not worth a rotten peascod!"

Unbuckling the rein, he tossed one end to the bandy-legged man, and holding the other in his own hand, with Nick riding helplessly between them, they trotted down the hill again,

took their old places in the ranks, and spat-tered through the shallow ford.

The bandy-legged man had pulled a dagger from beneath his coat, and held it under his bridle-rein, shining through the horse's mane as they dashed through the still half-sleeping town. Nick was speechless with terror.

Beyond the town's end they turned sharply to the northeast, galloping steadily onward for what was perhaps a half an hour, though to Nick it seemed a forever, until they came out into a great highway running southward. "Watling Street!" he heard the man behind him say, and knew that they were in the old Roman road that stretched from London to the north. Still they were galloping, though long strings dribbled from the horses' mouths, and the saddle-leathers dripped with foam. One or two looked back at him and bit their lips; but Carew's eyes were hot and fierce, and his hand was on his poniard. The rest, after a curious glance or two, shrugged their shoulders carelessly, and galloped on: this affair was Master Gaston Carew's business, not theirs.

Until high noon they hurried on with neither stop nor stay. Then they came to a place where a little brook sang through the grass by the roadside in a shady nook beneath some mighty oaks, and there the master-player whistled for a halt, to give the horses breath and rest, and to water them at the brook-pools. Some of the players sauntered up and down to stretch their tired legs, munching meat and bread; and some lay down upon the grass and slept a little. Two of them came, offering Nick some cakes and cheese; but he was crying hard and would neither eat nor drink, though Carew urged him earnestly. Then Master Tom Heywood, with an ugly look at Carew, and without so much as an if-ye-please or a by-your-leave, led Nick up the brook to a spot where it had not been muddied by the horses, and made him wash his dusty face and hands in the cool water and dampen his hair, though he complied as if in a daze. And indeed Nick rode on through the long afternoon, clinging helplessly to the pommel of his saddle, sobbing bitterly, until for very weariness he could no longer sob.

It was after nine o'clock that night when they rode into Towcester, and all that was to

be seen was a butcher's boy carting garbage out of the town and whistling to keep his courage up. The watch had long since gone to sleep about the silent streets, but a dim light burned in the tap-room of the Old Brown Cow; and there the players rested for the night.

CHAPTER XIII.

A DASH FOR FREEDOM.

Nick awoke from a heavy, burning sleep, aching from head to foot. The master-player, up and dressed, stood by the window, scowling grimly out into the ashy dawn. Nick made haste to rise, but could not stifle a sharp cry of pain as he staggered to his feet, he was so racked and sore with riding.

At the boy's smothered cry Carew turned, and his dark face softened with a sudden look of pity and concern. "Why, Nick, my lad," he cried, and hurried to his side, "this is too bad, indeed!" and without more words took him gently in his arms and carried him down to the courtyard well, where he bathed him softly from neck to heel in the cold, refreshing water, and wiped him with a soft, clean towel as tenderly as if he had been the lad's own mother. And having dried him thoroughly, he rubbed him with a waxy ointment that smelled of henbane and poppies, until the aching was almost gone. So soft and so kind was he withal that Nick took heart after a little and asked timidly, "And ye will let me go home to-day, sir, will ye not?"

The master-player frowned.

"Please, Master Carew, let me go."

"Come, come," said Carew impatiently, "enough of this!"—and stamped his foot.

"But, oh, Master Carew," plead Nick, with a sob in his throat, "my mother's heart will surely break if I do na come home!"

Carew started, and his mouth twitched queerly. "Enough, I say—enough!" he cried. "I will not hear; I'll have no more. I tell thee hold thy tongue—be dumb! I'll not have ears—thou shalt not speak! Dost hear?" He dashed the towel to the ground. "I bid thee hold thy tongue."

Nick hid his face between his hands, and leaned against the rough stone wall, a naked,

shivering, wretched little chap indeed. "Oh, mother, mother, mother!" he sobbed pitifully.

A singular expression came over the master-player's face. "I will not hear—I tell thee I will not hear!" he choked; and, turning suddenly away, he fell upon the sleepy hostler, who was drawing water at the well, and rated him outrageously, to that astounded worthy's great amazement.

Nick crept into his clothes, and stole away to the kitchen-door. There was a red-faced woman there who bade him not to cry—"t would soon be breakfast-time. Nick thought he could not eat at all; but when the savory smell crept out and filled the chilly air, his poor little empty stomach would not be denied, and he ate heartily. Master Heywood sat beside him and gave him the choicest bits from his own trencher; and Carew himself, seeing that he ate, looked strangely pleased, and ordered him a tiny mutton-pie, well spiced. Nick pushed it back indignantly; but Heywood took the pie and cut it open, saying quietly: "Come, lad, the good God made the sheep that is in this pie, not Gaston Carew. Eat it—come, 't will do thee good!" and saw him finish the last crumb.

From Towcester south through Northamptonshire is a pretty country of rolling hills and undulating hollows, ribboned with pebbly rivers, and dotted with fair parks and tofts of ash and elm and oak. Straggling villages now and then were threaded on the road like beads upon a string, and here and there the air was damp and misty from the grassy fens along some winding stream.

It was against nature that a healthy, growing lad should be so much cast down as not to see and be interested in the strange, new, passing world of things about him; and little by little Nick roused from his wretchedness and began to look about him. And a wonder grew within his brain: why had they stolen him?—where were they taking him?—what would they do with him there?—or would they soon let him go again?

Every yellow cloud of dust arising far ahead along the road wrought up his hopes to a Bluebeard pitch, as regularly to fall. First came a cast-off soldier from the war in the Netherlands, rakishly forlorn, his breastplate full of rusty

dents, his wild hair worn by his steel cap, swaggering along on a sorry hack with an old



"A PEDDLING CHAPMAN LIMPED BY, SULKILY DOFFING HIS HAT."

belt full of pistolets, and his long sword thumping Rosinante's ribs. Then a peddling chapman, with a dust-white pack and a cunning Hebrew look, limped by, sulkily doffing his greasy hat. Two sturdy Midland journeymen in search of southern handicraft, trudged down with tool-bags over their shoulders and stout oak staves in hand. Of wretched beggars and tattered rogues there was an endless string. But of any help no sign.

Here and there, like a moving dot, a ploughman turned a belated furrow; or a sweating ditcher leaned upon his reluctant spade and longed for night; or a shepherd, quite as silly as his sheep, gawked up the morning hills. But not a sign of help for Nick.

Once, passing through a little town, he raised a sudden cry of "Help! Help—they be stealing me away!" But at that the master-player and the bandy-legged man waved their hands and set up such a shout that his shrill outcry was not even heard. And the simple country bumpkins, standing in a grinning row like so many Old Aunt Sallies at a fair, pulled off their caps and bowed, thinking it some company

of great lords, and fetched a clownish cheer as the players galloped by.

Then the hot dust got into Nick's throat and he began to cough. Carew started with a look of alarm. "Come, come, Nicholas, this will never do—never do in the world; thou 'lt spoil thy voice."

"I do na care," said Nick.

"But I do," said Carew, sharply. "So we 'll have no more of it!" and he clapped his hand upon his poniard. "But, nay—nay, lad, I did not mean to threaten thee—'t is but a jest. Come, smooth thy throat, and do not shriek no more. We play in old St. Albans town to-night, and thou art to sing thy song for us again."

Nick pressed his lips tight shut and shook his head. He would not sing for them again.

"Come, Nick, I've promised Tom Heywood that thou shouldst sing his song; and, lad, there 's no one left in all the land to sing it if thou 'lt not. Tom doth dearly love thee, lad—why, sure, thou hast seen that! And, Nick, I've promised all the company that thou wouldst sing Tom's song with us to-night. 'T will break their hearts if thou wilt not.



"TWO STURDY MIDLAND JOURNEYMEN, WITH STOUT OAK STAVES IN HAND."

Come, Nick, thou 'lt sing it for us all, and set old Albans town afire!" said Carew, pleadingly.

Nick shook his head.

"Come, Nick," said Carew coaxingly, "we must hear that sweet voice of thine in Albans town to-night. Come, there's a dear good lad, and give us just one little song! Come, act the man and sing, as thou alone in all the world can sing, in Albans town this night; and on my word, and on the remnant of mine honour, I'll leave thee go back to Stratford town to-morrow morning!"

"To Stratford—to-morrow?" stammered Nick with a glad, incredulous cry, while his heart leaped up within him.

"Ay, verily; upon my faith as the fine fag-end of a very proper gentleman—thou shalt go back to Stratford town to-morrow if thou wilt but do thy turn with us to-night."

Nick caught the master-player's arm as they rode along, almost crying for very joy: "Oh, that I will, sir—and do my very best. And, oh, Master Carew, I ha' thought so ill o' thee! Forgive me, sir, I did na know thee well."

Carew winced. Hastily throwing the rein to Nick, he left him to master his own array.

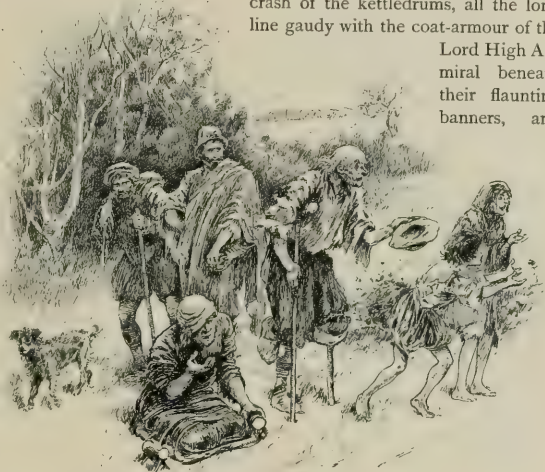
As for Nick, as happy as a lark he learned his new lines as he rode along, Master Carew saying them over to him from the manuscript and over again until he made not a single mistake; and was at great pains to teach him the latest fashionable London way of pronouncing all the words, and of emphasizing his set phrases. "Nay, nay," he would cry, laughingly, "not that way, lad; but this: 'Good my lord, I bring a letter from the duke'—as if thou hadst indeed a letter, see, and not an empty fist. And when thou dost hand it to him, do it thus—and not as if thou wert about

to stab him in the paunch with a cheese-knife!" And at the end he clapped him upon the back and said again and again that he loved him, that he was a dear, sweet figure of a lad, and that his voice, among the rest of England's singers, was like clear honey dropping into a pot of grease.

But it is a long ride from Towcester to St. Albans town in Herts, though the road runs through a pleasant billowy land of oak-walled lanes, wide pastures, and quiet parks; and the steady jog, jog of the little roan began to rack Nick's tired bones before the day was done.

Yet when they marched into the quaint old town to the blare of trumpets and the crash of the kettledrums, all the long line gaudy with the coat-armour of the

Lord High Admiral beneath their flaunting banners, and



"OF WRETCHED BEGGARS AND TATTERED ROGUES THERE WAS AN ENDLESS STRING."

the horses pricked up their ears and arched their necks and pranced along the crowded streets, Nick, stared at by all the good town-folk, could not help feeling a thrill of pride that he was one of the great company of players, and sat up very straight and held his head up haughtily as Master Carew did, and bore himself with as lordly an air as he knew how.

But when morning came, and he danced blithely back from washing himself at the horse-

trough, all ready to start for home, he found the little roan cross-bridled as before between the master-player's gray and the bandy-legged fellow's sorrel mare.

"What, there, cast him loose," said he to the horse-boy who held the three. "I am not going on with the players — I'm to go back to Stratford."

"Then ye go afoot," coolly rejoined the other, grinning, "for the hoss goeth on wi' the rest."

"What is this, Master Carew?" cried Nick, indignantly, bursting into the tap-room, where the players were at ale. "They will na let me have the horse, sir. Am I to walk the whole way back to Stratford town?"

"To Stratford?" asked Master Carew, starting with an expression of most innocent surprise, as he set his ale-can down, and turned around. "Why, thou art not going to Stratford."

"Not going to Stratford!" gasped Nick, catching at the table with a sinking heart. "Why, sir, ye promised that I should to-day."

"Nay, now, that I did not, Nicholas. I promised thee that thou shouldst go back to-morrow — were not those my very words?"

"Ay, that they were," cried Nick; "and why will ye na leave me go?"

"Why, this is not to-morrow, Nick. Why, see, I cannot leave thee go to-day. Thou knowest that I said to-morrow; and this is not to-morrow — on thine honour, is it now?"

"How can I tell?" cried Nick, despairingly. "Yesterday ye said it would be, and now ye say that it is na. Ye've twisted it all up so that a body can na tell at all. But there is a falsehood — a wicked, black falsehood — somewhere betwixt you and me, sir; and ye know that I have na lied to you, Master Carew!"

Through the tap-room door he saw the open street and the hills beyond the town. Catching his breath, he sprang across the sill, and ran for the free fields at the top of his speed.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT BAY.

"AFTER him! — stop him! — catch the rogue!" cried Carew, running out on the cob-

bles with his ale-can in his hand. "A shilling to the man that brings him back unharmed! No blows, nor clubs, nor stabbing, hark 'e, but catch me the knave straightway; he hath snatched a fortune from my hands!"

At that the hostler, whip in hand, and the tapster with his bit, were off as fast as their legs could carry them, bawling "Stop, thief, stop!" at the top of their lungs; and at their backs every idle varlet about the inn, — grooms, stable-boys, and hangers-on, — ran whooping, howling, and hallooing like wild huntsmen.

Nick's frightened heart was in his mouth, and his breath came quick and sharp. Tap-a-tap, tap-a-tap went his feet on the cobblestones as down the long street he flew, running as he had never run before.

It seemed as if the whole town bellowed at his back; for windows creaked above his head, and doors banged wildly after him; curs from every alley-way came yelping at his heels; apprentices let go the shutter-bars, and joined in the chase; and near and nearer came the cry of "Stop, thief, stop!" and the kloppety-klop of hob-nailed shoes in wild pursuit.

The rabble filled the dark old street from wall to wall, as if a cloud of good-for-naughts had burst above the town; and far in front sped one small, curly-headed lad, running like a frightened fawn. He had lost his cap, and his breath came short, half-sobbing in his throat as the sound of footfalls gained upon his ear; but even yet he might have beaten them all and reached the open fields but for the dirt and garbage in the street. Three times he slipped upon a rancid bacon-rind and almost fell; and the third time, as he plunged across the oozing drain, a dog dashed right between his feet.

He staggered, nearly fell, threw out his hand against the house and saved himself; but as he started on again he saw the town-watch, wakened by the uproar, standing with their long staves at the end of the street, barring the way.

The door of a smithy stood open just ahead, with forge-fires glowing and the hammer ringing on the anvil. Nick darted in, past the horses, hostlers, and blacksmith's boys, and caught at the leather apron of the sturdy smith himself.

"Hoo, man, what a dickens!" snorted he, dropping the red-hot shoe on which he was at

work, and staring like a startled ox at the panting little fugitive.

"Do na leave them take me!" panted Nick. "They ha' stolen me away from Stratford town and will na leave me go!"

At that Will Hostler bolted in, red-faced and scant of wind. "Thou young rascal," quoth he, "I have thee now! Come out o' that!" and he tried to take Nick by the collar.

ously upon Nick, who was dodging around him like a boy at tag around a tree. "Whoy, lad," said he, scratching his puzzled head with his great, grimy fingers, "where hast putten it?"

All the rout and the riot now came plunging into the smithy, breathless with the chase. Master Carew himself, his ale-can still clutched in his hand, and bearing himself with a high air of dignity, followed after them, frowning.



"'NOBODY BREAKS NOBODY'S HEARTS IN OLD JO-OHN SMITHSES SHO-OP,' DRAWLED THE SMITH IN HIS DEEP VOICE; 'NOR STEALS NOBODY, NOTHER.'"

"So-oftly, so-oftly!" rumbled the smith, tweaking up the glowing shoe in his great pincers, and sweeping a sputtering half-circle in front of the cowering lad. "Droive slow through the cro-owd! What hath youngster here did no-ow?"

"He hath stolen a fortune from his master at the Three Lions — and the shilling for him 's mine!"

"Hath stole a fortune? Whoy, huttletytut!" roared the burly smith, turning ponder-

"What?" said he, angrily, "have ye earthed the cub and cannot dig him out? Hast caught him there, fellow?"

"Ay, master, that I have!" shouted Will Hostler. "Shilling 's mine, sir."

"Then fetch him out of this hole!" cried Carew, sniffing disdainfully at the low, smoky door.

"But he will na be fetched, master," stammered the doughty Will, keeping a most respectful distance from the long black pincers

and the sputtering shoe with which the farrier stolidly mowed the air around about Nick Attwood and himself.

At that the crowd set up a shout.

Carew thrust fiercely into the press, the louts and loafers giving way. "What, here, Nicholas Attwood," said he, harshly, "come hither."

"Do na leave him take me," begged Nick. "He is not my master; I am not bound out apprentice—they are stealing me away from my own home and it will break my mother's heart."

"Nobody breaks nobody's hearts in old Jo-ohn Smithses sho-op," drawled the smith in his deep voice; "nor steals nobody, nother. We be honest-dealing folk in Albans town, an' makes as good horse-shoes as be forged in all England"—and he went placidly on mowing the air with the glimmering shoe.

"Here, fellow, stand aside," commanded Master Carew haughtily. "Stand aside and let me pass!" As he spoke he clapped his hand upon his poniard with a fierce snarl, showing his white teeth like a wolf-hound.

The men about him fell back with unanimous alacrity, making out each to put himself behind the other. But the huge smith only puffed out his sooty cheeks as if to blow a fly off the next bite of cheese: "So-oftly, so-oftly, muster," drawled he; "do na go to ruffling it here. This shop be mine, and I be free-born Englishman. I 'll stand aside for no swash-buckling rogue on my own ground. Come, now, what wilt thou o' the lad?—and speak thee fair, good muster, or thou 'lt get a dab o' the red-hot shoe." As he spoke he gave the black tongs an extra whirl.

(To be continued.)



THE LITTLE WATER-COLORIST.

AH GAU'S NEW-YEAR'S CELEBRATION.

BY THEODORE WORES.

CHINATOWN of San Francisco was keeping holiday, and all was gaiety and bustle.

The narrow, picturesque streets were decorated with brightly-colored lanterns, while overhead, above the roof-tops, the yellow dragon-flags floated against a blue California sky.

It was a sunny day in February; and the streets were swarming with a multitude of Chinese—men, women, and children—all arrayed in their richest holiday attire. The children especially, with their bright faces and black eyes, and in their pretty costumes, formed a most pleasing and interesting feature of this living Oriental picture.

Everybody seemed to be happy and good-natured; and ever and anon, as a group of friends met, they stopped and amid much ceremonious bowing exchanged the compliments of the season; for this festive occasion was nothing more nor less than the celebration of the Chinese New Year.

The idea of celebrating New Year's Day in February may strike some of my readers as odd. But, since this has been the Chinese custom from time immemorial, and is older, by several thousands of years, than our acceptance of the first of January as the proper time, the Chinese, perhaps, are not far wrong in supposing themselves to be at least as much in the right as ourselves. This question, however, was of no concern to this merry holiday throng. They were quite satisfied with the arrangement; and, with the utmost belief in their own superiority, they felt at heart an inborn contempt—common to all Chinese—for "outside barbarians." (This term embraces all nations not living within the sacred boundaries of "The Flowery Kingdom," and includes the inhabitants of all the world; and these unfortunate outsiders are broadly divided into two classes—Eastern and Western barbarians.)

This feeling was, no doubt, shared by Ah

Gau, a very tiny Chinese boy,—the subject of this sketch,—who, with his friend Ah Sing, was proudly strutting through one of the crowded thoroughfares of Chinatown. Ah Gau was five years of age and his friend was seven. This was one of the most eventful days of the little man's short life; and the purpose of this story is to relate some of his doings on this Chinese New Year's Day.

These two little boys were dressed in the height of fashion. Ah Gau wore a pale blue quilted blouse reaching to his knees, and his sleeves were so long that his hands were rarely to be seen. He had on red silk trousers, loose above, but tightly wound around the ankles, while his richly embroidered shoes were provided with white-painted soles nearly two inches thick. A round skull-cap, surmounted by a red button, completed this most elegant costume. No wonder he was pleased with himself, and proud of his dazzling appearance.

But, for all this, his mind was not at ease and his face wore a troubled look. This was owing to the annoyance to which he had just been subjected by a group of city boys who had passed by. They had stopped and stared most rudely at him, and then had burst out into loud laughter when one of them had cried out, "See de blooming little Chinese dude!"

Though Ah Gau had paid no attention to this insult, and had scornfully passed them by, his dignity had been ruffled; not so much by the rude remark as by the laughter that had followed. The fact was that, while he was an American born, Ah Gau understood next to nothing of the English language; and what little education he had acquired was received in a Chinese school—where only Chinese was taught.

He had rarely been outside of Chinatown, and his knowledge of the American boy was limited to a very low class—mainly those street

Arabs and ragamuffins who live in the slums in and about the Chinese quarter.

He had but few opportunities of seeing a higher type of the American boy; consequently,



A LITTLE CHINESE GIRL WITH LILIES.

it can hardly be wondered at that Ah Gau regarded them as little barbarians.

Ever since he could remember these little hoodlums had tormented him—even taking the liberty, at times, of tugging at his pigtail. He had been annoyed and abused in every possible way. Only a few days before he had been held up in regular highwayman fashion, and robbed of a stick of sugar-cane which he had just purchased.

No wonder that he had come to look upon these white boys as his natural enemies. After this latest proof of their rudeness, he remarked to Ah Sing: "What ill-bred boys! They are so wild and rude!" He added reflectively, "But I suppose that not one of them has ever

learned any of the wise sayings of the great and good Confucius!"

It must not be supposed that this little pagan of five years always talked in so grown-up a manner as this. There were times when he romped and played like other boys. But this was a great occasion that called forth all his pride and dignity. It was, in fact, the first time that he was enjoying the proud privilege of being allowed to make New Year's calls.

He had already made three: but his list was a long one; and he and his friend were now on their way to pay their respects to his uncle, Wang Tai, a wealthy and respected merchant who kept a Chinese drug-store.

Now and then, as they went through the streets, they met boys of their acquaintance, quite as finely attired as themselves. Then they always stopped, and after a series of low and dignified bows exchanged New Year's greetings—each, in the meanwhile, shaking hands with himself. It is not the custom, nor is it considered good form, for the Chinese to shake hands with one another. Their idea seems a good one, and would, no doubt, be favored by such unfortunates as Presidents and other public men who at times are obliged to stand for hours and shake hands with thousands of all sorts and conditions of men.

When Ah Gau and Ah Sing met any of their elders they were not in the least shy, and the same exchange of salutations took place. At all such times they behaved with great decorum, quite like little old men. Chinese children, from their earliest childhood, are treated by their parents more or less as if grown up.

That, in a measure, is why Chinese children, such as our little friends Ah Gau and Ah Sing, affect that oldish manner which marks the chief difference between Chinese and American children.

As Ah Gau swaggered along his mind was hard at work. Much had been accomplished; but still more was to be done before this day, so crowded with great events, would end. Several days already had been spent in making suitable preparations for this holiday; and the day before, as early as six o'clock, he had been up, and, in company with the entire family, had paid a visit to the neighboring Joss-house.

The procession — for some queer reason the Chinese always seem to walk in single file — was headed by his father, carrying the baby brother proudly in his arms. The mother and sister carried baskets, filled with offerings to the gods; while Ah Gau had contented himself with parading his finery only.

The interior of the Joss-house was but dimly lighted; and when the eyes once became used to the mysterious and smoky atmosphere that filled the place, strange and weird faces of gods and demons showed through the darkness and gazed solemnly down from rich altars upon the visitors. A priest, seated at the entrance, had a supply of painted candles, sticks of incense made of sandalwood, and packets of papers containing printed prayers.

Having bought a supply of these helps to worship, Ah Gau and his family had entered the inner room of the pagan gods. In the presence of these images, with hideous, painted faces, dimly looming out of the darkness and mystery of the incense-laden atmosphere, most American boys of Ah Gau's age would have been terror-stricken. He, on the contrary, seemed to be quite at ease among these strange things and went near to the uncanny idols with quite an air of familiarity. He boldly walked up to a large drum standing in one corner and, seizing a drumstick, pounded on it with all his might, for the purpose of drawing the attention of the gods to the worshippers.

He then had joined with the family in placing a large number of lighted candles and smoking incense-sticks upon the altar; after which they had bent themselves in prayer before the principal image of the temple. A number of offerings — cakes, fruits, and various articles of food, as well as rice-wine — were next piled up before this deity. Their devotions ended with the burning of a lot of printed prayers in a little brick furnace erected in a corner of the Joss-house for that purpose. As they left, a pack of fire-crackers was set off; and then, thoroughly satisfied with themselves, and with minds at rest, they had gone homeward.

On the way they had stopped to buy some lily bulbs at the flower-market, which was a row of booths erected along both sides of the street, and forming a most picturesque sight.

These lily bulbs, narcissuses, are quite a feature of the New Year's decorations, and are imported from China in great quantities for this occasion.

Ah Gau's mother, after carefully examining a number, had bought about a half-dozen, which Ah Gau's little sister carefully had carried home. They then were placed each one in a shallow, crab-shaped dish filled with pebbles and water.

Under these conditions, the bulbs continue to sprout freely, producing, in a short time, a fine cluster of lilies. It is believed by the Chinese that the greater the number of flowers, the better will be their luck during the ensuing year.

Every Chinese household, even the poorest, is brightened by at least one of these plants during the New Year's season. In addition to the lily-



"A WEALTHY AND RESPECTED CHINESE MERCHANT."

booths are many others, devoted to the sale of goldfish, birds, fruits, confectionery, and everything necessary for the proper observance and enjoyment of the New Year's festivities.

Ah Gau and his friend now arrived at his uncle's house and entered the drug-store.



NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN CHINATOWN. BUYING NARCISSUS BULBS.

The interior of this shop presented a strange and Oriental aspect. One corner was occupied by the household shrine, the chief feature of which was a highly colored picture of some favorite god. The smoke of burning incense, issuing from a brightly polished brazen vessel, rose from the altar before this deity and filled the air with its mysterious fragrance. Beside the shrine, on a table, was an abundant supply of refreshment, consisting of cakes, both red and yellow; of lichi nuts, oranges, candied ginger, a number of boxes of cigars; and last, but not least, of bottles containing *sam-sheu*, the favorite beverage of the Chinese.

Ah Gau's uncle, dressed in a long yellow silk blouse, was standing near this table, busily engaged in doing the honors to his numerous callers. He greeted his nephew and his friend with great cordiality, and invited them to partake of refreshments; but Ah Gau modestly contented himself with a handful of dried water-melon seeds, which he dropped into his capacious inside pocket.

One side of the shop was taken up by a long counter; and shelves and drawers extended all around the room. These were covered and filled with a great and miscellaneous collection of strange and rare herbs and roots. Deer-horns, in their velvet stage, were suspended from the ceiling. These, after being sliced as thin as wafers, are boiled, and produce what is supposed to be a valuable medicine. Dried lizards, neatly spread on thin bamboo sticks, occupied a basket at one end of the counter. Dried toads, shark's tails, and many other curious objects used in the preparation of Chinese medicines, littered the shop from end to end; and a richly carved and gilded open-work screen, with two dragons in the center, extended across the middle of the ceiling.

The Chinese are very much behindhand in their knowledge of medicine. Their methods, which are based on ignorance and superstition, are quite as absurd and primitive as were those of the Europeans of the Middle Ages.

During Ah Gau's visit, a white man, very tramp-like in appearance, entered, and begged for alms. The uncle cheerfully handed him some money, and he departed. He was followed, shortly afterward, by two rather rough-

looking young men, who wished the host a Happy New Year. These were promptly rewarded with a handful of cigars, which they stowed away in their pockets; then they, too, departed, presumably to continue their New Year's calls indefinitely, as long as the supply of hospitable Chinese lasted. Beggars of all kinds reap a rich harvest on this holiday, as they have discovered that the Chinese are then very liberal.

The fact is, the Chinese is superstitious, and he avoids any kind of unpleasantness on New Year's Day, for fear that ill-luck may pursue him during the ensuing year. An evil wish or a suggestion of bad luck is most unfortunate; and any allusion to death is received with superstitious dread, as portending some terrible misfortune. He takes every precaution against anything of a disagreeable nature, and, rather than incur ill-will, extends hospitality to every tramp and beggar who appears at his door.

Our little friends found the constant coming and going of visitors to their uncle's shop so interesting that they continued to linger, quite forgetful of the long list of calls still to be made, until the afternoon was well advanced. They became deeply fascinated with the preparations being made by some of the servants for the closing ceremony of the day, the purpose of which was to "drive away evil spirits;" and as this consists of firing off great quantities of fire-crackers, it was naturally regarded by Chinese, as well as by American boys, as the most important and exciting event of the day.

The servants were engaged in fastening bunch after bunch of fire-crackers, varied by an occasional bomb or giant fire-cracker, to a long rope. At sundown this was to be taken up on the roof, and suspended from a projecting pole, the end of this monster tail of fire-crackers reaching to the ground. Ah Gau knew that similar preparations were being made at all the other houses along the street, and he could hardly restrain his impatience and wait until this terrible racket was to break loose. But several hours still must pass before sunset; so he had to subdue his impatience as best he could.

It ended by his crawling into a large teak-wood armchair in a corner. He gazed about, for a time, at the surrounding objects that filled

the shop; then his eyelids grew heavy; his head nodded, and, before he was aware of it, he was sound asleep. Ah Gau no sooner had fallen asleep than he had a dream.

He saw, to his utter amazement, the dried lizards suddenly become alive; and one by one they slowly crawled out of their boxes toward him. The nearer they approached, the larger they seemed to grow—until they were transformed into huge alligators! As they stood there, ranged before him, the largest remarked, in very good Chinese: "Did you ever see such a sleepy-head?" "His mother really should have put him to bed!" remarked the second. "Ha, ha!" laughed the third. "He thinks himself grown-up—look at that absurd little pig-tail!"

Ah Gau was so indignant at these insulting comments, that his anger overcame his fear. "You hold your tongues and mind your own business!" he loudly shouted at them. "You think yourselves very big; but you are, after all, only a pack of dried lizards; and if you don't crawl back into your box, where you belong, I will let my uncle know about this, and he will make short work of you. Then you will be ground up into powder and made into pills. That's what you were made for—not to go swaggering about, insulting your betters!"

The alligators fairly gasped, for a moment; then they exclaimed, in tones of indignation: "Did you ever?" "What impudence!" remarked the gilded dragon, from overhead. "I'd like to blow him up for his impudence!" said a giant fire-cracker. "Let 's!" squeaked the little ones. "Yes!" they all shouted in chorus; "that's what he deserves. Blow him up, and let us make him burn and sizzle!" The place was now in an uproar; and Ah Gau's little pigtail stood on end as myriads of little fire-crackers formed into companies, and, led by the giants, charged down upon him.

He fought desperately, and tried to beat them off. Without avail! Like a flight of locusts, they all surrounded him in an instant. His pigtail was transformed into a rope of fire-crackers. And now the stick of smoking incense volunteered his aid. He turned a double somer-

sault, and touched his fiery head to a fire-cracker attached to Ah Gau's pigtail.

As the wick hissed and sizzled a momentary hush succeeded the turmoil. Then followed a most infernal din of exploding fire-crackers. It gave Ah Gau such a start that he awoke.

He sat on the floor, rubbing his eyes for a moment, before he realized where he was. It puzzled and alarmed him when he discovered that he was all alone; while the terrible din of his dream continued and increased. Then all at once it dawned upon him that the ceremony of "frightening away the evil spirits" was in progress. Realizing that his friends had adjourned to the street to witness this interesting, if noisy, process, he hurried to the door. Ah Gau had a good view of the scene, now enveloped in an atmosphere of smoke. Flashes of fire darted in red tongues all along the street, and the long rope of fire-crackers exploded with a noise and rattle that could be heard miles away. The din was deafening. No wonder the evil spirits were fleeing in dismay!

Such was not the effect produced, however, on the small American boys who had gathered together in hundreds from all directions. Combined assaults were made by them on the fiery, sputtering mass; and though they were driven back repeatedly by the suffocating smoke, that only seemed to strengthen their determination to stamp upon and rescue a few of the unexploded fire-crackers.

Ah Gau gazed scornfully upon the scene, as these demon-like figures danced in and out of the smoke and fire. "Look at those red-headed demons! They seem to be fire-proof," he remarked to his uncle. After pondering a while, he continued: "I have been told that all this noise and fire and smoke is to drive away evil spirits; but it seems to bring them, like flies around a sugar-bowl."

The seeming failure of this noisy method of combatting the bad spirits set his young mind to thinking. Doubts entered his little pagan brain; and I hope that these increased and multiplied until at last they stormed that fortress of darkness and superstition, and admitted clear light of truth.



(Sixth story of the series entitled "The City of Stories." Begun in the September number.)

BY FRANK M. BICKNELL.

ONE day while Yolette and the yellow-haired youth were hunting about for an interesting story, they saw coming toward them a man with such a very doleful face that it made one quite sad to look at him.

"Poor fellow! How melancholy he seems!" whispered the Third Son, pityingly.

"Yes, he does, indeed. Perhaps that is because he has been reading some sorrowful story," suggested the Princess.

At this moment the stranger spoke to them.

"Excuse me," said he, "but I see you are tourists. Have you met any one who looked as if he had been kidnapped?"

"No, we have not," replied the Third Son. "Why do you ask such a singular question?"

"Alas!" the other returned, with a deep sigh, and gazing earnestly at the Third Son, "it is because I am very anxious to find a missing person and undo the mischief I once did him. A certain wicked nobleman, to serve his own bad ends, came to me one day and induced me to kidnap the little Prince Zeramo,

only son of the King of the Cloud-capped Mountains. Much against my will, I stole into the royal palace one night and brought away the child, whom I carried into a dark wood and placed in the top of a tall tree. The wicked nobleman, who had taken this heartless means of gratifying some spite against the king, expected that the child would soon become food for the eagles—"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Third Son, very much shocked; "and was such the case?"

"That I know not," replied the Conscience-stricken Kidnapper, wiping his eyes with his sleeve; "for all the while my poor conscience troubled me so much that I scarcely knew what I was doing. Then, soon after the dreadful deed, I wandered away from home in a fit of depression, and I have been going about a prey to remorse ever since. Well, I suppose you are very sorry for me,—you look so, at least,—but that alone will do me no good; so if you cannot inform me of the whereabouts of Prince Zeramo I will go my way. May you

always be as happy as I am wretched." With which wish the Conscience-stricken Kidnapper, much to their relief, walked away and left them to continue their explorations and to read upon the pavement of the city the following story:

THE TALE OF THE DISCONTENTED WEATHERCOCK.

A VERY long time ago there was a Weathercock that had been set upon the lofty spire of a church on the top of a hill, so that it could be seen round about the country for many miles. One would think the Weathercock might have been very proud and happy to be up there so high, in full view of everybody, and where it was looked at a hundred times a day by those who wished to know which way the wind blew. But this was not so: the Weathercock was very discontented. It was filled with envy toward its own Shadow, which it saw go moving off every day for a journey over the country, while it was forced to stay in one place, and get very dizzy sometimes, turning on its rod at the caprice of the wind, while, meantime, it believed that its Shadow was away enjoying itself.

When the Weathercock awoke in the morning it would often see its Shadow gliding away, although the sun itself had been up scarcely five minutes. How early, then, must the Shadow have risen!

One day, in a fit of more than usual restlessness and discontent, the Weathercock resolved that if it could not travel as its Shadow did, at least it might get its Shadow to tell what it saw of interest during its journeyings. So, as the Shadow was not within speaking-distance just then, the Weathercock sent a swallow to ask it to come home for a little while. When the swallow came upon the Shadow basking contentedly in the sun, it said: "Shadow! Shadow! go home at once; the Weathercock wants to be amused."

But the Shadow replied: "Tell the Weathercock I will be there to-morrow noon."

When the swallow flew back with this message the Weathercock grumbled a good deal, but it was forced to be satisfied and wait until the time set by the Shadow. However, when midday drew near and the Shadow began its

return, the sun became so hot that the Weathercock got very drowsy, and fell asleep.

By and by, after a long nap, it awoke with a start—for the wind had risen suddenly—to find that the Shadow had gone away, to come back no more that day. And so it was every noon for some time after.

One day, when the sun was covered with clouds and it was not so warm as usual, the Weathercock made an effort and really succeeded in keeping its eyes open until noon had come. But it was to no purpose: the Shadow did not appear at all that day. On the following day the Weathercock had better luck; for the Shadow came, although it looked so pale that the Weathercock felt quite alarmed.

"Are you ill, Shadow?" it inquired.

"Indeed, I am not feeling very strong to-day," replied the Shadow, faintly. "It seems as if I might go off in a swoon any moment."

While the Weathercock was trying to think what to say, the Shadow gasped out:

"Oh! dear! *oh!* dear! I am going now," and just then, a cloud crossing the sun, it faded and faded until it had quite vanished.

The Weathercock was frightened at this disappearance, especially when several days went by without its coming or showing any sign of life. The Weathercock grew very despondent there alone during this time, the more so because it rained hard for nearly a week. It never had felt much affection for the Shadow, but now that the Shadow was lost, it mourned greatly its former companion.

At last one night the rain ceased, the wind chased the clouds from the sky, and at about midnight the Weathercock awoke out of a sound sleep to find that the moon was shining brightly. Moreover, it saw lying near the edge of the roof something dark that looked very much like the lost Shadow. After staring a moment at this appearance, scarcely able to believe its eyes, the Weathercock asked in a voice that trembled slightly:

"Is that you, Shadow?"

"Truly, it is myself," the Shadow replied very coolly.

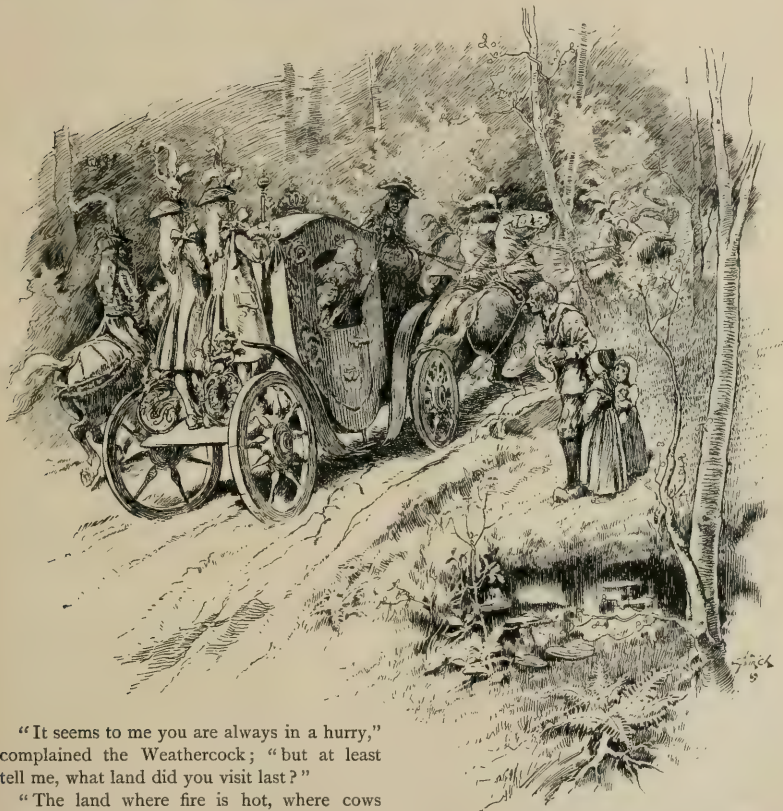
"And where have you been all these days? As you seem to have a little leisure, will you not tell me something of your travels? A

great traveler like yourself ought to have much of interest to relate, surely."

"Yes, I have seen some strange things in my day," the Shadow admitted; "but I cannot talk about them very much now, for I must soon be off and away. I am very restless."

there was a certain little drop of oil which said to itself:

"Alas! what can such an ugly thing as I, who dwell beside a slimy pool in a bog, do to make myself beautiful? When the king brings home his new queen, and everything else in the



"It seems to me you are always in a hurry," complained the Weathercock; "but at least tell me, what land did you visit last?"

"The land where fire is hot, where cows walk on all fours, and where the houses are built out of doors. The king of that country has been away to be married. I will relate an incident of his wedding journey. When the king's return home with his bride was expected, everybody and everything in the kingdom wanted to look as well as possible. Now,

THE QUEEN STOPS THE CARRIAGE TO LOOK AT THE DROP OF OIL ON THE WATER.

country is looking its prettiest, I shall feel very gloomy to think that among them all I alone remain as ugly as before. And it hurts me to be gloomy; I would rather die than do it. I think I will drown myself in the slimy pool."

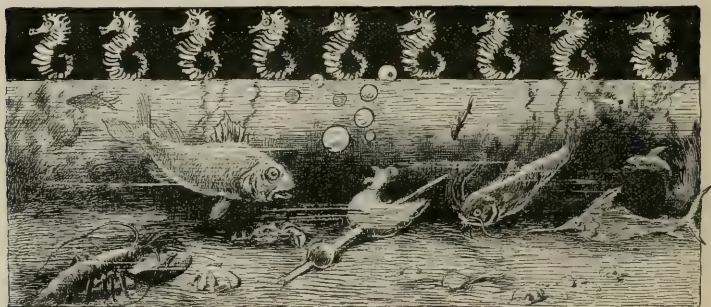
"So the little drop of oil slid despairingly down a bulrush-stock, and tried to drown itself in the dirty water. But instead of sinking to the bottom, as it had thought to do, it spread itself out very thin—oh! very thin indeed—over the surface of the slimy pool. And when the king rode by with his queen, the sun shone upon the oil as it lay in a film on top of the water, so that it reflected all the colors of the rainbow. When the young queen saw this she clapped her hands in delight, and declared it was the most beautiful thing in the entire kingdom—"

Here the Shadow interrupted itself, and,

exclaiming that it must go, it edged off the roof and disappeared.

The Weathercock was much vexed at having its conversation with the Shadow thus broken into; and from that hour it grew even more anxious than before to get away from its church spire and out into the world, where it could see something for itself. In fact, it became so restless and fidgeted about so busily that it got very rickety, and one day when a hurricane arose it was wrenched from its place and blown far, far out to sea, where it was drowned.

And the Shadow that had traveled never was seen afterward.



As Yolette and the Third Son emerged from the Street of the Discontented Weathercock they came upon the Tower Clock sitting on a ledge with his back against a wall, swinging his long legs to and fro.

"I hope, Princess," the Tower Clock said to Yolette, as they approached, "that you are now fully satisfied, and that it would be just as well to move on toward home."

"I am quite ready," replied Yolette, "for I do want to see my father; and, besides, I ought to go back—I mean forward—and finish the letter I began to dear grandmama. I am sure I shall have enough to write about now."

The Tower Clock immediately raised her to his shoulder, and started off at a rapid pace.

"Stop!" cried Yolette, suddenly bethinking herself of her comrade; "we must n't leave the Third Son behind us."

"We can't, for he is before us," retorted the Tower Clock. "I see him just ahead, and I will pick him up presently."

As soon as the Third Son had been lifted to his former place on the Tower Clock's left shoulder, the Tower Clock advanced with rapid strides, as if anxious to make up for lost time. Soon he came to a gate in the outer walls of

the city, whereon hung a placard on which was to be read the word "Finis."

A few moments later Yolette, turning her head, took her last look at the famous City of Stories.

During the homeward journey, which did not take very long,—for the Tower Clock's steps were enormous, and he rested neither day nor night,—it was noticeable that the Third Son was melancholy. At last Yolette asked him to tell her what made him so sad. "

"Alas!" he replied, "I am the most unhappy youth alive! I, who am a third son, and who ere this should have done many great and glorious deeds, have been wandering about for more than five years to no purpose whatever. I have not so much as heard of a giant, or a dragon, or a sea-monster, or an enchanted castle—except in made-up stories; I have met with no perils, I have undergone no misfortune, except, indeed, that of having none to undergo. I might as well not be a third son."

"Perhaps when we get home my father may be able to give you some great deed to do," suggested the Princess by way of consolation. "To be sure, giants and dragons do not grow in our kingdom, but one might stray over the borders. And then there is always a chance of war, you know."

And so they journeyed on, and by and by they reached Yolette's father's kingdom, and soon afterward entered the capital.

Of course the king was overjoyed at the sight of his daughter, whom he had long given up for lost; and he resolved to give a brilliant fête. Accordingly, he sent out invitations at once.

Kings and princes and nobles, besides a host of common people, crowded into the city to enjoy the royal hospitality. Among other guests was the King of the Cloud-capped Mountains. There also came to the festivities the Conscience-stricken Kidnapper. Yolette was astonished that this man should have been able to travel so long a distance in so short a time.

"Oh, that is easily explained," he replied, when she questioned him about it. "You see, I made a short cut. Just after we parted, in the City of Stories, I heard that the person I am looking for could be found here to-day."

Here the Conscience-stricken Kidnapper interrupted his story with a loud sob. On being asked the cause of his emotion, he said in a tearful voice:

"Pardon me for having disturbed your Majesty, but I was suddenly seized by a sharp and cruel pang. They proceed from remorse—remorse that has been with me these many long years. It was I who stole the little Prince Zeramo, only son of the King of the Cloud-capped Mountains, and this youth is no other than he—the formerly lost Prince Zeramo!"

"Prince Zeramo!" echoed the King of the Cloud-capped Mountains, in great agitation. "Prince Zeramo, you say?" Then, after earnestly regarding the yellow-haired youth a few moments, he cried joyfully: "Yes; it is he, indeed! My son, my son!"

"Ah, what a load is lifted from my mind!" exclaimed the newly found prince, when he had embraced his royal parent with much fervor. "Now I know why I never could succeed in doing anything heroic. It is because I am not really a third son, after all!"

As may be supposed, the joyous event of Zeramo's recovery caused the festivities to go on even more gaily than before.

As a fitting close for the fête, which lasted three weeks instead of one, it was arranged to give up the last three days to a wedding; and whose wedding should it be if not that of the Prince Zeramo and the Princess Yolette?

The happy pair were united with all pomp and splendor, and after the other ceremonies were concluded there was a magnificent ball.

The Tower Clock did not appear at the revels, for he had mounted straightway to his old place on the tower, and settled down to his regular work.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND OF DO-AS-YOU-PLEASE.

BY MRS. H. D. ROSS.

OH, that was a wonderful journey I had
To the far-away island, across the Dream
Seas!

There were all sorts of things there to make
the heart glad,

And little to fret you, in Do-As-You-Please.
I'll tell you about it;

And why should you doubt it?

This wonderful island of Do-As-You-Please.

There were cookies and gingersnaps, dough-
nuts and cakes;

All sweet as the honey that 's made by the
bees.

There were candies and sugarplums, nuts, figs,
and dates

All over the island of Do-As-You-Please.

There was no one to say,

"You can't eat them to-day."

But you had all you wanted in Do-As-
You-Please.

There were apples and oranges, peaches and
pears,

And apricots growing on all of the trees.

You could eat all you wanted, for nobody cares
In the wonderful island of Do-As-You-

Please.

Oh, 't was pleasant to be,

Across the Dream Sea,

On the wonderful island of Do-As-You-
Please!

No doctor-men lived on this mystical ground,

One never was troubled with pain or disease.

And a medicine bottle has never been found
On this magical island of Do-As-You-Please.

No nurse holds your nose,

Your hands, or your toes,

While they dose you with mixtures in Do-
As-You-Please.

There were not any mamas or papas to bother,
And no older brothers, or sisters to tease.

There was no one to say: "Now be good
to each other,"

In the far-away island of Do-As-You-Please.

When you knew you were right,
And felt you must fight—

There was no one to stop you in Do-As-
You-Please.

There were horns, drums, and whistles, and
hoops to be rolled,

And toys that would squeak when you gave
them a squeeze.

Oh, the noise you could make there! For
nobody'd scold

On the mystical island of Do-As-You-Please.

And Santa Claus, gay,

Comes around every day

On the wonderful island of Do-As-You-
Please.

And the boys and girls living in these mys-
tic lands,

Which one visits only by crossing Dream
Seas,

Were never annoyed by scrubbing of hands

Or washing of faces in Do-As-You-Please.

And there, I declare,

Was no combing of hair,

In the far-away island of Do-As-You-Please.

I was told by the natives I met on the isle
That night never fell, in this country of ease,

And you stayed up till morning, and played
all the while,

Never stopping for bedtime, in Do-As-You-
Please.

No one ever said,

"You must be off to bed!"

In the wonderful island of Do-As-You-
Please.

Now this is the tale of the wonderful trip

I made to the island of Do-As-You-Please.

And my little white bed was the magical ship

That bore me in safety across the Dream
Seas.

But when I awoke,

I found 't was a joke,—

That wonderful island of Do-As-You-Please.



Portrait of Master Crewe, in the costume of King Henry VIII.

A PORTRAIT OF MASTER CREWE, IN THE COSTUME OF KING HENRY VIII.
FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

(SEE PAGE 348.)

THE LAST THREE SOLDIERS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER VIII.

WHICH ENDS IN A BATTLE.

THE morning after the three soldiers had pledged themselves to a life of exile, like the (otherwise) practical young persons they were, they proceeded resolutely to take stock of the provisions they had on hand and to consider the means of adding to their food-supply. They had already been nearly two months in camp, which was the period for which their rations had been issued; but what with the generous measure of the government and the small game they had brought down with their carbines, nearly half of the original supply remained on storage in the hut of the old man of the mountain. It is true that there was but one box left of the hard bread; but the salt beef, which had been covered with brine in the cask found in the corner of the cabin, had scarcely been touched. A few strips of the bacon still hung from the rafters. Of the peas and beans, only a few scattering seeds lay here and there on the floor. The precious salt formed but a small pile by itself, but there was still a brave supply of coffee and sugar, and the best part of the original package of rice. In another month they would have green corn and potatoes of their own growing, and they already had eggs—fortunately they had killed none of their hens.

The tract of ground on the mountain was a half-hundred acres in extent, with an abundance of wood and water, protected on the borders by trees and bushes, and accessible only by the wooden ladder by which they themselves had come up the ledge. Their camp was in the center of the tract, where the smoke of their fires would never be seen from the valleys. Overhanging the boulder face of the mountain,

just back of the ridge they had used for a signal-station, was a clump of black oaks, through which something like an old trail led down to a narrow tongue of land caught on a shelf of granite, which was dark with a tall growth of pines, and the earth beneath was covered with a thick gray carpet of needles, clean and springy to the feet. Along the southern cliff, and to the west of the spring which welled out from under the rock, was a curtain of dogwoods and birches, and elsewhere the timber was chestnut. At some points the trees of the latter variety were old and gnarled, and clung to the rocks by fantastic twisted roots like the claws of great birds, and at others they grew in thrifty young groves, three and four lusty trunks springing from the sides of a decayed stump.

They were certainly in the heart of the Confederacy, but the plateau was theirs by the right of possession, and over this, come what might, they were determined that the old flag with its thirty-five stars should continue to float. They, at least, would stubbornly refuse to acknowledge that there had been any change in the number of States.

Owing to the danger of being seen, they agreed together that no one should go down the ladder during the day. They were satisfied that they had not been seen since they had occupied the mountain. They had no reason to believe that any human being had crossed the bridge since the night the captain and his troopers had ridden away into the darkness; but still the bridge remained, the only menace to their safety, and with the military instinct of a small army retreating in an enemy's country, they determined to destroy that means of reaching them.

Accordingly, when night came, Lieutenant Coleman and George Bromley, leaving Philip asleep in the hut, armed themselves with the ax and the two carbines, and took their way across

the lower field to the deep gorge. They had not been there since the night they parted with the captain and Andy, the guide. It was very still in this secluded place—even stiller, they thought, for the ceaseless tinkling of the branch in the bottom of the gorge. They had grown quite used to the stillness and solitude of nature in that upper wilderness. Enough of moonlight fell through the branches overhead so that they could see the forms of the trees that grew in the gorge; and the moon itself was so low in the west that its rays slanted under the bridge and touched with a ghostly light the dead top of a great basswood which forked its giant limbs upward like beckoning arms. Then there was one ray of light that lanced its way to the very heart of the gorge, and touched a tiny patch of sparkling water alongside a shining rock.

They had the smallest ends of the string-pieces to deal with, as the trees had fallen from the other side. Bromley wielded the ax, which fell at first with a muffled sound in the rotten log, and then, as he reached the tougher heart, rang out clear and sharp, and echoed back from down the gorge. Presently he felt a weakening in the old stick, and, stepping back, he wiped his forehead on the sleeve of his jacket. The stillness which followed the blows of the ax was almost startling; and the night wind which was rising on the mountain sounded like the rushing of wings in the tops of the pines on the opposite bank.

After another moment's rest, Corporal Bromley laid his ax to the other string-piece. Lieutenant Coleman had taken position a few yards below the bridge, with his arm around a young chestnut, where he could detect the first movement of the swaying timbers. Fragments of bark and rotten wood were shaken from the crazy structure at every stroke of the ax, and a tiny chipmunk sprang out of his home in the stones, frightened at the chopping, and fled with light leaps across the doomed causeway. Now the blows fall more slowly, and after each stroke the ax-man steps back to listen. At last he hears a measured crackling in the resinous heart of the old log. He hears earth and small stones dropping from the abutment into the branches of the trees below. The struc-

ture lurches to one side; there is a sound like a dull explosion; a few loose sticks dance in the yellow cloud of dust that rises thick and stifling from the broken banks, and the toilsome work of thirty years before is undone in as many minutes.

When the dust-cloud had drifted off, our two heroes, who had retreated for safety, came cautiously back and looked over into the gorge. They were startled at what they saw; for the frame of the old bridge was poised in the moonlight like Mohammed's coffin, and swaying mockingly, as if the soul of the old man of the mountain had taken refuge in its timbers. Its slivered planks stood up like the fins of some sea monster, crisscrossed and trembling, and spread out like the broken sticks of a fan.

"Good!" said Lieutenant Coleman; "it has lodged in the forked arms of the dead basswood; and the mountain people will attach some mystery to its going, as they did to its coming."

He said "Good!" because the more mystery there was between their retreat and the enemy outside, the better. It would be many a long year now before anybody would be likely to come to disturb them; and with this thought in their hearts, they slung their carbines and took the way back.

When they had come as far as the hollow tree into which the cartridges had been thrown on the first night to keep them from the rain, they halted; and George Bromley felt of the edge of the ax as he measured the height of the opening above the ground with his eye. He was not quite satisfied with this kind of measurement, and so, leaning against the old trunk, he thrust his right arm to its full length into the broad, black cavity. He was about to touch with his fingers the spot outside, opposite to which his right hand reached, when something like an exclamation of anger fell from his lips, and he lifted out of the opening a bear cub as large as a woodchuck. Bromley's bare hand had landed unexpectedly in the soft fur of the animal, and with an absence of fear peculiar to himself, he had closed his powerful grip on the unknown object, and lifted out the young bear by the nape of its neck. Strong as he was, he was unable to hold the squirming

cub until he had turned it over on its back and planted his knee on its chest.

Behind the tree there was a great dark hole among the rocks, which was the real entrance to the bears' den; and expecting an attack from that quarter, Lieutenant Coleman stood quietly in the moonlight, with his thumb on the lock of his carbine. As there was no movement anywhere, he presently returned to the hole in the tree, and prudently thrust in his short gun, which he worked about until the broad flat end of the hinged ramrod was entangled in the coarse meshes of the sack. The cartridges were bone-dry after seven weeks in the bears' den, and the young cub was thrust into the bag, where he growled low and struggled against the unknown power that was bearing him off.

They had neither chains nor cage nor strong boxes, and when they had come safely back to the cabin with their prize they were greatly puzzled as to how they should secure it for the night. Philip was sleeping soundly on a bed of boughs in one corner, and showed no disposition to wake. They were careful not to disturb him, wishing to prepare a pleasant surprise for him when he should wake in the morning and find the captured cub.

"I have it," said Bromley, when his eyes had traveled around the room to the fireplace; "the cub can't climb up the smooth stones of

the chimney, and we will find a way to shut it in by blocking up the fireplace."

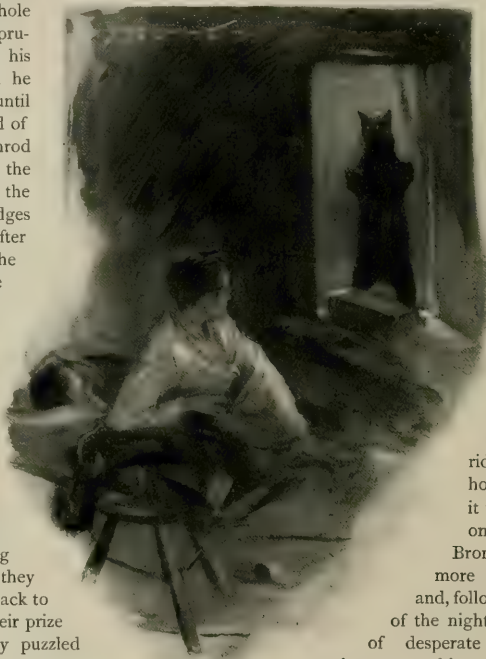
They unslung the door of the cabin from its wooden hinges, and, after slipping the young bear from the mouth of the sack into the soft ashes, they quickly closed the opening, and secured the door in place, putting the meat-cask against one end and a heavy stone against the

other. After a little disturbance in the ashes all was quiet in the fireplace. Lieutenant Coleman went away to his tent, and in five minutes after he lay down George Bromley was fast asleep beside Philip.

At this time the moon was shining in at the open door; but shortly afterward it set behind the western ridges, and in the hour before daybreak it was unusually dark on the mountain.

Bromley was sleeping more lightly than usual, and, following his experience of the night, he was dreaming of desperate encounters with bears; or this may have happened because the cub in the chimney from time to time put his small nose to a hole in the door and whined, and then growled as he fell back into the ashes.

One of the light cracker-boxes stood on end just inside the door, and it was the noise of this object thrown over on the floor that startled Bromley in the midst of his dream, just at the point where he saw the bear approaching. He was awake in an instant, but the spell of the dream was still on him, and he



THE MOTHER BEAR
COMES FOR HER
CUB.

wondered that instead of the huge form of the bear of his sleep, he saw only two glittering eyes in the doorway. For an instant he was at a loss to tell where he was. He saw the grayish opening of the window in the surrounding blackness, and a peculiar hole in the roof not quite covered by the pieces of shelter-tent; and just as he came to himself the cub in the chimney, smelling its mother, whined joyfully at the hole in the door. With a deep growl the old bear scrambled over the creaking floor to her young one. Instinctively Bromley put out his hand for his carbine, and then he remembered that both guns had been left lying on the stone hearth. At the same time Philip awoke with a start, and the she-bear, scenting her natural enemies, uttered a growl which was half a snarl, and was about to charge into the corner where they lay, when Bromley snatched the blankets and threw them so dexterously over the gleaming eyes that in the momentary confusion of the brute he had time to drag and push Philip through the open door and out of the cabin.

Furious as the beast was, she had no disposition to follow the boys into the open air. Her natural instinct kept her in the neighborhood of her imprisoned offspring, where she sat heavily on the two carbines and growled fiercely. The bear now had full and undisputed possession of the cabin, as well as of the entire stock of fire-arms, which absurd advantage she held until daylight, while Bromley and Philip sat impatiently in the lower limbs of an old chestnut where they had promptly taken refuge. Bromley had secured the ax in his retreat, and while Philip sat securely above him, he guarded the approach along the sloping trunk, and would have welcomed the bear right gladly. They were near enough to throw sticks upon the "A" tent, and before daylight Lieutenant Coleman was awakened and was lodged in the branches with them.

"How very fortunate!" said Philip from the top of the tree. "We shall have a supply of jerked bear's-meat for the winter."

"Not so long as the bear sits on the carbines," said Bromley, with a grim smile.

"If we could get that young cub out of the chimney—" said Lieutenant Coleman.

"Or the old bear into it," suggested Philip.

"Either way," said the lieutenant, "would put us in possession of the guns, and decide the battle in our favor."

By the time they had, in their imaginations, dressed the bear and tanned her skin, it began to be light enough to enter upon a more vigorous and offensive campaign. This idea seemed to strike the bear at the same time, for she came out of the door, and, after sniffing the morning air, shambled three times around the cabin, smelling and clawing at the base of the chimney in each passage. Having made this survey of her surroundings, she returned to her post and lay down on the carbines.

These carbines were old smooth-bore muskets cut down for cavalry arms and fitted with a short bar and sliding ring over the lock-plate, which was stamped "Tower—London, 1862." They carried a ball fixed in front of a paper cartridge, and were fired by means of a percussion-cap. The pieces were loaded where they lay, with caps under the locks.

There was a crevice between the logs at that side of the chimney where the door was held in position by the stone, and the wooden spade which Philip had used in his planting could be seen from where the three soldiers sat in the tree, lying across the grave of the old man of the mountain. Lieutenant Coleman and Bromley slipped down to the ground and ran around to the back of the hut. The end of the door could be seen against the crevice, which was just above the level of the floor. The men took care to keep close to the chimney, so as to be out of sight of the bear, and when they had fixed their lever under the edge of the door they easily raised it high enough to let out the cub.

When this was done they mounted to the roof of the cabin, Coleman armed with the wooden spade and Bromley with the ax. The bear came out presently, with the cub at her side, its thick fur gray with ashes. The two were headed to pass between the tent and the chestnut-tree, and when the old bear stopped at the foot of the trunk and raised her head with a threatening growl, Bromley stood up on the roof and hurled the ax, which slightly wounded the bear in the flank and caused her to charge back to-

ward the cabin, while the bewildered cub scrambled up the tree in which Philip sat.

Philip only laughed, and called loudly to his comrades to get the guns. At the sound of his voice the she-bear turned about, and seeing her cub in the tree, began scrambling up after it. At this quite unexpected

turn in affairs Philip began to climb higher, no longer disposed to laugh, while Bromley jumped down on the opposite side of the cabin and secured the carbines, one of which he passed up to Lieutenant Coleman on the roof. Now Coleman had a clear eye and a steady hand with a gun, and would have hit the heart of the bear with his bullet like the handiest old sport of the woods, but as the animal crouched in the crotch of the tree a great limb covered her side and head. By this time Philip was as high as he dared to climb. The cub from the ashes was hugging the same slender limb, breathing on his naked feet, and the old bear, with bristling hair and erect ears, was growling where she lay, and putting out her great claws to go aloft after Philip. This was the critical moment, when Bromley ran under the tree and shot the bear. His ball went crashing into her shoulder instead of between the ribs behind, as he had meant it should. It was just as well, he thought, when he saw her come rolling along the trunk to the ground as if she were thrice dead. If he had only known bears a little better, he would probably

have exchanged carbines and kept a safe distance from the animal; and even then, in the end, it might have been worse for him.

He had only broken her big, shaggy shoulder, and as he came near to the wounded brute she rose suddenly on her hind feet and dealt him



"SHE ROSE SUDDENLY ON HER HIND FEET AND DEALT HIM SUCH A WHACK AS NEARLY BROKE HIS RIBS."

such a whack with her sound paw as nearly broke his ribs and sent him rolling over and over on the ground. Bear and man were so

mixed in the air that even Coleman feared to risk a shot. Poor Bromley, crippled and bleeding at the nose, lay almost helpless on his back under the tree, and in this state the maddened bear charged furiously on him, her foaming and bloody jaws extended. Half stunned and more than half beaten, he had retained his cool nerve and a firm grip on his empty carbine; and as the bear came over him, with all his remaining strength he crushed the clumsy weapon into her open mouth like a huge bit. She was so near that he felt her hot breath on his face, and saw her flaming eyes through the blood which nearly blinded his own. Bromley felt his strength going. The breath was nearly crushed out of his body by the weight of the bear, baffled for an instant by the mass of iron between her jaws. Philip, drawing up his toes from the cub, forgot his own peril as he gazed down in terror at the struggle below. At the moment which he believed was Bromley's last, a quick report rang out from the roof, and the great bear rolled heavily to one side, with Lieutenant Coleman's bullet in her heart.

It is not to be supposed that in the excitement of destroying bridges and killing bears Lieutenant Coleman neglected the signal-station. Morning after morning they waved their flag, and watched the summit of Upper Bald through the glass. No one could be more eager than were the three soldiers without a country to hear some further news of the old government they had loved and lost. They even turned their attention to Chestnut Knob. The entries in the diary show that this duty was continued hopelessly through September with no reply to their signals from either mountain.

That disaster had overtaken the armies of the United States they accepted as a fact, and busied themselves about their domestic affairs that they might, being occupied, the more

easily forget their great disappointment. The flesh of the bear was cured in long strips by the cool air and hot sun. To protect themselves from another unwelcome surprise, they removed the short upper ladder from the ledge in the cliff, and the bear cub, which had become a great pet under the name of "Tumbler," was allowed the range of the plateau.

In this month of September the soldier exiles built a comfortable new house on ground a little in front of the old hut. Its walls were constructed of chestnut logs, cut from the grove to the west, where they could be easily rolled down the hill, after which they were scored with the ax on the inner side, and notched so as to fit quite closely together. The roof was made of rafters and flattened string-pieces, and covered with shingles which they split from short sections of oak, and which were held in place with the nails that had been provided for the station. The floor was of pounded clay, raised a foot above the ground outside. It was a prodigious labor to bring down on rollers the great flat stone which they dug out of the hillside for the fireplace. After this was laid firmly for a hearth, they built the chimney outside, laying the stones in a mortar of clay until the throat was sufficiently narrow; and after that they carried the flue above the ridge-pole with sticks thickly plastered with mud. The house had two windows under the eaves opposite to each other; and the doorway, which was in the gable end facing the fireplace, was fitted with the door from the old cabin, which they had no doubt had been framed down the mountain, and brought up by Josiah after midnight, and most likely it had been paid for with some of the strange goldpieces which had excited the suspicions of the gossips in the valley.

It was a wonderfully comfortable house to look at, and almost made them long for the fall rain to beat on the roof, and for the cold nights when they could build a fire in the great chimney.

(To be continued.)

JUNE'S GARDEN.

BY MARION HILL.

(Begun in the November number.)

CHAPTER VII.

"POOR LEILA!"

JUNE hardly knew how she ever got downstairs and into her own garden, it was all done so quickly and in such agony of mind. Roy had gone home, and Leila was alone, moving about strangely, with her arms stretched out.

"Oh, why does n't some one come?" she cried in a sobbing way.

"What is the matter? What has happened?"

"Oh, June, where are you? Where are you?"

"Darling, I am standing right beside you!" cried June, in terror, taking her sister's arm.

"Oh, where is mother? Go and tell mother!" begged Leila, her blue eyes opened to their widest extent.

"Yes, of course I'll tell her, dearest; but tell her what?"

"That I can't see anything; not you, nor the sky, nor the sunlight—nothing!—I'm blind!"

"My darling!" June clasped her hands in despair. Leila's eyes were wide open, as clear, as blue, as beautiful as the sky, and as unseeing. For one hopeless, horrible moment, June stood as if turned to stone, and then her capability for prompt action came back to her. That terrible, blind staring into the glowing sky must be stopped. Something must be done. She caught her sister in her arms, and all but carried her into the house, Leila moaning all the while, "Where is mother? Has n't anybody sent for mother? Why does n't mother come? Oh, June, I'll never see her again!"

Her cries filled June's heart with anguish, but she hardened herself against breaking down, and mechanically did what her common-sense prompted. She laid Leila on her bed, and darkened the room, and placed cooling bandages against the poor eyes which were weeping

themselves out in futile tears. She shut out every straggling beam of light, using shawls, blankets—anything that came to hand.

"Is that any better, dear?" she asked.

"Is *what* any better? What have you done? Oh, why does n't mother come?"

Not to know whether the room was shrouded, or whether the fiery sun was beating in! Oh, poor Leila! June seized a hat, and kneeling by the bed, told the despairing child that she was only going for a doctor, and then for mother, and that she must try not to mind being left alone for a while, that she would soon be back. But Leila caught her by the wrists, and implored June not to leave her.

"As I am blind—blind—what can a doctor do? If you leave me, June, I shall die! Sit here with me till mother comes home!"

"That would be madness," thought June; and covering her ears with her hands to shut out Leila's sobs and entreaties, she sped into the street. The sunlight cut into her eyes, and as she thought of the wild little figure waiting in the darkened room, a suffocating feeling pressed upon her heart like a weight.

As she passed the Allison's house, an idea came to her, and she ran swiftly up the steps and rang the bell.

A slow, slow footman came to the door, and gazed at her sleepily. Pushing him gently aside, she ran past him and stood desolately in the dim and spacious hall. Then she wrung her hands together and called:

"Roy! dear Roy! if you are in the house, come to me quickly, for I need help!"

She heard an astonished murmur from the floor above, and then Roy came flying down the stairs. He led her into the drawing-room, and she hurriedly told him her story.

"And I can't wait a minute, you see, Roy; but you must go in and sit with Leila, for she is almost insane with grief and fright."

"Of course I'll go. You run on to the doctor's, and I'll stay with the poor, dear little girl."

June scrambled to her feet and seized Roy's hands, not only to thank him, but also to pull him out of the house. So she was soon speeding on her way again, and feeling that Leila was at least not facing her terrible affliction in utter loneliness.

Their family physician was very much distressed at June's story, but he said that the case needed a specialist's skill, and he sent the pale little messenger to an oculist. Then June had to take an electric car to Oakland, where her mother had a secretary's position. That weary ride! And how was she to break the news? But her mother guessed half of her errand at the first sight of her face.

"There is something terrible the matter," said Mrs. Miller, gathering up her things like one in a dream,—*"something the matter with Leila."*

"She wants to see you," said June, throwing herself into her mother's arms. "That is, she wants to feel you near her, for she cannot see you any more. She is blind!"

"Now tell me all," said the poor mother, when their journey back home was begun.

What little there was to tell was soon over; and the rest of the trip was made in silence.

When they reached their house, the oculist was just entering, and they all went in together. They found that Roy had taken the afflicted child in his arms, and was trying to cheer her; but although she had stopped crying, she was talking restlessly in a plaintive, impassioned way.

"They used to tell me not to, Roy; but I would do it. I used to read by the firelight, and in the sunlight, and by no light at all. And when they would say, 'Leila, put that book down; don't sit reading, reading all the time,' I used to think it was rather unkind of them, and I would creep away somewhere else, that they might not see me, and on I would go again. Oh, if I only, *only* had done as they told me!"

Hearing the sound of footsteps, she slipped from Roy's lap, and stood swaying uncertainly in the middle of the room. Then, with a cry, she ran as straight into her mother's arms as if her eyes had been of the keenest.

"Dear mother!" she cried. "How terrible it

would be if I forgot how your face looks!" And then the bitter weeping came on again.

"Now, if these young people will leave us," said the oculist, looking kindly at Roy and June, "we will see if there is anything to be done."

"I shall be where I can hear you call, if you want me," said June, heroically obedient.

It was terrible downstairs. To hear the footsteps above; to hear murmurs, quick footsteps, deep questions and plaintive little replies, chairs scraping, once a faint cry from Leila—to hear all this, and to do nothing, was almost more than June could bear.

Roy, more fortunate, was sent on an errand, and could expend some of his energy in movement. June could do nothing but wait.

Finally there was a lull in the proceedings up stairs, and then the oculist's kindly voice was heard to say:

"Don't trouble yourself to come down, Mrs. Miller; your little girl needs you more than I do. I can find my way out very well." Then he came downstairs. June crept to the door and opened it for him. His face was grave, and a trifle sad.

"Tell me one thing," said June, imploringly. "Will she ever see again?"

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEGLECTED GARDEN.

"WILL she ever see again?" repeated June, in misery.

"We must always hope for the best," answered the oculist, evasively.

"That means that she will be blind for life!" cried the girl.

"No," said the oculist, kindly; "and yet your sister's trouble is a very complicated one."

"Her eyes *look* all right."

"Yes; the disease has been defined as 'a disease in which the patient sees nothing; neither does the doctor.'"

June flashed a piteous look at him. "It is not funny to us," she whispered.

"My dear girl," interposed the doctor, gravely, "it is not funny to me, either. The definition I gave you merely states the case as it is: there is nothing to see on either side, and so the trouble is the most difficult to deal with."

"Is it curable?" insisted June.

"There are one or two recoveries on record," replied the doctor, trying to be kind.

"Have you ever known of a curable case?" "No."

There was a miserable silence. The doctor broke it by exclaiming vehemently:

"That is the way with you young people: you try your eyes in every conceivable reckless way, doing the thousand and one things you are warned against, as if *your* eyes were of an especial make and not liable to injury. When a grown person absolutely forbids you to read, you shut the book with a slam, as if you were a martyr to a wilful person's tyranny. You bend over when you use your eyes, you read in bed, you sit in cross lights, in spite of warning, in spite of entreaty. And when you finally pay the penalty for your wicked disregard, you rebel against Heaven, and wonder why you are so afflicted."

"It would be better to admit the justice of the punishment, and to pray that it may be as short as possible; yes, that 's what I 'll do," said June, thoughtfully.

"It is never too late to pray, my dear child," replied the doctor approvingly. "But I should have thought you to be one to take refuge in action."

"Why not both?" asked June, with a wan little smile.

The doctor studied her face for a while in silence; he finally put the result of his scrutiny into words.

"If you want to devote yourself to months of absolute slavery, you can give your sister the only chance of recovery there is."

"Tell me what I am to do — I will do it!"

"If you can keep her constantly interested, amused, light-hearted, and hopeful; if you can give her *your* life and health and strength — not now and again, but daily, hourly, *perpetually*; if you can keep her body healthy and her mind happy, there is one chance in a thousand that her sight will come back to her."

June was practical enough to know what would be required of her. Everything would have to be put aside, — her studies, her music, her friendships, her long rambles, her amusements, everything. But though she thought of all this, there was not a second of hesitation.

"I 'll try," she said simply; but the doctor was acute enough to understand that the quiet words meant more than a score of hysterical promises.

"Look here," he began shrewdly, "if you go into this thing *too* devotedly, you 'll do more harm than good."

"I don't understand," faltered June.

"Why, if you deny yourself all recreation you will break down, and the knowledge that she has been the cause will give your sister no peace of mind."

"You mean —"

"Have all the fun you can."

"Well, I 'll do that too," said June, very gloomily.

The doctor seemed vaguely touched.

When the great specialist went away, with his hands behind him and his head bent in thought, he paused once to address, apparently, an intelligent sparrow which hopped companionably beside him.

"That 's a girl in a thousand!"

The sparrow flew away to debate the remark in a wrangling manner upon a hedge.

And now hard times commenced for June. To read to Leila, to take her out, to keep her amused, took almost every moment of time. And yet she could not let her garden go entirely. If they needed money before, the need was now fifty times greater, since the oculist's charges were high, and Leila required delicacies. So June used to get up early in the morning while Leila was asleep; but although she worked doggedly, the results were unsatisfactory — the flowers would *not* grow as they ought. Roy volunteered to assist, but after he had painstakingly uprooted every choice seed June had planted, leaving a mass of wild morning-glories victors of the field, June was obliged to deny herself the luxury of his help.

"I am as sorry as — I don't know what," he exclaimed ruefully.

"Don't mind," said she, heroically. "Fates seem against me; but I 'll stick to this garden, if I fall and am buried in it!"

"That 's the talk," commended Roy; then he added sheepishly: "By the by, June, I took your advice, and said, 'Poor Sarah!'"

"What did you say?" queried June. It was

a moment before she remembered to what Roy was referring. The time since their talk had seemed so long; but her interest reawakened.

"Oh, yes, I know. Do tell me what she said."

"*Said* nothing," volunteered Roy, rubbing suggestively at his ear.

"Oh, you don't mean to say —!"

"Yes, I do; she boxed it. But I really think it was more in embarrassment than anger."

"How nice!"

"That's one way of looking at it," agreed Roy, dubiously.

Of Sarah herself June saw very little; but the lame girl seemed to take a new interest in life. June sometimes caught a glimpse of her on the porch, and each time she was writing, writing, with the scowl smoothed away, and a cheery light on her face. She seemed to long, too, for June's companionship, but that busy young person could give very little of it.

"I'd come over every day if I could, Sarah; but you know I can't. Still," said June, with a lucky inspiration, taking a blue scarf from her neck, "if ever you want me very badly indeed, just tie this scarf to your shutter, and I'll come as soon as I see it."

"That is quite a romantic idea," said Sarah, approvingly. "For I hardly ever catch sight of you in your garden now."

And indeed she was right. It went to poor June's heart to watch the tender buds all frizzling up on the trees for want of attention. It seemed as if dollars were dropping away under her very eyes, even though she had not realized a cent as yet. But one slow clump of St. Joseph lilies gave her a fund of satisfaction. That particular flower was always salable, and, moreover, brought the highest price in the business; so, eventually, June withdrew her care from the many ungrateful freaks in her garden, and confined herself to tending the lily-bed. The tardy buds appeared in great profusion — tiny little things that would take weeks and weeks to mature. And oh, how busy the weeks were! It is strange, but of busy times there is very little to write. All I can

say is that the spring months glided into summer months, and the roses which glowed in other gardens came most sparsely to June, and came most grotesquely stunted; that summer glided into autumn, and that every minute of the lagging time had its imperative duty. Leila twined herself around June as a frail vine around a sturdy tree; she looked to her for everything, and it is but fair to say that she got it.

"Go to the window, June, and tell me all you can see," was her usual request at evening.

"I can see the grave of my past, and the glory of my future," announced June, dramatically, one dull November twilight.

"What is it?" asked Leila, snuggling against the tragic speaker, and gazing out into the blankness with steady, unseeing eyes.

"The grave of my past is a gruesome collection of lop-sided chrysanthemums. If I were to offer them for sale, I should be taken before the lunacy commissioners. The hours of labor they represent!"

"And the glory of the future?" asked Leila, with another comfortable snuggle.

"A bed of St. Joseph lilies as *is* lilies!" responded June, unctuously.

"What else do you see?"

"Misfit; she's at her old occupation of chattering her teeth at a bird out of her reach. I should think the occupation would be worn threadbare."

"Dear little Misfit!"

"Dear, if you like; but scarcely little. By now she is the lankiest cat in the county."

"I know; I have felt her."

"Must feel like an eel; does n't she?" asked June, interested.

"Not exactly," said Leila, with a thankful shudder; "what else do you see?"

"Much dull sky, a suspicion of fog, a few dusty little swirls of wind, two dogs in the street dying to become acquainted, but turning their heads indifferently aside; and — good gracious!"

For as June spoke she saw the blue scarf fluttering wildly from Sarah's window.

(To be continued.)

KATIE'S FOREST FRIENDS.

By C.S. Rice.



V



KATIE lived in the forest. When her father died her uncle sent her there. He thought the animals would kill her, but they did n't. In fact, they took great

care of her. There was John, the elephant; James, the crocodile; the tiger who had no name, and the monkey who had a great many; and they all were very kind, and helped her build her house and cook her breakfast. There was the alligator, George, who was sulky; but the crocodile was a dear. One day Katie said to him:

"Crocodile, Crocodile, give me a ride,
And the elephant Johnny will run by
our side;
We'll swim up the river together, and
then
You'll turn your long tail, dear, and
swim down again.



"We'll swim up the river and through the dark wood,
For there lives the tiger, so gentle and good.
He'll give us some cake and he'll make us some tea;
You know he is always good-natured to me.

"For I met him one day,—I was quite a small girl,—
And his poor coat and whiskers were all out of curl;
So I combed him and brushed him as fine as a prince,
And he's always been so much obliged to me since.

"He's very old now, dear, but once he was young,
And fought with a lion, and climbed trees and sung;



V

He can sing a bit still, and his tea is so nice,
And perhaps he will give us a strawberry ice.

"So stand still, my Jimmy, and let me get on,
For the day is so fine and my lessons are done.
We 'll swim up the river together, and then
You 'll turn your long tail, dear, and swim down
again."

One day Katie was walking by the water-side, and there she saw a water-wagtail. He looked so happy that she thought he must have had something very good to eat; and so she asked him:

"Little Water-Wagtail, running by the lake,
For your little tea and dinner, oh! tell me what you
take?"

To which the water-wagtail answered (for he was a truthful bird):

"A little lady beetle in a little purple gown,
And a little drop of water to wash the beetle down."

One day when the elephant came out of the woods his behavior was very strange indeed,—so strange that Katie said:

"Who 's that by the banyan tree,
Humming like a bumblebee,
Jumping like a dancing bear,
Lifting up his trunk in air;
And his howdah all aslant?
Why, it 's John, the elephant!"

But the most dreadful thing happened when Katie and John and James all came back from a journey together and Katie made the tea. James, the crocodile, never talked much; he thought a great deal—at least, so Katie said to herself, and it is certain he was always eating. He liked all sorts of things, from pork to strawberries. He liked pork best, but when Katie offered them he never refused strawberries. But that day he would n't touch them nor anything else, and so Katie said:

"Crocodile, what is the matter, my dear?
Please tell me what is it about. Do you hear?
I 've offered you strawberries, treacle, and cake;
Oh, crocodile dear, is there nothing you 'll take?"

"What *can* be the matter, oh, *what* can it be?
Oh, is n't he sad and pathetic to see?
He looks just as if he were going to cry,
And I really believe there 's a tear in his eye.

"His mouth is turned down and his eyes are turned up—
John, reach me your trunk dear, and hand him the cup.
What, no! won't he take it? Oh, dear, what a bore!
He never refused tea and sugar before.

"Come here by my side, Jim, and tell me your woes.
I 'll stroke your old paws and I 'll tickle your nose.
He 's looking quite cross, and he always has been
The best-natured crocodile ever was seen.

"Perhaps it is temper, perhaps it is pride,
Perhaps it 's a pain in his little inside.
Never mind, Jim, I know that one always is sad—
Why, every one is—when his stomach is bad.

"Perhaps that old turtle was hard to digest
If you swallow them whole they are gritty at best;
And pelican meat is delicious, they say,
But you should n't eat *more* than a dozen a day.



"Or, perhaps, by mistake you have swallowed a stone
Instead of a toad; that 's provoking, I own.
Or perhaps you 're in love—but you 're gouty and fat,
And I 'm sure that you *can't* be as foolish as that.

"What is it, my darling? I wish you 'd explain.
Has the old alligator been teasing again?
I know that his language is often provoking,
But then it 's his way to be laughing and joking.

"Come here! Can't you move, dear? What makes you
keep still?
I 'm afraid you must really be dreadfully ill.
Why! what is the monkey there laughing at so?
I must really myself go and look at you—oh!

"Oh, John, you old booby, what are you about?
Do look where you 're sitting, you clumsy old lout;
No wonder poor Jimmy looks sorry and pale—
You 've been sitting an hour on the crocodile's tail!"

It was quite true that the alligator made himself very unpleasant by teasing, and no one disliked him more than Jim, the crocodile.

"Said George, the alligator, to James, the crocodile,
'I really don't believe, Jim, I ever saw you smile.

They say it is their conscience which makes some people sad,

But I really can't believe, Jim, you are so very bad.'

The parrots are shrieking—the parrots can see;
And you know how they tell all their secrets to me.

"Oh, gallop, my Johnny, there 's no time to think,
There 's no time for stopping to eat or to drink;
Through thicket and jungle, through cactus and mire,
Oh, gallop, my Johnny, the forest 's afire!

"It 's coming, it 's coming, there 's red in the sky!

The silly birds chatter and
scream as they fly.

The monkeys are shrieking
—I know what they
say—

'Our favorite tree will be
ashes to-day!'

"The forest is falling. Oh,
hark! What a crash!
You can see the flames
now—how they flicker
and flash!

The sparks are all over
your beautiful back.

Oh, gallop, my Johnny,
there 's death on our
track!

"Oh, look! There 's the
tiger! Oh, tiger, come
here!

We both are delighted to
see you, my dear!"

How he bounded and leapt!
How he roared as he
came!—

And his yellow coat shone
like a garment of flame!

"We 've come to the river—
the river at last.

Just one effort more, and
the danger is passed.

My Johnny is clever, my
Johnny can swim.

The brown rushing water is nothing to him.

"And now we 've touched ground—we are climbing
the bank.

Oh, whom should I praise, John, and whom should
I thank?

And whom should I kiss if I should n't kiss you,
My swift-footed Johnny, the strong and the true?

"And I 'll never forget how the forest took fire,
And how nothing could stop you and nothing could
tire—

And how fresh you looked, too, when the journey
was done,

And how Katie was saved by the elephant John."



"OH, GALLOP, MY JOHNNY, THE FOREST 'S AFIRE!"

But that same evening a parrot came and settled on Katie's shoulder and talked in her ear. She said to James, "Hide yourself in the mud, James, there 's danger"; and then she said to John:

"Elephant, elephant, reach me your trunk,
You have eaten two trees, you have washed, you have
drunk;

And I know when you 've started you never will
tire—

And you 'll need all your strength, for the forest 's
afire!

"The north wind is blowing, and high overhead
The smoke cloud is rising, a column of red.

But Katie's wicked uncle heard she was alive,
and sent to fetch her; and this is what hap-
pened to his messengers:

"One, two, three—one, two, three,
The wicked men creep silently—
Crawling, creeping,
Climbing, leaping
Over rock and fallen tree.
The wicked king across the sea
Has sent them here for me.

"All alone, all alone,—
They have left me all alone.
Jim, the crocodile, has gone,
So has naughty John;
And through the thicket, up the brook,
And past my garden—look!
The wicked men come on.

"Nearer, nearer! I can see
Each cruel, ugly face.
Here 's a hollow tree,
Here 's a hiding-place!
Will they see me? Will they find me?
I look before me and behind me.
Oh, what shall I do?
Oh, if Johnny only knew!
And what will Jimmy say
When he finds me stolen away?

"Nearer, nearer, nearer yet!
How their cruel brows are set!
Now they 've gone inside my house.
I 'll lie as quiet as a
mouse,
Now they 're coming
out!



Now they look about;
Now they 're talking—they 're in doubt.
They wonder where I 'm gone.
But where are Jim and John?
They have left me all alone.

"Nearer, nearer,
Plainer, clearer,
Grows each face and cruel eye.
Oh, Jim and John,
Where are you gone?
Come at least to say good-by!

"What 's that yellow streak?
I dare not breathe or speak.
There 's the tiger—there he lies,
Waiting with his quiet eyes,
Hidden in the thicket near.
How I love you, tiger dear!

"With a roar, with a bound,
Like lightning through the air,
While the woods echo round,
He leaps from his lair.
Oh, who can stay the path
Of my tiger in his wrath?
Oh, who can stand before
His rage, when his roar
Shakes the ground?

"One, two, three; one, two, three;
The wicked men they turn and flee—
They run with might and main,
And they 'll not come here again.

"Oh, tiger, tiger, is that you? —
My tiger brave and strong and true—
And did you leave your quiet cave,
And lose your sleep to come and save
Your poor deserted little friend?
Oh, give your paw to me, and bend
Your head that I may stroke your ear.
I am so glad to see you, dear!
I 'll come and brush you every week,
And make your coat so nice and sleek.
I 'll make you fine as fine can be,
And feed you well, and make your tea,
And you 'll repeat those funny rhymes
And tell me stories of old times—
About the lion whom you beat—
While I am sitting at your feet;
And John and I will work for hours,
And gather moss and leaves and flowers
To make you up the finest bed,
And heap a pillow for your head;
And you will teach me how to climb,
And we shall have the finest time!
My tiger, brave and strong and true—
Oh, tiger, I am proud of you!"

AN ALARM OF FIRE BY TELEGRAPH.

By C. T. HILL.



A STREET BOX, SENDING IN AN ALARM.

"AN alarm of fire by telegraph!"

How much these few words suggest to the mind: The fright, the confusion, the destruction of property, and the possible loss of life. The puffing engines and the shouting men, the crashing of glass and the splashing of water, and, perhaps, finally the smoldering remains of a once comfortable home laid waste by nature's most destructive element—fire.

All this is mentally pictured when

we read the little technical phrase found in the daily ledger kept in every engine-house in New York City.

This book, known as the "house journal," contains a record of all alarms of fire, whether this particular company is called or not.

The movements of the officers and men are also recorded here, the hour and moment of their leaving quarters each day for meals, and an entry made of any event pertaining to the workings of the department.

As we scan this book over, we come to an inscription in red ink, something like this:

6.15 P. M.: Rec'd an alarm by telegraph from Station 448.

In this memorandum 448 is the number of the fire-alarm box from which this alarm was sent—they are known technically as "stations."

This inscription is unsatisfactory and disappointing.

Turning back a few pages we come to another entry that is more explanatory. It reads something like the following:

10.45 A. M.: Rec'd an alarm of fire by telegraph from Station 357.

Proceeded with company and apparatus and found fire to be at No. 143 West 16th St. Took double hydrant in front of No. 150 W. 16th St., and reported to Chief of 7th Batt.

Was by him ordered to stretch line into basement of house, where a 1½-inch stream was kept 10 minutes.

Company's services being no longer required, was ordered to return to quarters. The following officers and men accompanied apparatus. . . .

Then comes a list of the officers and men going to the fire, and of those who were absent, and a statement of *why* each was absent, for a fireman is held accountable for every moment of time while he is on duty, and his superior officer must know at all times when he is at a fire; and if he is not, the cause of his not being there. The above entry, like the other, is made in red ink, for all records of fires are made in that color, to separate them from the ordinary routine work, which is inscribed in black.

Now, let us trace or follow up this particular alarm of fire and find out *why* it was sent out, and *how* it was conveyed to the firemen, and *how* they received it. This leads us into the mysteries of the "Fire Alarm Telegraph System," without which the science of fire-fighting to-day—no matter how quick the horses, no matter how complete the apparatus, and no matter how eager the men to respond—would be utterly helpless.

We will begin by examining the street boxes, or "stations," as they are called, as it is from them that the alarm is first sent. They are found on almost every other corner in New York City, or, at least, within three or four blocks

of one another. As practically every city or town of any size in the United States has the same sort of boxes, the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* are probably well acquainted with them, so we will examine only the "keyless box," that is used extensively in New York City.

This box forms part of a lamp-post, the post being so constructed that the box is inserted in the middle. The box is painted a bright red, and the lamp at night shows a red light, thus making it easily discernible either by day or night. The wires from the box are conveyed down through the center of the post to conduits buried in the street, and thence on to fire headquarters.

White letters on a red pane of glass, in the lamp over the box, give directions how to send an alarm,—the same directions in raised letters are found on the face of the box.

If we turn the large brass handle on the outside

as far as it will go, a loud gong will ring inside. This is not the alarm, but simply a warning bell to notify the policeman on the beat that the box is being opened and to prevent the sending in of malicious or false alarms of fire, an offense that is punishable in New York State by a fine of \$100 and one year's imprisonment. Turning this handle

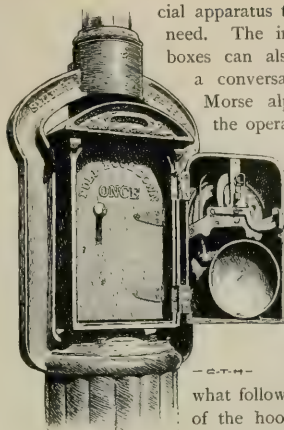


KEYLESS BOX, OUTSIDE.

Showing the directions for opening the outer door and for sending an alarm.

as far as it will go opens the outer door, and we find inside another door, with a slot at the left-hand side, and at the top of this slot a hook projecting. By pulling down this hook *once* and releasing it, we set at work certain clockwork mechanism inside, and this sends in the alarm.

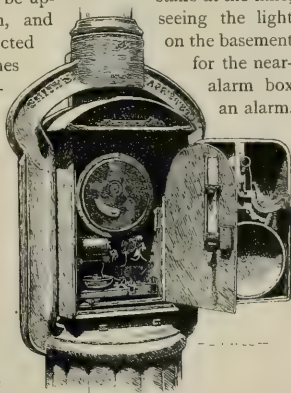
When the first officer arriving at a fire discovers that it is of enough importance to warrant his sending for reinforcements, he opens this inner door and with the "Morse key" sends in a second, third, fourth, fifth, or sixth alarm, as the case may be, or a call for any spe-



KEYLESS BOX, OPENED.

Showing the inner door, and hook

in the kitchen range in the basement of a house in West Sixteenth Street boils over and sets fire to the floor. The servants, discovering the kitchen in flames, run screaming from the house. The owner, who stairs at the time, seeing the light on the basement for the near-alarm box an alarm.



KEYLESS BOX, INSIDE.

The inner door opened, showing the cam or lever that operates the clockwork, and the Morse key and sounder for sending telegraph messages to headquarters.

Turning the handle around, he opens the outer door, the warning bell rings, he pulls down the hook on the inside door *once*, and releasing it, listens. What does he hear? The buzzing of

cial apparatus that he may need. The inspectors of boxes can also carry on a conversation in the Morse alphabet with the operator at head-

quarters on this key and sounder.

Let us examine the causes that led to the sending in of an alarm from box 357, and also what follows the pulling of the hook in one of these lamp-post boxes.

A pan of grease frying on the kitchen range in the basement of a house in West Sixteenth Street boils over and sets fire to the floor. The servants, discovering the kitchen in flames, run screaming from the house. The owner, who stairs at the time, seeing the light on the basement for the near-alarm box an alarm.

machinery at first, and then "ting, ting, ting!" on a little bell inside. A pause, and "ting, ting, ting, ting, ting!" Another pause, and then "ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting!"—357, the number of the box.

This is repeated five times in quick succession, and then the buzzing stops. The alarm has been sent. It may seem like an age to

As he looks up the avenue he sees approaching from Twentieth Street, four blocks to the north, another piece of apparatus—a heavy affair that sways from side to side as it swings from one car-track to another. This is a "truck" or hook-and-ladder company, and it is preceded by a light wagon containing two men, one driving, while the other looks eagerly

ahead for the appearance of fire. This is the chief of the 7th Battalion, who afterward has charge of the fire. Whistles and bells in the two adjoining streets to the north of him tell of the approach of more engines. One is coming from the east, the other from the west. The engine approaching from the east turns the corner of Eighteenth Street, two blocks above, just as the one coming from the south is over a



"A FIRE-ENGINE APPEARS, DRAWN BY THREE PLUNGING GRAY HORSES."

the owner as he stands waiting for the firemen to appear, but it is a matter of only a few seconds; for within twenty seconds this station number is ringing in a score or more of engine-houses, and within one minute and a half six companies of apparatus are on their way to this box.

He looks up and down the avenue, and what does he see?

Turning into Seventh Avenue at the intersection of Greenwich Avenue, five blocks to the south of where he stands, a fire-engine appears, drawn by three plunging gray horses. As it straightens out in the broad avenue, they dash madly toward where he stands. A hose-wagon follows, filled with sturdy men donning rubber coats and fire-hats. The bells of both engine and wagon are ringing furiously, and the whistle of the former keeps up a series of short shrieks.

It is truly an inspiring sight, and he almost forgets the destruction that threatens his home.

block away. It is now a mad race between the two to see which will first reach the box. The one approaching from the south has the advantage of a clear run up the avenue, however, and arrives at the corner before the other. The man at the box indicates by pointing to his home the location of the fire, and the driver of this engine, who knows the hydrants in his district as well as he knows the stations, turns the corner on a run and pulls his horses up beside a hydrant nearly opposite the fire.

Another truck company has followed this first appearing engine, also coming from the south. Another battalion chief has turned the corner of Fourteenth Street, coming from the east, and following him a strange-looking apparatus—a four-wheeled wagon, carrying what one might almost call an enormous cannon with an inverted muzzle—this is a "water-tower." Still another detachment dashes toward the box from the north. This is a big red wagon drawn by two noble animals that

are covering the ground with great leaps. It is filled with men wearing white rubber coats and red fire hats. This is a section of the fire-insurance patrol, and they come to protect property from damage by water, and to save what they can. The third engine coming from the west, follows and pulls up at a hydrant on the corner, and "awaits orders."

The first company to arrive have rushed into the basement with their hose. The engine is at work in an instant, and a few dashes of water extinguish the fire. The fire-insurance patrolmen go through the building, opening windows to let the smoke escape, and ascertain the amount of damage done. Members of the first truck company to arrive assist the men from the engine company in putting out any remaining traces of fire, by pulling down wood-work, plaster, etc., in the kitchen. The other companies stand ready to get to work until ordered "to quarters" by the battalion chief; and soon there is little evidence of a fire beyond a wet pavement and a badly wrecked kitchen.



"THE ENGINE APPROACHING FROM THE EAST TURNS THE CORNER."

In reviewing the events that have followed the pulling of the hook in this box, we find that within three minutes from the time the alarm was sent in, an engine and a truck company were on hand. In two minutes more three other companies had arrived, and in exactly seven minutes from the instant the hook was pulled down, three engine companies, two hook-and-ladder companies, a water-tower, and a section of the fire patrol, with two battalion chiefs, were on the spot, and ready to go to work. In all, about fifty-five men, with ten pieces of apparatus—a small fire department in itself.



A HOOK-AND-LADDER COMPANY.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIRE-ALARM TELEGRAPH HEADQUARTERS.

This is not remarkable; for if we consider that there are, on an average, from ten to fifteen alarms of fire a day in New York City, we can realize what an ordinary event this becomes. It is partly due to the efficiency of the fire-alarm telegraph system that this rapid concentration of fire forces is possible. Let us visit fire headquarters in East Sixty-seventh Street, and see how the alarms are received and sent out.

We find the telegraph bureau a large, well-lighted room on the sixth floor of the building. In the middle of this room is a raised platform, perhaps a foot in height; and this platform is surrounded on three sides by cabinet-work, almost like immense bookcases, and reaching nearly to the ceiling. A passageway on both sides of this cabinet-work makes the back easily accessible; and an entrance through the middle leads to the battery-room in the rear of the bureau. There is a post in the center of this passageway studded with "push-buttons," and within this three-sided inclosure are the various delicate and intricate machines for receiving and recording the alarms, most of the instruments being protected from injury or dust by cases of glass.

The face of the cabinet-work on both sides is filled with keys, sounders, switches, and all

manner of electrical devices for receiving and transmitting alarms of fire, and all the private telegraph signals used in the work of the fire department.

An operator comes forward, and under his guidance we will look into the methods of attending to a most important branch of the fire service—that of receiving and recording an alarm of fire from a street box, and transmitting the same to the engine companies nearest to the fire, in the shortest possible time. We are first to see the "register," or machine that records the alarm as it comes in from the street box. This machine not only indicates the pulling of a fire-alarm box by clicking off the number of the station, but prints it upon an endless tape of paper about a foot wide.

We find a station recorded thus :

1 — — — — — 4 — — — — — 7 — — — — — Station 147.

If we examine this machine closely we shall find five oblong vulcanite (or hard-rubber) cases back of that part that does the printing. Each of these little cases contains ten sounders, and each sounder represents a circuit. There are from ten to fifty boxes on each circuit, so that this machine records the alarms from over

a thousand boxes! A delicate steel rod connects each sounder with a little brass elbow-joint that does the printing, somewhat like the key of a type-writing machine. As each click or pulsation of electricity comes through a sounder, this little rod is pulled back. It depresses the elbow-joint, and this prints a dash upon the paper. There are fifty of these little elbow-joints all in a line, one for each circuit, so that boxes on different circuits print upon different parts of the paper.

We can better understand a "circuit" if we imagine a long wire reaching, say, to the Battery — five miles away — and returning to headquarters. Branch wires running from this main line connect with boxes at different places along the way. No two adjacent boxes are put on the same circuit. Thus we find a circuit connected with a box at Fifty-eighth Street and Broadway, and the next box on the same line is at Forty-sixth Street and Eighth Avenue, twelve blocks away. This is to prevent the possibility of two boxes on the same circuit, or wire, being pulled at once for the same fire.

This delicate and ingenious instrument prevents the possibility of confusion of this kind occurring, for even if two stations were to "click" off at the same time, although it might not be possible to count the clicks, the numbers of the boxes, being on different circuits, will be found printed clear and distinct on different parts of the paper. The operator, divining that both have been pulled for the same fire, sends out only one on the combination key.

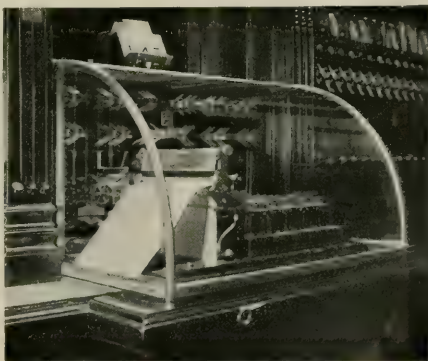
In every engine-house there is a small bell that begins to ring off the alarm as it comes in. This is called the "combination," because it not only tells the number of the box, but it allows a weight to fall that springs a "trip," or lever, that in turn releases the horses. Shortly after this begins, a very large gong rings out in loud strokes. Should the firemen fail to count the strokes of the small bell, they cannot fail to count those of the big gong.

We will now go back to the telegraph bureau and see how these strokes are sent to the engine-houses. We will first look at another instrument or two before we imagine an alarm

to come in, that we may better understand what is being done.

All along the side where the register stands are a number of telegraph keys, one for every circuit — sixty in all, there being ten extra circuits, besides those connected with the register. They are similar to the keys in every telegraph office. In the corner, on the same side, there are eight extra keys. These operate the "combination circuits," the engine-houses being on circuits just as the boxes are. With these the operator rings the combination bell that I have just described. Above each there is a large push-button not unlike a stop in an organ. A number is on the face of each, and they represent the circuits controlled by the keys. A large hand-lever is also here, which throws on an extra-heavy current of electricity whenever it is necessary to use these circuits, a light current only being kept on them at all other times.

Toward the front of the platform, and near the right-hand side of the inclosure, stands another machine, a most important one. It stands upon a cabinet or pedestal of its own, and this machine, called "the repeater," controls the ringing of the big gongs in the engine-houses.



THE REGISTER.

It is carefully inclosed in a glass-case on all sides except that facing the register. Here there is a small round opening near the bottom, through which projects the shaft of one of the larger wheels of the machine. A brass

disk, or "button," is pushed on this shaft when an alarm is being sent out, and controls the number of strokes that this instrument rings upon the big gongs.

In the center of the platform, and directly at the front, stands another machine that is really a wonderful piece of mechanism, a tall, upright instrument, also inclosed in a glass-case. There are four disks or circles to be seen on the front of it, three in a row and one direct-



A SET OF WHEELS FROM THE SPECIAL.

ly in the middle, over the three. Each circle consists of four wheels, one on top of the other. These wheels are so numbered on their rims that by moving them around any combination of figures can be made. For example, by moving the first three wheels around until 2 shows on the fourth or last; the second wheel around until 3 shows on the third, and the first around until 4 shows on the second wheel, we get 234, the wheels moving from left to right, and the last, or bottom, wheel showing the first number. Beside the upper or top circle, there is a pointer resting upon a dial numbered from 1 to 5. This pointer controls the number of rounds sent out by this machine. By setting it at figure 2 upon the dial, and pressing it down, after we have set the combination of numbers, this instrument will send out two rounds of "234" to all the engine-houses.

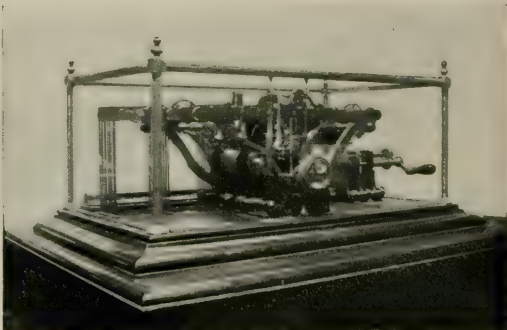
This instrument is called the "special," and is used for sending out the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth alarms, and all the special calls used in the service, and can be used for transmitting all regular alarms in case the other instrument breaks down. It is connected by the "big gong" circuit with all the companies in the department, and any combination of strokes on the large gongs can be rung with this instrument. It is entirely automatic, and, after the numbers are properly set on the wheels, never makes any mistakes,

and is really the most important and ingenious machine in the bureau.

Having thus seen all the principal instruments, and understanding their uses, we will now see what happens when an alarm comes in.

An operator sits at a desk in the middle of the platform, answering and attending to the telephone calls coming from the different engine-houses, for this desk is the "central office" of the department. Another operator moves about in front of the "switchboard" on the other side of the platform, testing the strength of currents on the different circuits, etc. There are always two operators on duty, sometimes three, night and day. They work in shifts, or "tours," as they are called, of eight hours each, three tours making up the day.

Suddenly there comes a buzzing of machinery in the direction of the register, followed by a loud "click,"—a pause and four more clicks—another pause and seven more clicks,—147, the station I have already mentioned.



THE REPEATER.

This is repeated five times, the number of rounds the box sends in, but before the first round has clicked off, the operator at the desk has stepped quickly to the register, and glances at the tape. He turns as quickly from this to a cabinet in the center of the platform and at the back of the telephone desk, and opens a drawer. This cabinet is made up of wide, shallow drawers, and as he opens this one we see that it is full of rows of little brass disks about two inches in diameter and a quarter of an inch

thick, each resting over a wooden peg that is fastened to the bottom of the drawer. These are the disks, or "buttons," that operate the repeater, or big-gong instrument.



A REPEATER BUTTON.

There is one for every station, or box, each one cut differently; and as there are ten or eleven hundred boxes, it can be seen how many there must be.

He takes out the one bearing the number of the station that has just come in—147—and passes it to the other operator, who by this time stands beside the repeater. With this disk there are two others, made of cardboard, also bearing the number of the station and having beneath two rows of figures. These figures are the numbers of the circuits or wires over which this alarm has *not* to be sent. He passes one to the operator beside the repeater, and, retaining the other, he steps quickly over to the "combination keys," and pushing down the lever that throws on an extra-heavy current of electricity, with a firm, quick touch he sends in the alarm to the companies nearest the fire.

When he has sent in two rounds, or the number of the box twice, his fellow operator at the repeater pushes the little brass disk that he holds in his hand on the shaft that projects through the round opening in the glass case of the latter instrument, and pressing a push-button, it begins to revolve. As we watch it revolving we see the first little projection on the rim of the disk press against a steel spring beside the shaft, long enough to let one pulsation of electricity pass through the machine. This allows some small cylinders at the top to revolve once. This means one stroke on the big gongs in the engine-houses. When the second projection reaches this spring it keeps it back long enough for four revolutions of the cylinders,—that means four strokes on the big gongs,—and the last and largest projection allows the cylinders to revolve seven times, meaning seven strokes, thus completing the number.

This button, or disk, revolves twice, sending out two rounds of the signal. In the meantime, the other operator has sent out two more rounds on the combination key, so that the

firemen responding to this box receive the number of the station six different times and on two instruments, leaving little chance for mistakes.

In sending out an alarm in this manner, everything is done very quickly—more quickly than it can be described. Not a word is spoken. Conversation of any kind might cause a mistake that would result in the possible loss of valuable property and many lives. Each operator knows exactly what he has to do, and does it silently and quickly.

Even in the case of a large fire, when one alarm follows the other in the most rapid manner, there is little confusion, if any at all. A visitor to the bureau would scarcely realize that an alarm had been received and sent out until it was all over, so systematically is everything done.

When the operator at the combination has finished his task, he turns to a large book beside him, and ascertains the numbers of the com-



THE "SPECIAL."

panies who respond to that box. This book is called the "assignment book," and is issued for the benefit of the different companies of the department; for it tells the number of each box, and its location, and the companies that

are "assigned" or expected to respond to that particular box, on the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth alarms; also the order in which they are supposed to arrive. Having found the numbers of the companies "due" upon this station, the operator turns to the post in the middle of the platform, and under the row of push-buttons headed "out" he pushes in the numbers of Engine Companies 31, 55, and 12, and Hook-and-Ladder Companies 6 and 8, and Water Tower No. 1, thus putting them "out of service." This means that they have left their respective quarters, and cannot be depended upon to respond to any other alarms that might come in from their district. As he pushes in these buttons, little round disks bearing a similar number drop down in an annunciator at the top of the cabinet-work over the switchboard.

By referring to this annunciator the operator can tell at any time just what companies are "out of service," and should other alarms come in from their neighborhood while they are "out of quarters," he will have other companies respond. When the companies return from a fire the Morse instruments announce their return by a series of little clicks. This is the captain or officer in charge sending in his "return taps," or "three-fours," as they are known technically, that is, 4-4-4 and the number of the company, thus informing the bureau that his company is back in quarters once more, and ready to respond to other alarms. The opera-

tor replies, "2-3," meaning "all right," on the Morse key, and then, turning to the push-button post, under the heading "in," pushes them back "in service" again. Shortly afterward the officer in charge of the fire calls the operator up on the telephone, and tells him the location of the fire and amount of damage to building and stock or furniture. This account is afterward entered in a "journal" kept in the bureau, and three copies are sent down

to the commissioners' rooms, where records are kept of all fires, no matter how slight.

This finishes the routine work in this bureau of receiving and transmitting "an alarm of fire by telegraph." The operation is gone through ten or fifteen times a day—some days less, others many more. In the dead of night, in the early hours of the morning, while we are sleeping, eating, at work or at play, the operator is always here, wide awake, and ever on the alert—ready to answer the call for help that may come from the "little red box," and to send it on to those who will aid us in saving our homes from destruction and ruin.

After this, when we see a fire company responding to the call of duty, we shall better appreciate the methods that have been used to send them on their noble errand. And when we glance through the pages of a metropolitan engine company's "house-journal," we shall better understand how much meaning is hidden beneath that little phrase—"an alarm of fire by telegraph."



THE OPERATOR SENDING OUT AN ALARM ON THE "COMBINATION."

MISS NINA BARROW.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

CHAPTER I.

A VERY BAD GIRL.

"TAKE that thing away! It's a horrid, faded, hideous old jacket, and I'll not put it on. Take it away, Claudine! I hate the sight of it!" exclaimed Nina Barrow to the meek French maid who was dressing her.

"*Mais, Mademoiselle* —" began Claudine, timidly.

"Nina, don't behave in that way!" said Mrs. Andrews, Nina's doting grandmother. "What is the matter with your jacket? It is n't old, and it is n't faded. It is cut in the latest style, dearie, and fits you so nicely, and is so warm and comfortable. Let Claudine put it on you, darling."

Claudine approached Nina, jacket in hand. "*Permettez* —"

"Let me alone! Take it away! I won't wear it, I say, *stupid!*" said Nina, her face waxing red and redder, her forehead disfigured by as ugly a frown as ever appeared on a bright young face.

"Oh, darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Andrews. "You will catch cold if you go without it."

Claudine retired a little into the background, still holding the jacket.

"Nina," continued Mrs. Andrews, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Oh, there never was such a child! What am I to do with you? Here, Claudine. Put it on her."

Claudine obediently attempted to do as she was told, but Nina, in a fury now, jerked away, and, raising her hand, administered a sharp slap full in the maid's face, saying, "There! I told you to let me alone."

"Nina, Nina! Oh, you naughty child, to do that! How dare you? Oh, you bad child! What am I to do with you?" Aside to Claudine. "Get her white opera-jacket trimmed with swansdown, and we'll persuade her to

wear that." Claudine, with a red face and tearful eyes, approached her with the white jacket.

"Darling Nina," said Mrs. Andrews, "put on this pretty jacket. You know you always liked it. You always look so nice in white. Cousin Marian is coming to-day and I want you to look nice!"

"I don't care a snap 'bout Cousin Marian; and I ain't going to put it on. And there's the end of it," said Nina.

"Go away, Claudine; let me be!" cried Nina, as the allied forces moved upon her. A short sharp struggle ensued; but Mrs. Andrews soon sank into a chair, exclaiming, "Oh, that child, that child! She will be the death of me!"

Claudine, for her share, had received in five minutes such treatment as made her glad to retire into the next room sobbing and complaining, but conquered. Nina finished her toilet, and when she was quite ready, gave a kick to the white jacket, which had fallen upon the floor. Then swishing her short skirts from side to side with an absurd air of importance, she announced that she was going to breakfast.

When Mrs. Andrews reached the restaurant downstairs, she found Nina with half a dozen or more dishes set before her, ordering as many more, as follows:

"Charles, we want three kinds of fish, remember, and lots of fried onions on my steak. And take away these heavy old rolls that you are always bringing, and give us tea and chocolate, both strong. And, Charles, no Saratoga chips, 'cause I'm sick of the sight of 'em. And be quick, for I sha'n't wait a minute. And you bring me a beautiful big bunch of grapes for Claudine; she likes them, and I'm going to give 'em to her because we had a fight this morning. You'd better bring a whole box."

Here Mrs. Andrews entered solemnly.

"Sit down, Grandy; and don't stop Charles!

I've told him what to bring. And don't you be all day, Charles, or we'll have John for our table."

Mrs. Andrews ate almost no breakfast. Nina dipped into everything that was before her, talked a great deal in her high sharp voice, lectured Charles at her pleasure; and then, without making any excuse or asking permission, left the table, and went off to a vacant one and began piling the napkins up into a pyramid.

A servant entered presently, followed by a



"I WON'T WEAR IT, I SAY!" SAID NINA."

lady in deep black, who kissed Mrs. Andrews, saying, "Excuse my coming right in, Cousin Elizabeth. They told me you were in here." Mrs. Andrews welcomed her kindly and bade her take a seat; ordered fresh tea, asked all about her journey, and called to Nina to "Come and see Cousin Marian." That well-bred young person, however, refused to come. A little later, however, she drew near, out of curiosity, and her grandmother introduced her to the visitor. "Cousin Marian, this is Nina."

"Give me a kiss, dear," said the young lady, who had a sweet, sad face, clear eyes, and the pleasantest voice possible.

Nina stared at her for a moment, and then, graciously allowing herself to be kissed, resumed her seat and began eating again. The meal proceeded, and Mrs. Andrews was quite enjoying the meeting with her young relative when, looking up, she perceived that Nina was wriggling and fuming in her seat, and evidently in the worst possible humor.

"Eat something, darling. What is the matter? Was n't there anything you liked? Ask Charles to get you some stewed mushrooms. You can always eat them, you know, dear."

Nina, who liked to be the central feature of every gathering, was glad to have gained her grandmother's attention, but showed it only by tossing and bridling and wriggling more than ever, until at last her secret vexation found vent in words. "I'm going," she said. "You've gone and given my breakfast to her."

"Dear me! Cousin Elizabeth, I had no idea that I was depriving Nina of her breakfast," said Miss Brewster.

"That was *my* beefsteak," said Nina poutingly. "I ordered it just as I wanted it. You had no business to give it away, Grandy."

"Hush, Nina! What will Cousin Marian think? I did n't know you wanted it," said Mrs. Andrews, in humble apology.

What Miss Brewster thought was, fortunately, not written in the middle of her forehead. Her face expressed only a vivid surprise. She made one more attempt to appease Nina. "I am sorry, dear, but surely you can take something else."

"I don't want anything else. I want my own beefsteak," insisted Nina.

"Oh!" remarked Miss Brewster, and it was a voluminous speech, heard aright.

"And as I can't get anything to eat, I'm going," added Nina, and she left the room.

"Poor child! She was disappointed about her breakfast. Dear Nina has so much character, Marian," remarked Mrs. Andrews placidly.

"I should judge she has her share of will and —" "Temper" was on the tip of Miss Brewster's tongue. She stopped and blushed.

"Oh, she is wilful, very wilful sometimes!"

replied Mrs. Andrews. "I hope you will be able to manage her, Marian."

"I hope so, Cousin Elizabeth,—" echoed Miss Brewster; and at this moment in marched Nina, who interrupted the speaker without the least hesitation, saying imperiously, "I want my box of grapes; it is under your chair."

Miss Brewster rose, tall and slender, gentle and graceful in her black draperies.

Without any apology or word of thanks, Nina picked up her box and left the room.

Claudine, still tearful and depressed, was sewing at the window. Nina ran up to her.

"Oh, you old poky-poky! Here! Take this. Here 's a whole box of grapes. I got a box 'cause I wanted you to eat all you could."

She ran off again as she spoke.

"Oh! the good little—imp!" commented Claudine, in French, as she lifted out a splendid bunch of malagas and began eating them.

When they were ready to leave the dining-room Miss Brewster offered Mrs. Andrews her arm. "Thank you, my dear," said the old lady; "I 'm not very steady nowadays on my feet." As they passed through the office, Mrs. Andrews asked, "What is the clerk standing there for?"

The clerk was waiting to speak to Mrs. Andrews, it seemed. He was very quiet, very polite, very respectful, but the gist of his remarks was that the proprietor felt obliged to insist upon Mrs. Andrews keeping one and the same table while she was at the Columbia; three changes having already been made to suit her grandchild's convenience.

Much mortified, the old lady went to her room, where she heaped reproaches upon Nina's head.

"Oh, I don't care what the clerk says," said that young lady. "It 's none of his business, and I 'm going to tell him he 'd better come off his perch, that 's all."

"Nina, how often am I to tell you about talking slang?"

"Oh, I, pshaw —! I 'm not the only one; everybody talks it. I guess *you* do, don't you?" Nina asked, turning suddenly to Miss Brewster. "It is nothing to do it, is it?"

"It is n't a sin, if that is what you mean, except against good taste; but I would advise you not to do it, dear," said Miss Brewster.

"Why not?" asked Nina sharply.

"Well, in the first place, if you really want to know what I think about it, slang is stupid, generally. It has little or no point or wit, and by a little thought and care you can say what you have to say in good, clear, pure English. In the next place, it is apt to be vulgar, coined by vulgar people, and used by vulgar people to express petty ideas. I would n't use it at all, dear, if I were you. I used to, a little, at one time; I caught it from people about me. But fortunately I gave it up before it became a fixed habit," said Miss Brewster.

She spoke very simply and kindly. She was not lecturing Nina, who looked at her sharply and was about to speak, when unfortunately Mrs. Andrews broke in with "Cousin Marian is a *lady*. *She* would n't do anything vulgar."

Nina's hot temper flamed into her face. "Neither would Nina, I am sure," hastily put in Miss Brewster; but she was too late, for Nina burst out into such a speech, so rude, so disrespectful, so full of anger and all impertinence, that I should be quite ashamed to write it down.

The scene I have described took place in a handsome suite of rooms at a fashionable family hotel, where Mrs. Andrews had been for years spending her winters, and where, consequently, scarcely anything that Nina did excited much surprise.

Nina Barrow was only twelve years old, and she was not an infant phenomenon, nor one of the poor little creatures who wander about the world in this or that circus, riding bare-backed horses, or jumping through paper hoops. She was not in public life at all,—at least not nominally. But if she had been one, or all, of these things, she could not have been better known at certain watering-places and hotels from Maine to Florida. Indeed, I am afraid she would not have been flattered if she could have known how generally she was disliked. Of how well-bred people called her "a terror of a child," and "completely spoiled"; and servants "a limb" and "a piece." Of how foreigners, taking her behavior and manners for a text, wrote home the most unflattering accounts of "these American children." Of how some mothers used her as a dreadful example of all that a

child ought not to be, and would not allow their little ones to be with her. Of how old ladies and old gentlemen shook their heads over her, and recklessly declared that "young America" had no training, no courtesy, no respect for anything or anybody, and that it was so different when they were children. Of how people predicted the most tragical things for her when she should be grown, and should have come into the large fortune that they knew would be hers some day; and of how few, very few, pleasant or kind things were ever said about her by anybody.

Nina was the only child of Mrs. Andrews's only daughter. Her parents had been lost at sea when she was three years old, and her grandmother, in whose care she had been left while they were abroad, had been at first almost prostrated by this terrible blow. As soon as she had recovered sufficient interest in life to care for anything, she conceived a most passionate affection for her orphaned grandchild, as was only natural; and from that moment she showed it by the most excessive indulgence of her charge. This was natural, too, but it was a great mistake. For Nina was a child for whom nothing more injurious could have been devised. She was high-tempered, she had a strong will, she had a quick intelligence, a most generous and affectionate heart. More than most children, she needed wise, firm, loving control, guidance, teaching; but the poor child never had learned the very first lesson of wholesome, happy childhood,—obedience.

From the first Nina had gone her own wilful way, and had done daily a great number of the most foolish things possible, and many that were wrong, as well as foolish, and had given trouble and annoyance to every one about her, and had been a constant source of perplexity and anxiety to the "Grandy," whom she really at heart loved. At first it was enough for her to regulate her own life, and habits, and movements—if her very irregular and eccentric conduct in all these matters can be said to have been "regulated" at all. The poor child was allowed to eat when and what she chose. She wore what she liked. She did precisely as she pleased, and she pleased to do a great many unpleasant and foolish things.

As time went on, it would be hard to name anything that had not been given to Nina. From babyhood, everything that she could want, did want, did not want, had been lavished upon her with the most reckless, senseless profusion. At Clovermeadow, a beautiful country place in New Jersey, where Mrs. Andrews spent a part of each year, there was a large room lined with cupboards and filled with toys alone. She had every sort of doll that the wit of man has invented, or the taste of woman clothed. Dolls as big as herself, dolls not an inch long. Dolls that were wound up and walked; dolls that were wound up and talked. She had farmyards, trains of cars, Swiss villages, theaters, dancing-girls, puppet-shows, games of all kinds, puzzles. And yet, with all this elaborate machinery for amusement, she was not half so happy as the little street-boy that Hood speaks of, whose cherished toys were "two bricks, an old shoe, and nine oyster-shells."

The trouble was that she was perfectly surfeited with fine things, and on rainy days would play for five minutes with some toy, declare herself "sick" of them all, complain of its being "so dull," mope, whine, get into mischief, and give trouble without end. She cared nothing for her possessions after the first flush of curiosity was over. It never occurred to her, of course, to think that there were sick and poor children in the world to whom her discarded toys would have given delight.

Often, when younger, she had envied poor children, while looking out of the window and seeing them dancing merrily about a hand-organ, or playing on the pavement, and would wish that she could take part in these interesting amusements, she was so tired of all those provided for her. Even to take her grandmother's expensive copy of some beautiful book and smear the pictures, according to her fancy, with red, yellow, and brown patches of paint, palled upon her before she was half through the volume. What wonder that at ten years of age she often complained that there was "nothing to do," and felt that there was nothing worth doing; and had an air of general discontent, looking ever to her own amusement—never to the pleasure or comfort of others.

Yet, if having her own way could have con-

tented her, Nina certainly would have been happy. The curious thing, though, about always having one's own way is that it is precisely the thing that makes both children and grown people most miserable.

CHAPTER II.

NINA AND MISS BREWSTER.

WHEN Miss Brewster, on the day of her arrival, went to her room to unpack her things she was not in a cheerful mood. She had had a long and fatiguing journey; she was entering upon a perfectly untried field of duty; and she was very homesick. The prospect of being companion to a kind old lady, and governess to one child, had been welcomed by her, for she was a poor girl and had to make her own way in the world, and to help her family. She had gratefully accepted Mrs. Andrews's offer, and had hurried on to New York lest something should jeopardize her brilliant prospects. But now she could not help feeling disheartened, and she was thinking most disapprovingly of Nina as "a child sure to be a torment," when, without a knock or an apology, Nina came in, closed the door, and took a seat. She did not understand Marian's look of surprise at the intrusion.

"I am going to see you unpack your trunk," she said as she settled herself comfortably, and began rocking backward and forward.

"Oh! you are, are you?" said Miss Brewster. "Well, dear, if you are very good and quiet, you may."

Nina, surprised to have accorded as a favor what she had taken for granted, went on to say, "It's great fun watching people pack and unpack when they've got lots of things, and their bonnets are all squashed, and you don't know what is coming out next. Mrs. Jones, in 36, had seven of the biggest trunks you ever saw, just stuffed, and the lady in 42, she's got fifteen just crammed and rammed, 'cause she's just come back from Europe. Is that all the trunk you've got? Why it ain't much bigger than my doll's! What did you get a zinc trunk for? Miss Thompson, in 24, would n't let her maid get one, 'cause she says they're vulgar, and she would n't have it going round with her to the watering-places."

"Oh, Nina, Nina!" exclaimed Marian, and then stopped. To find fault with any part of this speech was to find fault with it all, and while she quite longed to tell the child that she ought not to go into private rooms unless invited, or to gossip, and that there were more vulgar things than even zinc trunks, she wisely held her tongue "for the present."

Meanwhile Nina was examining the labels on the objectionable trunk and the contents; also the initials "R. B. B." painted on one end.

"That's not your name, is it?" she asked.

"No," replied Marian, "the trunk is n't mine. I had to borrow Rob's—Rob is my brother."

"Goodness! Well, you did n't have much to put in it, to be sure. Are these all the dresses you've got? Let me see this one,"—tugging at one half hidden. "What's that? What's this?" picking up various articles.

"Go back to your chair, Nina," said Miss Brewster quietly. "I can unpack without your assistance"; and Nina, encountering her calm glance did as she was bid, very much to her own surprise and dawning chagrin. She had thought to go through and look over Miss Brewster's possessions as she did Claudine's.

"I don't at all mind your looking on, though there is very little to see," said Miss Brewster, moving about the room as she spoke, arranging and putting away her clothes. "Let me see; my best dress shall hang there, my morning one here on the next peg; this is just the place for my dressing-gown and slippers, and here are brass pegs already in the door for my shoe-bag. Now my work-basket and books and desk you can put over there, if you would really like to help, dear."

Nina did n't move. She had not been accustomed to do anything for others, or to unselfish actions and thoughtful attentions. She was there simply to gratify her own curiosity; so she only colored and looked resentful, and began chattering again: "Claudine's got a cashmere dressing-gown all embroidered down the front, and her best dress is a great deal better than yours—it's heavy, heavy black silk, not thin and shiny like this, and it is all trimmed up. But you should see Miss Miller's, in 35! She's the best-dressed woman in the hotel. She changes her dress sometimes

five times a day, and she's got just stacks of 'em. She's got millions upon millions, Bridget says, and never gives anything to the servants."

"See here, Nina, here's a book that I brought you," interjected Miss Brewster, anxious to stem this torrent of gossip. "It is the 'Wonder Book,' and you and I will read it aloud together. We shall have some nice afternoons, I hope. And, dear, you mean kindly, I am sure, but you should not comment upon anything that I have. As to dresses, I have all that I require or can afford, and I can provide myself with all that I need. Miss Miller is rich and I am poor. I cannot dress as she does if I would, and I would not if I could. Nor does a great variety of costly and beautiful clothing add to the happiness of any one, or the esteem in which they are held by people whose good opinion is worth having. People should dress and live in accordance with their means and position in the world. But rich or poor, the only real test of the true lady lies in things quite independent of these: in intelligence, gentleness, courtesy, good-breeding, personal refinement. You will understand all this as you grow older. And I must tell you this, Nina,—for you are put in my charge now,—a lady does not discuss her equals, be they friends or strangers, with servants. So do not talk of any one in the hotel with waiters or maids, dear child, or listen while they talk, or repeat what you hear. Just run away to me when they begin, and we will find something pleasanter and more profitable to do. What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"Oh, I'm going to the *matinée* with Sadie Turnbull and Bessie Simpson. I've been to the theater times and times this winter, and to lots of other things,—more than Sadie Turnbull and Bessie put together. I wanted to take Louise Compton with us to-day, but her mother won't let her. She's got the kind of mother that won't let her do a thing. She is just as strict as anything, and Louise does n't have a good time at all. And she's always got something to do—to study, or to walk, or to hear her mother read. Her mother's always reading some book to her when me and Sadie—"

"Sadie and I!" corrected Marian, hastily.

"—when we go around there to get her to go down town to get ice-cream and candy. She sends her to the park with the governess, where she can't have a bit of fun. And she would n't let her go to Sadie's yellow lunch. I'm awful sorry!"—"Very sorry," interjected Marian—"for Sadie. And you never knew such a lot of lessons as she has to learn. She won't let her wear a single speck, or grain, or mite of jewelry—not even a ring! I've never seen her in what I should call a stylish dress since she's been coming to school. But I like to make the girls stare and keep them down, and it spites Belle Dixon beautifully. We don't speak. She wants to be the most popular girl in the school, and it's such fun, 'cause she's too mean to get nice things for the other girls; and she buys them stale old candies, about twenty-five cents a pound, and cheap flowers, and the girls laugh at her so behind her back, and she buys *marions* for herself and keeps them in her desk, and big bunches of Jack roses. Her father is in the legislature, and she's just as mean as she can be to May Briggs, and says *her* father is nothing but a newspaper reporter, and has to sit up in a cage and write down every word that *her* father says, for his living. And she makes her cry like anything. And I gave May my best sash and my canary to stop crying, poor little thing! and I'd like to pound Belle. She can't do a thing to me; she's weak in the wrists."

Marian listened agast at the account the child was unconsciously giving of herself,—her life, habits, tastes, standards of action, thoughts, character, and training,—or, rather, lack of training. She literally did not know what to say, where to begin to reform evils that cried aloud in this little Christian heathen, this civilized savage, this white Topsy who had simply "grewed." For Marian had, herself, known the great advantage of being reared by refined, intelligent, loving parents, who still had a share in her every thought, word, and deed, so deeply had they influenced her.

"How shall I reach or teach this child?" she thought. "How till this garden of weeds in which the lovely flowers of pity, justice, affection are so rapidly being choked? Oh! how careful I shall have to be if I am to succeed!"

How I shall have to watch and guard myself first, and her afterward. She is so clever, so keen-sighted, that she will not be deceived by anything that is not true. I must begin by loving her, and teaching her to love me. That is perfectly clear; and, fortunately, she has a warm heart. But she will give obedience only where she feels respect. And love, like faith, can move mountains, but not in a day. I must first be patient, and then be patient, and then be more patient, and then be most patient. I will talk matters over with Cousin Elizabeth, and see what authority I am to have, what her plans and views are."

While these thoughts had been passing through her mind, Nina had tired of the silence; and when Marian looked up, she saw that the child had opened her box and desk on the table, and was examining their contents. Her first impulse was an angry one, for she was not accustomed to such liberties; but she caught the sharp rebuke on the very tip of her tongue, and, rising from her chair, went over and joined Nina, and said quietly:

"Sit here, dear, on my lap, and I will show you my things, and tell you about them."

"Well, you *are* good-tempered," commented Nina, who, hearing her approach, had made some hurried attempt to collect the scattered effects and replace them. "Miss Miller would be just furious. But it's great fun going into all the packages and bundles when Grandy's been shopping. I saw everything I was going to get Christmas two days before, though she had 'em all tucked away where she thought I'd never find them. But I did. I always do."

"Did you enjoy Christmas? Was it a pleasant day to you?" asked Marian with intention.

"No, it was horrid—perfectly horrid. It snowed hard, and I had to stay in, and Miss Miller and Mrs. Rhodes both locked their doors, so I could n't get in and see their Christmas presents. The Billings's baby was asleep, and the nurse would n't let me wake it, and Bridget made an awful fuss 'cause I broke a cup Mike sent her; and there was only the old presents, and I had seen 'em all, and was tired of 'em; and Bob, the elevator-boy, said he was n't going to take me up another time. Was n't it impudent of him? But I got even

with him! I would n't give him the money Grandy sent him. I gave it to the night-porter, and he said I was a little lady. The dinner was n't *anything*. Just the same old things as every day, 'cept for the fuss and plum-pudding. And I burnt my fingers with the brandy, and I cried and cried and *cried*, till Mr. Jobson raised a row. Mr. Jobson's got a temper, I tell you! He threw the coffee-pot at Charles's sister Annie the other day for taking one of the dining-room pitchers upstairs, and then—"

"Nina, dear," interrupted Marian, "don't talk of the servants or of their quarrels. You talk very frankly, and I want to ask you this: Don't you think it was a mean thing for the girls to eat Belle Dixon's candy, good or bad, and then laugh at her and abuse her behind her back?"

"Yes, I do. I never would take one, and sometimes I was dying for some."

"That was right. Never offer or receive favors unless you can do so in a sincerely friendly spirit. You know the Arabians will protect and befriend their worst enemy if he has eaten of their salt. And there is nothing that compels one to accept a gift; but if we do take it, we are bound by it to courtesy, and kindness, and gratitude. Remember that, dear. I am glad you tried to comfort May Briggs. It was very kind of you, and very wrong of Belle to try to humiliate her. Think how much nicer it would have been for both if she had tried to protect her, instead. Are you good at arithmetic? One kind act, no matter how small, done for somebody each day, makes a great many in a year—three hundred and sixty-five! Remember that, too, Nina, for I think you will like to do kind things. I have heard of your doing two to-day, which is a double allowance."

Nina's sharp, shrewd face softened. She fixed her eyes upon Marian. She was trying to make her out.

"Now," continued Marian, "we will have a look at these. I would n't exchange the contents of this box for the crown jewels of England, and there is n't money enough in the treasury at Washington to buy them."

Nina was all eager anticipation.

"Look at the box first. Is n't it prettily inland? My dear little brother Charlie made it

for me. He saved his money, earned by cleaning out an office for Mr. Dummond, a lawyer who lives near us; then he bought the wood and tools, and then did the work during his holiday vacation, often at night with the door locked. He designed the pattern himself, and only see how beautifully every little bit is fitted in. And all to surprise me on my birthday. Every bit represents a loving thought. Well, at first, I could scarcely find anything good enough to put in it. But you will see that I did." She opened the box.

"Why, Cousin Marian, there is n't anything—so very pretty," said Nina, much disappointed when a few inexpensive trinkets and a huge, old-fashioned gold watch were disclosed, but already sufficiently affected by the air of gentleness that surrounded Marian to change her sentence and give it a more polite turn. "You should just see my jewelry."

"Well, you shall show it to me. But look. This is my mother's wedding-ring. This is a little locket that she gave me, with her hair in it and my father's. Was n't her hair lovely and golden? This,"—laughing,—*"is a dreadful breastpin, big enough for three, and suspiciously brassy, and clumsy, and utterly inartistic, of course. Dear old Rob bought it for me with the first five dollars that he ever earned, type-writing. And I wore it every Sunday for several months, and he never has suspected what a horror it is. I mean to show it to him some day when he is a man, and we shall have such a laugh. This is a really handsome pin—Cousin Elizebeth's gift. And this,"—holding up the watch,—*"is my very greatest treasure. It was my father's and was given to him by the people of his native town to show their respect for him. He was the captain of a ship and he saved another ship and a great many lives at the risk of his own during a terrible storm. My heart swells with pride whenever I look at it."

"It does n't look like the watches they have nowadays, but that *was* splendid! Tell me all about it," said Nina, intensely interested.

"Not now, dear; I am tired, and must lie down presently; but some day soon. And anybody who has the money can buy one of the new watches, but not everybody can have such a dear, noble, brave father as mine.

Honor is the brightest jewel in the world, dear. Now we'll put them all back in Charlie's box."

"Nina, do you think that if I had gone poking, and peeping, and prying into Charlie's room when he was doing this for me, to find out what he was about, that I should have done anything except spoil all his pleasure, and my own, too? Would n't it have been very unkind?" Nina nodded affirmation. "Well, now you see, my child, why you did not enjoy your Christmas gifts, and why you had no right to look at your Grandy's parcels. Everybody has private rights. All refined people perfectly understand this. And honorable and well-bred persons respect them, and maintain them. You are as welcome as you can be to see the contents of my box; but you ought not to have taken my permission for granted. I would have as much right to go into your room and turn out everything you have, and look at them, and comment on them as long as I pleased. You would not like that, I am sure, and you would be quite right. People's private affairs and private possessions of every kind are their own. You have no right to meddle in their affairs, to open or read their parcels or letters, to listen to their conversations without leave, or take or touch one single thing that is theirs. If you feel curious about them, you must wait. If some chance gives you the opportunity of gratifying your curiosity, you must not avail yourself of it. If anything is told you in confidence you must never betray it in any way to anybody; it is most dishonorable. All this is just the golden rule of doing as you would be done by, and I want you to be not only a thoughtful little lady, but something even better, and sweeter, and higher. Now come, give me a kiss, and run away and leave me to rest. We have had a nice afternoon, have n't we?"

Nina had had a fresh experience, certainly. She disliked "being lectured,"—but *had* she been lectured? This smiling, pretty, sweet Cousin Marian had said some things that might have been that, but she had been so pleasant all the while, so gentle and affectionate. This Cousin Marian was not like any one else whom she knew,—that was clear. Attracted, disarmed, she ran into Marian's outstretched arms, gave her a hearty kiss, and left the room.

(To be continued.)

A BOY I KNEW.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

III.

ALL The Boy's religious training was received at home; and almost his first text-book was "The Shorter Catechism," which, he confesses, he hated with all his little might. He had to learn and recite the answers to those long questions as soon as he could recite at all; and, for years, without the slightest knowledge as to what it was all about. Even to this day he cannot tell just what "Effectual Calling," or "Justification," is; and I am sure that he shed more tears over "Effectual Calling" than would blot out the record of any number of infantile sins. He made up his youthful mind that if he could not be saved without "Effectual Calling" — whatever that was — he did not want to be saved at all. But he has thought better of it since.

His earliest visit to Scotland was made when he was but four or five years of age, and long before he had assumed the dignity of trousers, or had been sent to school. His father had gone to the old home at St. Andrews hurriedly, upon the receipt of the news of the serious illness of The Boy's grandmother, who died before they reached her. Naturally, The Boy has little recollection of that sad month of December, spent in his grandfather's house, except that it *was* sad. The weather was cold and wet; the house, even under ordinary circumstances, could not have been a very cheerful one for a youngster who had no companions of his own age. It looked out upon the German Ocean — which at that time of the year was always in a rage, or in the sulks, and the house was called "Peep o' Day," because it received the very first rays of the sun as he rose upon the British Isles.

The Boy's chief amusement was the feeding of "flour-scones" and oat-cakes to an old goat

that lived in the neighborhood, and the daily walks with his grandfather, who seemed to find some little comfort and entertainment in his grandson's childish prattle. He was then almost the only grandchild, and the old man was very proud of his manner and appearance, and particularly amused at certain gigantic efforts on The Boy's part to adapt his own short legs to the strides of his senior's long ones.

After they had interviewed the goat, and had watched the wrecks with which the wild shore was strewn, and had inspected the castle in ruins, and the ruins of the cathedral, The Boy would gaze upon his grandmother's new-made grave, and his own name in full — a common name in the family — upon the family tomb in the old kirkyard; all of which must have been very cheering to The Boy, although he could not read it for himself. And then, which was better, they would stand hand in hand for a long time in front of a candy-shop window, in which was displayed a little regiment of lead soldiers, marching in double file toward an imposing and unconquerable lead fortress on the heights of barley-sugar. Of this spectacle they never tired; and they used to discuss how The Boy would arrange them if they belonged to him, with a sneaking hope on The Boy's part that, some day, they were to be his very own.

At the urgent request of the grandfather, the American contingent remained in St. Andrews until the end of the year; and The Boy still remembers vividly, and he will never forget, the dismal failure of "Auld Lang Syne" as sung by the family with clasped hands as the clock struck and the New Year began. He sat up for the occasion — or, rather, was waked up for the occasion; and of all that family group he has been, for a decade or more, the only survivor. The mother of the house was but lately dead, the eldest son and his son were going the next day to the other side of the world; and every

voice broke before the familiar verse came to an end.

As The Boy went off to his bed he was told that his grandfather had something for him, and he stood at his knee to receive—a Bible! That it was to be the lead soldiers and the lead

This outburst upon the part of a child who could not read at all, gave unqualified pleasure to the grandfather, and he never tired of telling the story as long as he lived.

The Boy was never a regular member of any fire-company, but almost as long as the

old Volunteer Fire Department existed, he was what was known as a "Runner." He was attached, in a sort of brevet way, to "Pearl Hose No. 28," and later to "Eleven Hook and Ladder." He knew all the fire districts into which the city was then divided; his ear was always alert, even in the St. John's Park days, for the sound of the alarm bell, and he ran to every fire, at any hour of the day or night, up to ten o'clock P. M. He did not do much when he got to the fire but stand around and "hoiler." But once—a proud moment—he helped steer the hook-and-ladder truck to a false alarm in Macdougall Street; and once—a very proud moment indeed—he went into a tenement house, near Dr. Thompson's church, in Grand Street, and carried two negro babies downstairs in his arms. There was no earthly reason why the babies should not have been left in their beds, and the colored family did not like it, because the babies caught cold! But



THE BOY'S SCOTCH GRANDFATHER.

citadel he never for a moment doubted; and the surprise and disappointment were very great. He seems to have had presence of mind enough to conceal his feelings, and to kiss and thank the dear old man for his gift. But, as he climbed slowly up the stairs, in front of his mother, and with his Bible under his arm, she overheard him sob to himself and murmur, in his great disgust: "Well, he has given me a book. And I wonder how he thinks I am going to read his confounded Scotch!"

The Boy, for once in his life, tasted the delights of self-conscious heroism.

When The Boy, as a bigger boy, was not running to fires he was going to theaters, the greater part of his allowance being spent in the box-offices of Burton's Chambers Street house, of Brougham's Lyceum, corner of Broome Street and Broadway, of Niblo's, and of Castle Garden. There were no afternoon performances in those days, except now and then when the "Ravels" were at Castle Garden; and

the admission to pit and galleries was usually two shillings—otherwise, twenty-five cents. His first play, so far as he remembers, was "The Stranger," a play dismal enough to destroy any taste for the drama, one would suppose, in any juvenile mind. He never cared very much to see "The Stranger" again, but nothing that was a play was too deep or too heavy for him. He never saw the end of any of the more elaborate productions, unless his father took him to the theater (as once in a while he did), for it was a strict rule of the house, until The Boy was well up in his teens, that he must be in by ten o'clock. His father did not ask him where he was going, or where he had been; but the curfew in Hubert Street tolled at ten. The Boy calculated carefully and exactly how many minutes it took him to run to Hubert Street from Brougham's or from Burton's; and by the middle of the second act his watch—a small silver affair with a hunting-case, in which he could not keep an uncracked crystal—was always in his hand. He never disobeyed his father, and for years he never knew what became of Claude Melnotte after he went to the wars, or if Damon got back in time to save Pythias before the curtain fell. The Boy, naturally, had a most meager notion as to what all these plays were about, but he enjoyed his fragments of them as he rarely enjoys plays now. Sometimes, in these days, when the air is bad, and plays are worse, and big hats are worse than either, he wishes that he were forced to leave the modern play-house at nine-forty-five on pain of no supper that night, or of twenty lines of "Virgil" the next day.

On very stormy afternoons the boys played theater in the large garret of The Boy's Hubert Street house; a convenient closet, with a door and a window, serving for the Castle of Elsinore in "Hamlet," for the gun-room of the ship in "Black-eyed Susan," or for the studio of Phidias in "The Marble Heart," as the case might be. "The Brazilian Ape," as requiring more action than words, was a favorite entertainment, only they all wanted to play Jocko the Ape; and they would have made no little success out of the "Lady of Lyons" if any of them had been willing to play Pauline. Their costumes and properties were slight and not al-

ways accurate, but they could "launch the curse of Rome," and describe "two hearts beating as one," in a manner rarely equaled on the regular stage. The only thing they really lacked was an audience, neither Lizzie Gustin nor Ann Hughes ever being willing to sit through more than one act at a time. When The Boy, as Virginius, stabbed all the feathers out of the pillow which represented the martyred Virginia; and, when Joe Stuart, as Falstaff, broke the bottom out of Ann Hughes's clothes-basket, the license was revoked, and the season came to an untimely end.

Until the beginning of the weekly, or the fortnightly, sailings of the Collins Line of steamers from the foot of Canal Street (a spectacle which they never missed in any weather), Joe Stuart, Johnny Robertson, and The Boy played "Deerslayer" every Saturday in the back-yard of The Boy's house. The area-way was Glimmer-glass, in which they fished, and on which they canoed; the back-stoop was Muskrat Castle; the rabbits were all the wild beasts of the forest; Johnny was Hawk-Eye, The Boy



JOE STUART.

was Harry Hurry, and Joe Stuart was Chingachgook. They talked what they fondly believed was the dialect of the Delaware tribe, and they were constantly on the lookout for the ap-

proaches of Rivenoak, or the Panther, who were represented by any member of the family who chanced to stray into the inclosure. They



THE BOY AS VIRGINIUS.

carefully turned their toes in when they walked, making so much effort in this matter that it took a great deal of dancing-school to get their feet back to the "first position" again, and they even painted their faces when they were on the war-path. The rabbits had the worst of it!

The campaign came to a sudden and disastrous conclusion when the hostile tribes, headed by Mrs. Robertson, descended in force upon the devoted band, because Chingachgook broke one of Hawk-Eye's front teeth with an arrow, aimed at the biggest of the rabbits, which was crouching by the side of the roots of the grape-vine, and playing that he was a panther of enormous size.

Johnny Robertson and The Boy had one great superstition—to wit, Cracks! For some now inexplicable reason they thought it unlucky to step on cracks; and they made daily and hourly spectacles of themselves in the streets by the eccentric irregularity of their gait. Now they would take long strides, like a

pair of ostriches, and now short, quick steps, like a couple of robins; now they would hop on both feet, like a brace of sparrows; now they would walk on their heels, now on their toes; now with their toes turned in, now with their toes turned out—at right angles, in a splay-footed way; now they would walk with their feet crossed, after the manner of the hands of very fancy, old-fashioned piano-players, skipping from base to treble—over cracks. The whole performance would have driven a sensitive drill-sergeant or ballet-master to distraction. And when they came to a brick sidewalk they would go all around the block to avoid it. They could cross Hudson Street on the cobblestones with great effort, and in great danger of being run over; but they could not possibly travel upon a brick pavement and avoid the cracks. What would have happened to them if they *did* step on a crack they did not exactly know. But, for all that, they never stepped on cracks—of their own free will.



"MRS. ROBERTSON DESCENDED IN FORCE UPON THE DEVOTED BAND."

(To be continued)

THE TRUE STORY OF MARCO POLO.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

[*Begun in the June number.*]

CHAPTER XVI.

SOME OF THE WONDERS OF YUNNAN.

MARCO, having told his readers many wonderful things about Kublai Khan and his court and people, then addressed himself to some narration of his adventures in traveling about the great Mongolian Empire. This part of his book he begins by saying:

Now you must know that the Emperor sent the aforesaid Marco Polo, who is the author of this whole story, on business of his into the Western Provinces. On that occasion he traveled from Cambaluc a good four months' journey toward the west. And so now I will tell you all that he saw on his travels as he went and returned.

The journey which Marco took was along the boundary of Cathay, or China, nearest to the Indian Empire; the provinces of the Mongolian Empire through which he passed are now known as Shansi, Szechwan, and Tibet. We are not able to find on a modern map all the exact places of which Marco makes mention in his account of his journey through the Western Provinces. But some of the names of cities are found easily enough. For example, Pianfu, one of the cities first mentioned in Marco's journal, was undoubtedly Ping-yang-Fu, as the city is now called. We are not so certain about Chaicu, which lies two days' ride farther west.

When Marco goes on to speak of the great river Caramoran, it is easy to identify that water-course with one of the famous rivers of China. He says:

When you leave Chaicu, and travel about twenty miles westward, you come to a river called CARAMORAN, so big that no bridge can be thrown across it; for it is of immense width and depth, and reaches to the Great Ocean that encircles the Universe—I mean the whole earth. On this river there are many cities and walled

towns, and many merchants too therein, for much traffic takes place upon the river, there being a great deal of ginger and a great deal of silk produced in the country.

This could be none other than the Hoang-Ho, or Yellow River, sometimes called "the Sorrow of China," on account of the great destruction of life and property it brings by its floods. We must bear in mind that when Marco wrote, nobody actually knew what water, or land, lay to the eastward of China; therefore he speaks of the "Great Ocean that encircles the Universe"; and this was usually known as the "Ocean Sea." As the Amazon and the Mississippi rivers were unknown then, the Yellow River of China was the largest known, and Marco was the first to bring back to Europe any detailed account of that stream.

After crossing the Yellow River and traveling two days westward, Marco reached the city of Chacanfu, and then eight days westward brought him to Kenjanfu, of which he makes mention after this manner:

And when you have traveled those eight days' journey, you come to that great city which I mentioned, called KENJANFU, which in old times was a noble, rich, and powerful realm, and had many great and wealthy and puissant kings. But now the king thereof is a prince called MANGALAI, the son of the Great Khan, who hath given him this realm, and crowned him king thereof. It is a city of great trade and industry. They have great abundance of silk, from which they weave cloths of silk and gold, of divers kinds, and they also manufacture all sorts of equipments for an army. They have every necessary of man's life very cheap. The city lies towards the west; and outside the city is the palace of the Prince Mangalai, crowned king, and son of the Great Khan, as I told you before.

This is a fine palace and a great, as I will tell you. It stands in a great plain abounding in lakes and streams and springs of water. Round about it is a massive and lofty wall, five miles in compass, well built, and all garnished with battlements. And within this wall is the king's palace, so great and fine that no one could imagine a finer. There are in it many great and splendid halls, and many chambers, all painted and embellished

with work in beaten gold. This Mangalai rules his realm right and well with justice and equity, and is much beloved by his people. The troops are quartered round about the palace, and enjoy the sport that the royal demesne affords.

Kenjanfu we know to be Singanfu — one of the ancient and historic cities of China. It was once the residence of the Chinese Emperor, and is now the capital of the Province of Shansi. It is renowned as the seat of a Christian colony, of which a remarkable memorial remains. The Christian missionaries who penetrated this remote region long before the coming of Marco Polo were Nestorians from Persia, or from Constantinople, it is not certain which. They were Asiatics, and took their name from Nestorius, one of the early Christian bishops, who flourished in the fifth century of the Christian era, and whose seat was in Constantinople. A tablet has been found in a ruined temple near Singanfu, on which are inscribed in Chinese and Syriac characters a full statement of the sum of the Christian doctrine, an account of the arrival of a Christian missionary with books, the Emperor's approval of the doctrines, and his order for the erection of a church. This tablet, which is seven feet high and three feet wide, and is surmounted by a carved likeness of a cross, is the oldest Christian monument in Asia.

Reaching the southern part of Shansi, Marco approaches Manzi, or that part of the Empire which lies south of the Yellow River. The capital of the province, he says, is called "Ac-balec Manzi, which signifies 'The White City of the Manzi Frontier.'" In these later days, we Americans have had a White City; it was built for the Columbian Fair, in Chicago.

Passing through Tibet, Marco's next advance was into the Province of Yunnan, in the extreme southwestern corner of China, north of Siam, and east of Burmah. Even in these modern times very little is known of Yunnan, the best account of the country having been written by Mr. T. T. Cooper, an English traveler, who was killed by one of his own native guard, in Burmah, in 1878. It is not likely that Kublai Khan knew much about that most remote of his conquered provinces, and so young Marco was sent to bring to the Khan

whatever information he could pick up concerning the country and its resources. Here is part of his report.

MARCO POLO'S REPORT UPON THE PROVINCE OF YUNNAN.

In this country gold-dust is found in great quantities; that is to say, in the rivers and lakes, while in the mountains gold is also found in pieces of larger size. Gold is indeed so abundant that they give one *saggio* of gold for only six of the same weight in silver. And for small change they use the porcelain shells, as I mentioned before. These are not found in the country, however, but are brought from India.

In this province are found snakes and great serpents of such vast size as to strike fear into those who see them, and so hideous that the very account of them must excite the wonder of those who hear it. I will tell you how long and big they are.

You may be assured that some of them are ten paces in length; some are more and some less. And in bulk they are equal to a great cask, for the bigger ones are about ten palms in girth. The head is very big. The mouth is large enough to swallow a man whole, and is garnished with great pointed teeth. And in short they are so fierce-looking and so hideously ugly, that every man and beast must stand in fear and trembling of them. There are also smaller ones, such as of eight paces long, and of five, and of one pace only.

The way in which they are caught is this. You must know that by day they live underground because of the great heat, and in the night they go out to feed, and devour every animal they can catch. They go also to drink at the rivers and lakes and springs. And their weight is so great that when they travel in search of food or drink, as they do by night, the tail makes a great furrow in the soil as if a full tun of liquor had been dragged along. Now the huntsmen who go after them take them by a certain gin [trap] which they set in the track over which the serpent has passed, knowing that the beast will come back the same way. They plant a stake deep in the ground and fix on the head of this a sharp blade of steel made like a razor or a lance-point, and then they cover the whole with sand so that the serpent cannot see it. Indeed the huntsman plants several such stakes and blades on the track. On coming to the spot the beast strikes against the iron blade with such force that it enters his breast and rives [cuts] him so that he dies on the spot, and the crows on seeing the brute dead begin to caw, and then the huntsmen know that the serpent is dead and come in search of him.

This then is the way these beasts are taken. Those who take them proceed to extract the gall from the inside, and this sells at a great price; for you must know it furnishes the material for a most precious medicine. Thus if a person is bitten by a mad dog, and they give him but a small pennyweight of this medicine to drink, he is

cured in a moment. Again if one has any disease of the skin and applies a small quantity of this gall he shall speedily be cured. So you see why it sells at such a high price.

They also sell the flesh of this serpent, for it is excellent eating, and the people are very fond of it. And when these serpents are very hungry, sometimes they will seek out the lairs of lions or bears or other large wild beasts, and devour their cubs, without the sire and dam being able to prevent it. Indeed, if they catch the big ones themselves they devour them too; they can make no resistance.

This was Marco's first view, we must suppose, of alligators or crocodiles. No wonder he gazed upon these horrid "serpents" with so much amazement. But, if we leave out his ignorance of the name, we shall find that his account of the alligator, as he is now known, is accurate enough. The creatures are caught and killed now precisely as he narrates; and their habits are the same as he describes them.

But we can well imagine that the incredulous Venetians, to whom these traveler's tales were told, winked to each other and smiled "in their sleeves" to hear such marvelous accounts of strange beasts.

Concerning the use of shells as money, it is hardly necessary to tell the bright youngsters who read these chapters that shells of the variety known as cowrie are still used in some parts of India and in the islands of the South Pacific for money. Marco found many people in Tibet and other Indo-Chinese provinces who used cakes of salt for small change. Salt is costly; everybody must have it, and, in default of small money, it was and is used in making change. A *saggio*, of which Marco makes mention, is one-sixth of an ounce; so that one-sixth of an ounce of gold would be exchanged for one ounce of silver; nowadays one gets a larger proportion of silver for gold than that.

(To be continued.)

THE KETTLE.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



OH, I am a kettle! a kettle am I!

I never shall strive to deny it.

There 's nothing about me that 's sneaking or sly:

Deception, I never shall try it.

Bubble, I say! and hubble, I say!

Some folks may not like it, but that is my way.

I mind my own business, and give no trouble;

Bubble, hub-bubble, hub-bubble, hub-bubble!

They say I am black; I admit it is true:

A respectable tint, and I love it.

I never, no, never set out to be blue;

As for yellow or red, I 'm above it.

Bubble, I say! and hubble, I say!

I 'm ready to talk any time of the day.

Heap on the coals, and my song I will double;

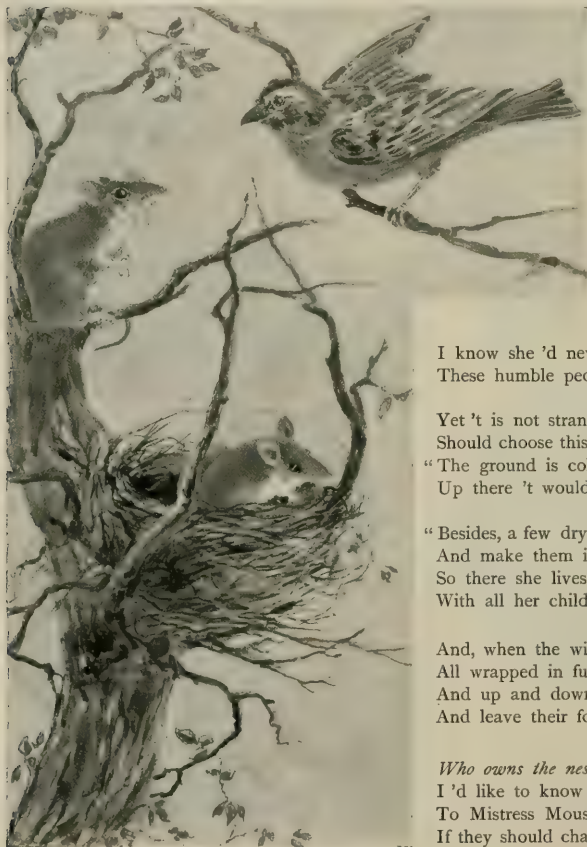
Bub-bub-bub-bubble, bub-bubble, bub-bubble!

LODGERS IN THE NEST.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

No birds, they say, in last year's nests!
What, ho! but there are other guests!
No songs they sing, no wings have they,—
These quiet people dressed in gray.

My Lady Bird her nest did line
With down of silkweed soft and fine;
And here and there with dainty skill
She trimmed it with a lichen frill.



A rose-bush blossom-
ed at her door,
And dropped pink
petals on her
floor;
But months ago away
she flew,
And all her well-
fledged nestlings,
too.

And much surprised
to-day she 'd be,
Could she the present
lodgers see;

I know she 'd never bid them stay —
These humble people dressed in gray.

Yet 't is not strange that Mistress Mouse
Should choose this nest for her own house.
"The ground is cold, the grass is dead;
Up there 't would warmer be," she said.

"Besides, a few dry leaves I 'll get,
And make them in a coverlet."
So there she lives this very day,
With all her children, dressed in gray.

And, when the winter sun peeps out,
All wrapped in furs they run about;
And up and down they gaily go,
And leave their footprints in the snow.

Who owns the nest, I have not heard.
I 'd like to know what Lady Bird
To Mistress Mouse, next spring, will say,
If they should chance to meet some day!

A WINTER EVENING PROBLEM.

BY STELLA M. WYLIE.

It was about half-past nine one winter evening. The family were all gathered in the "Cosy," as the upstairs sitting-room was called, whiling away the few remaining minutes before bed-time. The school-boy had long ago laid aside his books, with a feeling of thankfulness that to-morrow's lessons were well prepared, and he and paterfamilias were just finishing up a domino tournament that had been running for a number of evenings. Grandma, at her corner of the table, was deeply absorbed in a book; mother and sister were embroidering; brother Max was looking over his day's accounts; and the school-teacher had just ceased work for that night, and helped herself to a reserved seat on the hall stairs to join in the talk and fun.

"Dominoed!" calls out the school-boy with glee, as he clicks down his last domino. "Beaten again! We've had three tournaments, and I've beaten father in every one."

"That means I sha'n't play with you again for one while," says paterfamilias, with the rueful expression appropriate to the occasion. Then, feeling that it is necessary to explain his misfortunes to the assembled multitude—"I could n't draw a thing that would fit in, and he dominoed me four times running before I could get rid of the double-six. Did you ever hear of such luck! No, don't ask me to play again. I've had enough for one night."

Exultant over his success, and eager to score new triumphs, the school-boy now turns to the teacher.

"Here 's a question for you, Miss Russell. A boy walks around a pole, and there 's a monkey on top of the pole; the monkey turns so as to face the boy all the way around. Does the boy walk around the monkey or does n't he?"

Now the teacher has had some experience with the school-boy's puzzling questions before;

and expecting some catch, tries to look at it from all points of view, much as a dog walks around and around some strange object, gingerly sniffing and putting out a paw now and then before he ventures upon finalities.

"Well, that depends," she begins cautiously. "How high is your pole?"

"I did n't say. That does n't have anything to do with it, anyway."

"I've heard that before," remarks mother; "but I can't seem to remember just what the answer was."

"Well, I should think the height of the pole would make considerable difference. If the monkey is above the boy's head, I don't very well see how he could walk around him," answers the teacher. "Is the pole any taller than the boy?"

"Yes; the pole is taller than the boy"—and the school-boy nods reassuringly. But alas, and alas!—there is a twinkle in the school-boy's eye that indicates fun ahead.

"And the monkey stays on top of the pole?"

"The monkey stays on top of the pole."

"Of course he does n't walk around the monkey. How can he?" the teacher says with conviction.

"No; of course he does n't!" This from the mother.

"But he does," puts in paterfamilias. He has been through the mill, and is now enjoying the troubles of the novices.

"Walk around the monkey, when the monkey 's above his head? Why, that 's absurd," protests the teacher.

"He does—absurd or not."

"Well, I'd like to know how. I don't see how he can walk around anything that 's higher than his head."

"Nor I."

Everybody is in a proper frame of mind now, and the school-boy begins to relish the fun.

"Well," he begins, "the monkey's on the pole, is n't he?"

"Yes."

"And the boy walks around the pole?"

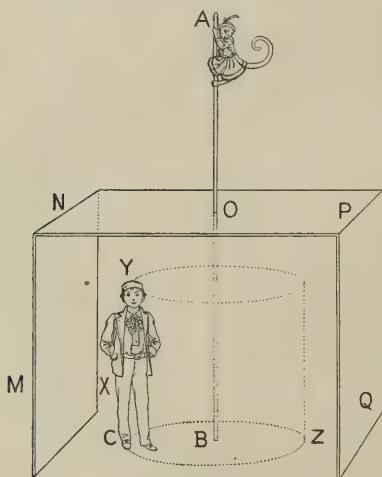
"Ye-es."

"Well, then, if the monkey's on the pole, and the boy walks around the pole, he walks around whatever is on the pole, too. See?"

The teacher looks rather puzzled, but not wholly convinced yet.

"No, sir; he does n't walk around the whole pole; only that part of it that is as high as his head," she argued.

"Is that the answer?—that the boy does walk around the monkey?" asks mother.



THE TEACHER'S DIAGRAM.

"Yes, around anything that's on the pole."

"I don't believe that," says the teacher, a little rebelliously. "You can't walk around what's above your head."

"Did n't you ever walk around a house?"

Brother Max has laid aside his accounts, and asks this question in the most innocent manner possible.

"Why, why,—but—"

"Or around a square with lots of houses, and maybe a church or two in it?"

Feeling very much as if what had looked so

inoffensive had turned out to be an active little torpedo, the teacher wilts and beats a hasty retreat amid general laughter.

But it is n't a second before she is back again: "But, still, I don't believe yet that the boy walks around that monkey. Now just listen to me. Here's a geometrical proof: If you move a point around so that its distance is always the same from a center, you make a circle, don't you?"

After a little study and the drawing of a figure on paper, the family assents.

"Well, now, which occupies the most space, a point or a line?"

They are cautious now about answering, but it is finally decided that the line may take up more space in a given direction.

"Now, suppose we take this lead pencil for the line, set it up on end, and move it around as we did the point. The point described a circle; the line describes a cylinder—like a stovepipe."

This takes more studying, but assent is at length given.

"The boy is a sort of a straight line; and the cylinder he describes in his walk around the pole incloses only the part of the pole as high as he is. The boy does n't walk around all the pole or around the monkey, which is on that part of the pole above his head. Q. E. D."

But victory does n't perch on the teacher's banner yet.

"You walk around the house, and you walk around the monkey," persists the school-boy.

"But you don't really walk around the whole house. That's only a figure of speech in which you transfer the meaning of a part to the whole. Besides, just how far does the inclosed space, that the boy is supposed to walk around, extend in an upward direction? If it extends above his head at all, there is no reason why it should ever stop. If the boy walks around the whole house, then he walks around the star just above that house. To 'walk around a house' is only a figure of speech in which you transfer the meaning to the whole, simply because there is no need of a more detailed explanation."

The school-boy has n't studied geometry, and wonders what all this puzzling talk is about.

Brother Max is about half won over, and the rest of the family keep silence; but it is n't an assenting kind of silence. They are only gathering their forces. The teacher feels that the air will be full of arguments in a few moments, and chooses to make off, before her doubtful victory can be called into question.

"If the monkey is on the pole, he's on the pole; that's all there is about it," remarks paterfamilias, and forthwith dismisses the question from his mind, and turns to the evening paper. The school-boy begins to pick up the dominoes, chuckling over his evening's success: he has come out winner in the third tournament, and set the whole family to arguing over the monkey on the pole. His sister wonders what people want to go to arguing for, anyhow, and keeps on with her embroidery.

The teacher, however, is getting warmed up over the question, and can't go to sleep. She suddenly returns again with an apologetic "Positively my last appearance, this time. I've got something more to say about that monkey, and here's a diagram to illustrate it. I wanted you to see it before you all went to bed."

Every one is considerably amused by this time, and the diagram, after arousing some curiosity, furnishes still greater amusement.

"Here is the pole," explains the teacher, indicating the line AB, "and the monkey on top of it. X is the boy, and YZ the cylinder he describes in walking around the pole. I forgot to make the monkey face the boy, but you can imagine that he does. The boy walks around the monkey, you say? Very well. Now we

won't move the monkey at all; but suppose we build this shed, M N P Q, so that the pole may rest on it at O, and cut away O B. The boy, you said, walked around the monkey; now the monkey has n't moved an inch, and the boy takes the same path as before—C Z C. Does he still walk around the monkey?"

The silence is intense as each one traces the diagram and thinks out the problem for himself.

"In other words, if a boy walks around his dining-room table, does he walk around the cupola which is directly above it, and which might be connected with it by a pole?"

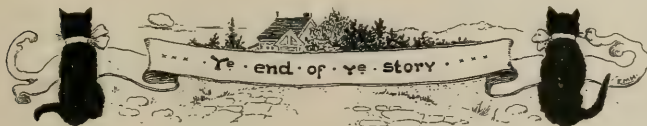
"That depends," Brother Max began, thoughtfully. "Don't you remember that the monkey 'turns so as to face the boy all the way around'? If the monkey does that, the boy never is on more than one side of the monkey—being always in front. What do you say on that point?"

The family seem dismayed. Here is a new world to conquer. But before any of the speakers begins the debate, another voice is heard. All this time grandmother has been quietly reading her book. Now she closes it with an authoritative:

"If the monkey is on the pole, and the boy walks around the pole, he walks around the monkey on the pole."

This is final so far as that family is concerned; and with a laugh of relief the family break up to dream of poles and monkeys and boys, and boys and monkeys and poles.

What do you say about it?



THE LETTER-BOX.

CORNELIS DE VOS the Elder, the Flemish artist whose painting of his daughters is the frontispiece of this number of *ST. NICHOLAS*, was born over three hundred years ago in the town of Hulst, but passed much of his artistic life in Antwerp, where he died in 1651. He was a friend of the great Van Dyck, and a pupil of Rembrandt. Apparently, he had two very charming little daughters.

PERHAPS no portrait of a royal personage has been more frequently copied in books of history and biography, than Holbein's famous picture of King Henry VIII. of England. Most of our readers are no doubt familiar with it, and so they will enjoy the interesting picture on page 305 of this number,—a copy of a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which the famous artist has shown an English boy in a costume copied after that of bluff King Hal. The garb and the pose are alike in the two pictures; but it is a pleasant surprise to find, in place of the stern and rather forbidding features of King Henry, the cheery, smiling face of a sturdy little lad.

READERS of this magazine will remember the accounts of Helen Keller's life which were printed in *ST. NICHOLAS* for September, 1889, and June, 1892, and also the remarkable letter from Helen herself, describing her visit to the World's Fair at Chicago. Her many friends among our readers will be glad to know that this doubly-afflicted yet happy girl is now studying with the regular classes at the Gilman Preparatory School in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and that she has already successfully passed examinations in several studies, for Radcliffe College. It is a pleasure to quote here a few extracts from letters written on her typewriter, during the past summer, by this gifted and sweet-souled blind girl.

BREWSTER, MASS., July 22, 1896.

MY DEAR FRIEND: After leaving New York, we spent three very busy weeks in Boston, visiting friends and arranging everything for next year. We visited the school at Cambridge where I am to continue my education, and saw Mr. Gilman, the principal. He is a very kind gentleman, and Teacher thinks his school an ideal one; so I am looking forward with eager delight to pursuing my studies there, though it seems sometimes as if I could never accomplish all that I wish to. But I am going to think *I CAN*; for I know patience and perseverance always conquer in the end. You know the old adage about a faint heart and a fair lady. Well, I think it is equally true of a College degree. A faint heart never succeeds in anything, does it? At any rate, I am determined to do my best, and I do not believe that any effort we make to attain something beautiful is ever lost. Somehow, somewhere, sometime we shall realize our ideal.

* * * * *

From Boston we went to Wrentham to visit some friends who have a lovely farm in the country. There is a charming lake near their house where we went boat-

ing and canoeing every pleasant day. We also slept in a tent several times, and it was lovely to feel that we were sleeping where the beautiful moon and stars could keep their benign watch over us. . . .

Helen Keller heartily enjoyed her school-life of many months at the Wright-Humason School in New York, where she was taught articulate speech. We personally have heard her repeat the whole of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," clearly and with admirable expression and feeling.

From Wrentham we went to Philadelphia to attend a convention of teachers of the deaf. We stayed at the Pennsylvania Institution at Mount Airy, a pleasant country-place outside of the city. I am sure I need not tell you we had a busy time. We attended the meetings and receptions, and talked with hundreds of people, including Monsieur Magnat, of Paris, a distinguished educator, who has done a great deal for the deaf in France, and Mr. Banerji, of Calcutta, who is endeavoring to establish a school for the deaf in his native city. I made a little "speech" one day, telling the members of the Association what a great blessing speech has been to me, and urging them to give every deaf child an opportunity to learn to express his thoughts in living words. Afterward we attended a reception, and shook hands with about six hundred people. I must confess I do not like such large receptions; the people crowd so, and almost overwhelm us with questions and personal remarks which are not always pleasant to hear. And yet it is at receptions like the one at Philadelphia that we often meet friends whom we learn to love and honor afterward. But we were more than glad when the convention was over, and we could turn our faces Brewster-ward. Now we are settled down in this quiet little town—as the old stories have it. We are well, and having a happy, restful time; but my summer is not a vacation in the usual sense; for I study a good deal with Teacher's assistance.

I study arithmetic, German, French, and history every day. We are now puzzling ourselves over Fontaine's fables in French, and I am reading and rereading "Wilhelm Tell" in German. But you must not think I am working too hard. I am enjoying myself greatly, and besides, you know, if I do not have something to take up my mind, I am apt to get restless. You see, I am very ambitious to start well next year.

Sometimes we take long, delightful drives in the woods, which are always full of treasures—wild roses, ferns, huckle- and blueberries, and in places the softest, sweetest carpet of pine-needles you ever saw. Then, too, we have the ocean, with all its mystery and beauty, only a mile distant, and numerous lakes and ponds filled with frogs and pond-lilies. So you can easily understand how much we enjoy the rest.

In an accompanying letter her devoted teacher, her second self, Miss Anne M. Sullivan, writes as follows:

Now that a definite plan for Helen's future has been decided upon, people are more than ever interested in her. It seems to me the sweetest and greatest moment in Helen's life thus far. She is just sixteen. Certainly up to the present time her abounding heart of love and her spontaneous enthusiasm for all that is good have drawn people to her in a wonderful way, and it now remains for her to show the world what more may be accomplished under the greatest misfortunes.

HIGHAM HALL, ROCHESTER, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year and six months, and I loved the "Prize Cup" and "Marco Polo." I live in a little village called Higham, about a mile from Gadshill Place, of which you printed an account two or three months ago. It is a lovely old house with two of the largest cedars I have ever seen in the garden, which is on the other side of the road. There is a very pretty old church near us, which was built in the reign of Henry I., and where King Stephen's daughter Mary is buried; and they have put a stone on the top of her grave. You can just read "Mary" on it. Our house is said to have an underground passage; but we have never found it. I remain your loving reader,

DOROTHY DE MICHELE.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is a very pretty story connected with one of the "historic military powder-horns," the picture of which was given in an interesting article on that subject from the pen of J. L. Sticht, of the United States Navy, which appeared in the October number of ST. NICHOLAS. It is of a sixteen-year-old Connecticut lad, who, at a tender age, was serving his country in the ranks of the Continental Army under General Washington, and endured the rigors and privations which the troops underwent during the terrible winter of 1777-8 at Valley Forge. While the army was encamped at that place, about thirty of the soldiers, among whom was young Jabez Rockwell, the boy referred to above, had lost their powder-horns, and there seemed to be no way to replace them.

The camp butchers who supplied the troops with meat had saved ten horns from the cattle killed by them, and they proposed to give them to the men who had lost powder-horns. As there were three times as many applicants as there were horns, the butchers were at a loss how to divide them so as not to incur the displeasure of the disappointed ones. The soldiers finally agreed to leave the distribution to the commander-in-chief.

One day General Washington was riding through camp, when they appealed to him to make the division. He readily consented to do so, and hit upon this novel plan: Taking from his pocket paper and a pencil, he said he would write a number which would be between 1500 and 2000, and the ten soldiers who should guess the nearest to this number should receive the horns. He wrote 1776, the year of the Declaration of Independence. But one man guessed this number. Four others of the successful ones guessed half-way between these points, choosing the number 1750. Jabez Rockwell was one of these four. The possession of the horn brought happiness to the young soldier, and it was not long before he had it scraped and polished and prepared to hold its allotment of powder. It was first called into action at the battle of Monmouth on the following June, and was carried by its owner through the war to its close, and was last used at Yorktown in 1781. This record is inscribed on the horn, as shown in the picture in ST. NICHOLAS:

"Jabez Rockwell of Ridgebury, Conn. His Horn made in Camp at Valley Forge, first used at Monmouth, June 28, 1778 & last at Yorktown, 1781." Below this his grandson has caused to be written: "May it be sacredly kept is the wish of his grandson, Charles F. Rockwell."

A few words about this youthful hero and one or two incidents of his after-life may be of interest in this connection. Jabez Rockwell was born near Ridgebury, Connecticut, October 3, 1761, and was hardly fifteen years of age when the Declaration of Independence was declared. He enlisted before he was sixteen in the Continental army, in a regiment recruited by Benedict Arnold, and fought in his division, and was wounded at

the battle of Saratoga in 1777. He was next transferred to the army under Washington, and then Lafayette. He was in nine battles, including Saratoga, Monmouth, and Yorktown, where he witnessed the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.

At the close of the war he returned to Connecticut, where he married in 1784, and afterward removed to the wilds of Pennsylvania, locating near Milford, the present county seat of Pike. He died in 1847, near Honesdale, Pa., and was buried with Masonic and military honors.

Jabez Rockwell venerated Washington above every other man, and next to him his last commander, the gallant Frenchman, General Lafayette. When the latter visited the United States for the last time, in 1820, Rockwell, who was then sixty-eight years old, and three other Revolutionary soldiers—Joshua Hutchins, Thomas Gay, and Samuel Whittaker—walked all the way from Milford to New York City, a distance of seventy-two miles, to see their old commander. They arrived the second day, weary, footsore, and with clothing travel-soiled by the long march, and proceeded to the hotel where the General was quartered. The clerk looked at them in astonishment when they asked to see Lafayette, and in a haughty tone he told them they would not be permitted to do so. They pleaded that they had walked a long way from the mountains of Pennsylvania for no other purpose than this; but the clerk could not be moved. He ordered them away, saying their appearance was sufficient to indicate that the General would not care to see them.

This answer kindled anew the warlike fire which lay dormant in the breast of the old Revolutionary hero, and Jabez Rockwell said in tones that would brook no opposition:

"Young man, we have traveled on foot two days to see General Lafayette. We fought under him before you were born; we are now under the same roof with him, and if it is necessary to have another fight to see him, we are ready."

These words had the desired effect. The clerk said he would send up their names, but as the Mayor of the city and the Congressional Committee, of which Henry Clay was a member, were in the parlor with General Lafayette, arranging for his welcome, their request would probably be refused.

When the cards bearing the names and regiment to which the old soldiers belonged reached Lafayette, he requested Henry Clay to bring the men in; and the cordial welcome they met with from their old commander repaid them for the toilsome journey they had undergone, and the tramp homeward.

Jabez Rockwell was a life-long Democrat, but at the age of eighty-three, when Henry Clay ran for President, in 1844, he deviated from his principles and voted for him, because of his courteous treatment to him and his three comrades on the occasion of their visit to Lafayette.

For the foregoing facts the writer is indebted to Mr. Charles F. Rockwell, of Honesdale, Pa., the grandson of the subject of this sketch, a "chip of the old block," and the last owner of the historic powder-horn, until his recent gift of the treasure to a society, where it will be secure for all time. W. H. NEARPASS.

THE following very creditable little poems are by George Macaulay Stevenson, ten years old.

GOLDEN DAYS.

SUMMER comes along the hedges,
Dancing down from rocky ledges,
Fair and sweet.
And where'er she puts her foot
Springs a flower,
Growing fairer every hour.

What 's better than an English day
Spent in the old-fashioned way?
What 's better than the fields in May,
Or the curds, the cream, the whey,
Or the brown bee's sleepy pay,
Stealing all the flowerlets' honey,
Which to them is golden money?

Sing the praises of our June
When fairies dance "au clair de lune";
Think not of the gloomy past,
Ne'er think misfortunes ever last.

THE FAYS AND THE ELVES.

FAR down the road, beneath the tall trees swaying,
Far down the road into the wood of green,
There 's where the fays are ever, ever playing,
Cushioned on downy moss with velvet sheen.

Down to the shore the elves go singing, singing,
Down to the moonbeam-silvered lake,
Down to the lake, where bells are ringing, ringing,
Dancing till you and I awake.

Then when the dawn comes they go flying homeward
Back to their homes beneath the toadstool's shade.

BED-TIME.

WHEN in the firelight's glow we sit,
And shadows along the crossbeams flit,
Then Granny tells us awful tales
Of how the elves of long ago—
Stole the milk from out the pails,
And robbed the oxen of their tails,
And scampered over hills and dales,
Working mischief on their way
Until the dawn of each new day
Put an end to all their pranks,
And quick they hid in woods and banks.
And in a corner we shiver in fear,
And then we get a terrible fright,
For terror has sharpened up our ear—
A rat is scraping behind the bed!
O fire! throw far your beams of red.
When the last glow fades from the sky,
Then we must say our sad good-by
To stories, till to-morrow night
When fires leap up in waning light.

LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you and tell you how much I like you. We have taken you in for over a dozen years, and still continue to do so. I live in London; but at present I am in a school at Lausanne, in Switzerland, with two of my sisters; and we are going to stay here one or two years. Lausanne is a lovely spot, as it is situated nearly on the borders of the Lake of Geneva, and is closed in with mountains, which look especially lovely at this time of the year, as they are covered with snow.

Last August we went on a beautiful excursion in the mountains, and we saw the Glacier du Rhône. It did seem so funny, as it was in the middle of summer, and the glacier was one mass of snow and ice. My sister and I have got two little tortoises, which we brought with us from London; they are wonderful little things, as they are only the size of a shilling, and can swim beautifully.

We call them "Adam" and "Eve." We have also got two baby guinea-pigs. I and my sisters all ride bicycles, and when I am at home I do a great deal of bicycling; but now being at school I naturally do not have much chance of riding a bicycle.

I remain your devoted reader, GEORGINA Q—.

SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old. We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for many years, and have always enjoyed it very much. We came to San José from New York about a year and a half ago, and I like it ever so much. The famous Almaden Quicksilver Mines are only ten miles away, and Lick Observatory only twenty-eight. We are situated in the Santa Clara Valley, which is noted for its green and dried fruit. Papa has a ten-acre prune and cherry orchard, the former of which (five acres) bore seventy tons of green prunes last year.

I enjoy your "Letter-box" ever so much, and hope we may always be able to take your magazine.

Your little friend,

GRACE HOLT.

NAIRN, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American girl; but I am spending a part of my vacation in the pretty little town of Nairn on Moray Firth. This firth is beautiful. On clear days one can see every crack and cranny in the cliffs opposite, as well as the different colors of the fields. Several mountains form a background to the view. The firth is about five miles wide opposite Nairn.

Most of the dwelling-houses here have pretty flower-gardens, and some of them are covered with roses.

They had some Highland dances here a few weeks ago. There were sword-dances and reels, both very graceful and pretty. The sword-dance is done between and around crossed swords. The dancers must not step on the blades, but they may on the hilts.

The Highlanders wear a kilt and plaid of the tartan of their clan. The plaid is a long, wide scarf, thrown over the shoulder and fastened with a silver brooch, which sometimes holds a giant topaz. The kilt stops at the knee, and their stockings are turned down. The knees are bare. In one of their stockings they have a dirk—a kind of dagger.

Cawdor Castle is near Nairn. It is one of the seats of the Earl of Cawdor, and is three or four hundred years old. Its grounds are perfectly lovely. In them are great trees, ferns, mosses, winding streams, hills, and ravines. There are many deer and rabbits in the park. When we were there the men were shooting.

I await you with impatience every month.

Your interested reader,

CORALIE HOWARD HAMAN.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Minda Gottlieb, Jack Church, Francis McMeen, Mary B. Cooke, Katharine M. Le Boitillier, Alice Jones, Virginia W., Gilbert Maurice Congdon, D. Courthope, Emilie Cooke Burns, Mildred C. Dickson, Ruth Parmelee, Walter L. S., Chauncey S. De Witt, Elsie Doolittle, Lewis C., Harry Caperton, Jr., George Buxton, Sadie B. Turner, Alice K. Potter, Islay M. McCall, E. W. Scudder, Hender Schayler, Alice Pearson, Marjorie Hoysrodt, Ruth Stetson, Mary S. Stranahan, Gertrude Cannon, Morris Ashley, Daisy Ullmann, Elsie Dinsmore, Gertrude Helene Heydtmann, A. S., George V. N.

RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

DIAGONAL. Marion. 1. Moslem. 2. Baltic. 3. Heroic. 4. Crying. 5. Sharon. 6. Obtain.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. S. 2. Cap. 3. Cyrus. 4. Saranac. 5. Punic. 6. Sac. 7. C. II. 1. C. 2. Mat. 3. Medal. 4. Caddies. 5. Taint. 6. Let. 7. S. III. 1. C. 2. Cat. 3. Camel. 4. Cameras. 5. Terry. 6. Lay. 7. S. IV. 1. C. 2. Fat. 3. Pupil. 4. Capotes. 5. Title. 6. Lee. 7. S. V. 1. S. 2. Yes. 3. Yacht. 4. Sectary. 5. Shaky. 6. Try. 7. V.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS. Pares, spare, pears, rapes, spear, reaps, parse.

CONUNDRUM CHARADE. Patrol.

A NEW YEAR VERSE.

The wave is breaking on the shore,
The echo fading from the chime,
Again the shadow moveth o'er
The dial-plate of time! J. G. WHITTIER.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle Box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from M. McG. — W. J. Fabian — "Jersey Quartette" — Josephine Sherwood — Grace Edith Thallon — "Dondy Small" — "Buffalo Quartette" — "Four Weeks in Kane" — Sigourney Fay Nininger — Katharine S. Doty.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Mary C. Beecroft, 1 — Marion A. Barker, 2 — G. B. Dyer, 11 — "Hickory Nut," 1 — Mary K. Rake, 2 — Albert L. Vencil, 1 — Charlotte Schram, 1 — "Alsie," 1 — L. M. Eckfeld, 1 — Claudice Piper, 3 — George Barnes, 1 — J. K. and Co., 5 — Jo and I, 11 — Mamma and Will, 5 — "Naomi," 2 — "Two Little Brothers," 11 — Effie K. Talboys, 6 — Achille Poirier, 10 — L. O. E., 11 — "Sand Crabs," 9 — "Daniel Hardin and Co.," 7 — Jessie and Ralph Sharot, 2 — No name, Pelham Manor, 8 — Marguerite Sturdy, 11 — "Little Pilgrim," 2 — Clara D. Lauer and Co., 11 — John P. Reynolds, 3d, 1 — Paul Reese, 10 — Helen Lorraine Enos, 1.

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following names have been rightly guessed and written one below another, their initials will spell a point of land first rounded by Lemaire and Schouten in 1616.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A mountain system in Russia. 2. A mountain system in South America. 3. An island in the Aegean Sea. 4. A lake of North America. 5. A city of France. 6. A river of South America. 7. A city of Italy. 8. A famous river of Africa.

L. HOUSMAN.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in apple, but not in pear;
My second in hole, but not in tear;
My third is in knot, but not in bow;
My fourth is in finger, but not in toe;
My fifth is in frightened, but not in bold;
My sixth is in silver, but not in gold;
My seventh is in long, but not in short;
My eighth is in vessel, but not in port;
My ninth is in borrow but not in lend;
My tenth is in winter, and that is the end.
My whole is the name of a poet.

DOROTHY C. BUTLER.

NOVEL ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, be-

HIDDEN LETTERS. St. Nicholas.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Toast. 2. Order. 3. Adore. 4. Serve. 5. Trees. II. 1. Dazes. 2. Alert. 3. Zebra. 4. Error. 5. Stare.

TWO ZOOLOGICAL ACROSTICS. I. Saint Nicholas. 1. Swan. 2. Axis. 3. Ibez. 4. Nepa. 5. Toad. 6. Napu. 7. Ibis. 8. Carp. 9. Hawk. 10. Oryx. 11. Lion. 12. Auk. 13. Seal. II. Reindeer. 1. Clumber. 2. Bubale. 3. Coati. 4. Lion. 5. Eland. 6. Vole. 7. Mouse. 8. Tapir.

DIVIDED CITIES. 1. Jackson. 2. Hartford. 3. Charleston. 4. Boston. 5. Bangor. 6. Frankfurt. 7. Springfield. 8. Madison. 9. Brooklyn. 10. Cleveland. 11. Raleigh. 12. Newport.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die. TENNYSON.

gining at the upper left-hand letter, will spell a union. The initial letters are the same as the zigzag.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To wince. 2. A kind of tea. 3. Minority in age. 4. A jolting motion. 5. Unequaled. 6. A small mug or cup. 7. A monk's hood. 8. Gossip. 9. A pendant mass of ice. 10. A long, broad boat used by the Eskimos. 11. Sprightly.

"THE H. TWINS."

PI.

HET clod swind vare no eht yci revir,
Eht slafes charnbes pamlicon nad viresh,
Teh wons culsod sewep no, ot a rayder nute,—
Nac sheet eb eht thare nad het henvase fo nuje?

CURIOUS ZOOLOGICAL CHANGES.

1. BEHEAD and curtail a nocturnal animal allied to the monkeys, and leave an Australian bird.
2. Behead twice and curtail twice the European bison, and leave a monstrous bird of Arabian mythology.
3. Behead twice an animal of Peru, and leave a South American rodent.
4. Behead a small hound, and leave a large bird.
5. Behead a domestic bird, and leave a wild one.
6. Syncopate a bird, and leave a useful animal.
7. Syncopate a bird, and leave a domestic animal.
8. Behead one fish, and leave another.
9. Curtail a wild swan, and leave a large deer.
10. Curtail twice a curious animal of India, allied to the weasel, and leave a rodent.

L. E. JOHNSON.

DIAMOND.

1. In the United States. 2. A beast of burden. 3. A place of public contest. 4. Of no value. 5. To act in a cowardly manner. 6. To demand. 7. In the United States. D. H. D.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the others, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of an English poet and essayist.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name the Christian name, and my finals the surname of a famous Englishman.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Covered with a layer of any substance. 2. One of the Sandwich Islands. 3. Pertaining to northern regions. 4. Comment. 5. Small. 6. An original form. 7. Bends downward. WILLY AND MAY.

CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Harvest. 2. A cable. 3. Public. 4. Inclosures.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A Celtic minstrel. 2. A city of China. 3. An assumed character. 4. Colors.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Transferred to another

for an equivalent. 2. Above. 3. A masculine name. 4. To fall in drops.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Furnished with shoes. 2. A small animal. 3. Minerals. 4. A pulpit.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A division. 2. Mimics. 3. Low. 4. To discover. L'H.

CHARADE.

THE traveler in darksome ways,
Astray beneath a stormy sky,
May well my first, unless his gaze
My second somewhere can espy.
My second, if no traveler find
With those its fortunes who control,
Must sink beneath a fate unkind;—
He only can expect my whole.

EDWARD B. HILL.

TRANSPPOSED TREES.

THE letters in each of the words printed in italics may be transposed so as to form the name of a tree.

In a cabin a *mile north*, on the river *Wye*, lives old *Lem* with his pet *lamb*. *Clouts* of old *craps* fill the place of window-*panes* and door *panel*. Possessed of *ample* means, he *has not cared* to wear other covering than a ragged *dolman*, nor to drink from any but a *cheap* blue *mug*. At night he goes to *reap* the harvest of his *melon* patch. He will *take a lamp* in one hand to *allure* insects; and a *tile* or *lump* of *rock* in the other, with which to slay a possible weasel.

L. E. J.

RIDDLE.

A MAN came running down the street;
He ran, and never tarried;
You'd think that he could hardly walk
With all the things he carried.

1. Some instruments of music, first;
2. Some parts of noble ships;
3. A wooden box; (4 and 5) two kinds of fish;
6. And several ends of whips;
7. He tightly held a noble stag;
8. He weapons also bore;
9. Two tops of trunks were on his head;
10. And yet two caps he wore;
11. He carried children going to school;
12. Two quadrupeds, not small;
13. And weathercocks,—some blue, some red;

These were by no means all!

14. The steps of a hotel; (15) some flowers;
16. Two buildings; (17) lofty trees;
18. A noble monument, erect.

All these he bore with ease!
And yet, to all appearances,
He empty-handed ran,
And looked as if he carried naught—
That over-burdened man!

FRANCES AMORY.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. To abrade. 2. Cowardly. 3. Those who fix values. 4. A broad street. 5. To read. 6. To close the eyes of a hawk.

ELLA W. FOOTE.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty letters; and my whole is a distinguished singer.

My 10-17 is a preposition. My 6-4-16-11 is an Egyptian goddess. My 15-12-19-2 is to emit. My 5-3-7-18-13 is to color slightly. My 8-9-1-20-14 is to protect.

FLORENCE ELSIE T.



AFTER THE PAINTING BY MME. VIGÉE-LEBRUN, IN THE LOUVRE.

BY PERMISSION OF BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., NEW YORK.

"THE GIRL WITH THE MUFF."

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL PICTURE. ENGRAVED FOR "ST. NICHOLAS" BY PETER AITKEN.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIV.

MARCH, 1897.

No. 5.

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TO "THE GIRL WITH THE MUFF."

(In the Painting by Madame Lebrun.)

BY BEATRICE RUSSELL DOE.

LITTLE maid of olden France,
Something in thy countenance
Sweetly girlish, dainty, fair,
Tender, mirthful, debonair,
Makes me love thee, dear, although
Thou wert painted long ago.

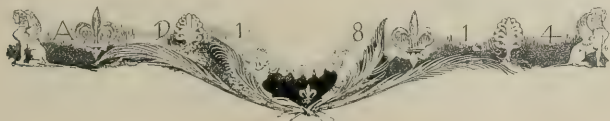
Tell me where thy charm doth lie.
Is it in the merry eye
Whose light joyousness of glance
Sets this heart o' mine a-dance?
Or within those parted lips
From whose mirthfulness there slips
Such a wondrous witchery —
Little Mistress Sans Souci?

Is it wholly in the face?
Dwells it in that artless grace,
Modesty and ease of pose?
Pr'ythee tell me. Ah! who knows?

Truly, dear, I know thou art
Sunny, blithe, and true of heart;
This doth make thee seem so fair —
Lights thy face with sweetness rare.

Standing thus and smiling so
'Neath thy wide and quaint chapeau
Decked with plume and ribbon bow,
Thou wert pictured long ago,
With thy neckerchief and muff;
Not a trinket nor a ruff,
Dear, to mar thy perfect grace,
Thy rare innocence of face.

Gazing on thy features, Sweet,
We but hope each season fleet
Brought no sigh nor sorry tear —
Only smiles and joy, my dear.
Bless thee for thy merry glance,
Dainty maid of olden France!



TEDDY BAIRD'S LUCK.

BY KATE DICKINSON SWEETSER.



"AS QUICK AS A FLASH HE WAS ON THE OLD WHEEL AND AWAY, SCORCHING WITH MAIN FORCE DOWN THE CARRIAGE-ROAD."
(SEE PAGE 362.)

ON Commencement Day at Harvey Academy, after all the exercises were over and the diplomas had been awarded, Mr. Shedd, the professor of literature, announced that at the beginning of the fall term he would give a prize to the member of his advanced class bringing in the best account of an adventure which had happened to him during the summer. The adventure described must be a genuine occurrence, and the story must be written in a clear, but picturesque style.

"The prize," he added, "will be a membership ticket in the Acorn Athletic Club. This is a rare chance for some one, and I hope you will all try for it."

While he spoke the boys had been exchanging eager glances, and then they broke into hearty applause, and nodded to each other, as much as to say, "Indeed we will!"

The Acorn Club was one which offered su-

perior advantages in its gymnasium and bowling-alleys, and which admitted only a limited number of junior members through the influence of senior members. As Professor Shedd had been one of the charter members of the Club, he was able to offer this prize to his boys, and a thrill of delight shot through each boy at the possibility ahead.

Teddy Baird was one of the most enthusiastic athletes in the school, and had long wanted to be one of the A. A. C.'s. At once he began to make plans for having an adventure, and by the time he reached home his eyes were shining with excitement, and his round freckled face was beaming with anticipation.

"I can get it, and I WILL!" he announced to his father in a most decisive manner.

"Good!" said Mr. Baird, heartily. "That is the right spirit, my son; but how about the adventure?"

"Oh, that 's easy enough," answered Teddy, happily, and went off whistling.

From that time on through the three months of his vacation the prize was always the uppermost thought in Teddy's mind; but it did not take him long to discover that finding a subject for his story was not so easy a matter, after all.

"It 's the funniest thing," he observed sadly one day when he felt particularly discouraged; "I am so lucky that I am unlucky, and that 's the truth. Nothing ever happens to me; even the birds go to sleep when I come around."

At this Mrs. Baird smiled, for it seemed so utterly impossible to conceive of anything sleeping when Teddy was near; but he did not notice the smile, and continued soberly: "It 's funny; honest Injun, it is! If there 's a runaway, it stops quicker 'n a wink when I come in sight; or if there 's a fire, it goes out when I turn the corner. There is n't so much as a hot-box on a train, if I 'm in it."

"I should think you would be in great demand as an accident-preventer," said grandma in her soft, low voice; but Teddy only groaned in reply, and drawing himself up in a dignified manner, declared firmly: "I won't be balked; I just won't, so there!"

Shortly after the first of July the family went to the seashore, and for a month Teddy patiently held himself in readiness for an adventure. He rowed and sailed, fished and swam, and sat on the beach for hours at a time, watching the bathers, in hopes of an adventure; but he caught no wonderfully large fish, no boat in which he embarked showed even the slightest inclination to capsize, and an unsympathetic public refused to drown for his benefit.

"Talk about the perils of the sea!" he said scornfully, on the day when he took his last look at the beach from the stage window; "it 's a million times safer 'n land"; but he added with a show of cheerfulness, "Well, now, let 's see what the mountains can do for a fellow. I am going to try getting eaten by bears, or shot instead of a deer."

"Do," said Mrs. Baird, calmly. Teddy's statements never ruffled her in the least. "Do, dear; it would be so pleasant for me! And in that case you could so easily write up the story of your exciting adventure."

They both laughed, but Teddy added soberly: "Honestly, mother, I 'm afraid you don't realize how serious this is getting to be. I have got to get that prize."

But Mrs. Baird's answer was so hopeful and comforting that his spirits revived somewhat, and he decided that if there was an adventure to be found anywhere, it would come to light in the woods; consequently he was in a more cheerful frame of mind during the remainder of their trip to the Adirondacks, where they were to stay until the last of August.

Mrs. Baird stopped at the Blue Mountain Lake Hotel, while Teddy joined a party of boys and went further into the woods to camp out. It was an entirely new experience to him, and he enjoyed it hugely. From daybreak often until late at night they were off tramping, hunting, or fishing; and in the evenings, when they sat around their camp-fire, the guides would tell such marvelous tales of blood-curdling adventures that the boys felt they had strayed into the country of the "Arabian Nights." To Teddy the stories, told in the rough language of the natives, offered a great temptation.

"If I only *could* tell some of them, I 'd be sure to get the prize," he sighed. "Those things might have happened to us, only they did n't; that 's all the difference. My! what a show they 'd make on paper!"

But his conscience was much too honest to allow of his using the coveted material so near at hand, and he was still at a loss for the subject of his prize story. One of the boys had shot a deer, two had a narrow escape from drowning, and another had been lost in the woods for half a day; but as none of these were his own experiences, Teddy did not feel justified in using them, and not a single thing worth writing about happened to him personally. He had some amusing episodes, of course, during the three weeks; but as adventures, none of them seemed to be thrilling enough.

"Some fellows can work on their imaginations and get all sorts of fine things out of nothing," he observed sadly; "but 't ain't so with T. B. Give me *facts*, or I 'm a gone goose!" But then he added, with his usual philosophy: "P'r'aps something 'll turn up yet; 't won't come any quicker for worrying, I

s'pose"; and he dismissed the matter from his mind for the few remaining days of their stay in camp, and simply enjoyed himself.

He was as brown as an Indian when his mother saw him again, and she was well satisfied that the change had benefited him; but she did not question him about the essay, feeling sure that if he had had an adventure she would hear about it at once. He did not mention the subject for some time; then he said abruptly, as if he did not care to dwell on the matter: "Say, where do you suppose that luck of mine you used to talk about so much has gone to, mother? It seems to have shied clear of Massachusetts and New York State, not to mention New Jersey! If you could suggest where I might meet it, I 'd take the next train, for my time 's 'most up, you know."

"My dear," said Mrs. Baird, soothingly, "don't give up quite yet. There are still three weeks of vacation, and that is time for all sorts of strange things to happen. You were lucky from the minute you were born, and I am not willing to believe yet that you have lost the prize. Are you sure you can't take some little incident, even if it does seem small to you, and make it into an amusing story? I am sure there must be something you could use if you only thought so."

But Teddy shook his head. "Can't be done by T. B., ma'am," he said. "You should have had a more brilliant son. I mooned around up in camp with a ream of paper in my lap, a pencil in my hand, and a far-off gaze in my eyes, waiting for an idea to flood my intellect, till the fellows guyed me so I had to quit. Honest, mother, there was n't a thing but happens to other people every day in the week."

Mrs. Baird looked thoughtful for a moment, then she said eagerly:

"I have it! Why not write an account of what did *not* happen? Tell all about the thrilling things that might have occurred, and the funny way in which they seemed to avoid you. I am sure no one else will think of that!"

Teddy beamed, and grasped her arm in an ecstatic squeeze.

"You're a brick!" he exclaimed. "I guess you've hit it, and we'll get that ticket yet! You *are* some good, mother, after all!" This

was said with a comical twinkle of his blue eyes, and Mrs. Baird made him a little bow.

"Thank you, my son!" she said laughingly. "'Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed!'"

The new idea pleased Teddy more and more as he thought about it. Sentences and pages began to form themselves in his brain, and it seemed as if he could not wait to put them on paper.

"I'll begin the minute we get to Aunt Sarah's," he said; and his mother was delighted that she had been able to help him, for she knew how persistently he had tried to help himself.

They reached the home of Mrs. Baird's sister in Tarrytown the next day, and settled down for the visit which was to end up their summer outing. Aunt Sarah's boys, Tom and Herbert, were Teddy's greatest chums, so the meeting was an enthusiastic one on both sides, and it seemed as if the boys could never finish telling each other of all their doings since they last met. Of course it was not long before Teddy had told about the prize and his struggles for it, and then he spoke of his mother's new idea, and every one thought it a fine one.

"You are sure to get the ticket, Teddy," said Aunt Sarah; "you are always so lucky."

"So I've heard," said Teddy, dryly. "I wish you'd introduce me to that luck, Aunt Sarah; I don't happen to have seen it myself."

On each day, as it came, he meant to begin his writing; but there were so many delightful plans to be carried out that he never could find time, and whenever he suggested taking an hour for writing, the boys always refused to let him, and suggested a bicycle-ride, or a swim, or a ball-game, and Teddy weakly yielded, until the edge was off his enthusiasm and five days of the visit were gone.

On the sixth day it rained hard, and as soon as breakfast was over Teddy announced his determination of going to his room to write, and threatened all sorts of dire possibilities to the person who should dare disturb him. So away he went; but before he had even finished his elaborate process of pencil-sharpening, there was a smothered shout at the door, and in burst Herbert and Tom, took the room by storm,

confiscated the pencils, and made so much noise that connected thinking was impossible. Mrs. Baird, sitting in an opposite room, heard the chorus of groans, whistles, and laughter that followed the onslaught; and finally, after the mail came, she put down her work and went to see what was going on. On the threshold she stopped with an exclamation of dismay.

"Why, boys," she said, gazing about, "you look as if a cyclone had struck you! What *are* you doing?"

In one corner of the room Tom and Herbert were fencing with the gravity of professionals, while Teddy lay on the floor, heels in the air, evidently in a state of exhaustion, watching the contest. The floor and bed and chairs were strewn with clothes, bicycle-tools, books, paper, a camera outfit, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, and every other article that could add to the general disorder. On a chair reposed a large bowl of black fluid, evidently ink; a tripod stood in the corner, and Ted's bicycle leaned against the wall. Small wonder that Mrs. Baird gasped, and repeated, "What *are* you doing?"

At the sound of her voice Teddy slowly rose from his position on the floor, and a comical smile broke over his face. "We 're having a last try at making things happen," he said. "You 're right about the gale; it struck us more 'n an hour ago, and blew all these things around. We put up danger-signals to warn relatives off the coast; but now you 're here, won't you have a seat?"

This civility was offered with a wave of the hand toward the room in general, and Mrs. Baird acknowledged the courtesy by taking the only vacant seat in sight, which was on the extreme edge of the bed; and then she asked her question for the third time, adding: "I thought you were going to write your essay."

"Was,"—Teddy was evidently too weary to amplify his sentence—"was, but I could n't make the thing hang together. I could n't write a word. The wheels of my brain would not go round, then the boys came up, and we thought we 'd make another try at having things happen. That 's why all these duds are around. We took the clock to pieces to see

if we could n't make it go without so many wheels," explained Herbert.

"And cannot get it together again?" Mrs. Baird was looking at the machinery with which the mantel was covered, but none answered her question, and Herbert went on:

"We 've tried all sorts of strange stunts with clubs and dumb-bells and fencing, to see if we could n't get some bone out of joint and in again, in a queer way; then we tried putting some of your lithia tablets—the fizzing ones that you use for your rheumatism, you know—in the ink. Tom was sure it would make an elegant spouting geyser and a chemical rainbow; but it only —"

"Spilled the ink all over the floor," Mrs. Baird finished up the sentence, adding quickly: "I think you have acted very much like silly little boys of about ten years old, and I am mortified that my son should show so little common sense."

"Well, anyway, nothing 's any good," said Teddy, mournfully. "Don't hit a fellow, mother, when he 's down. I 'm clean discouraged. What shall I do?"

"Do?" Mrs. Baird's voice had a cheerful ring. "Why, clear up this mess, of course, or Aunt Sarah will think you never learned to be neat."

Here Tom hastily interposed. "We 'll help. We made as much of it as he did."

Mrs. Baird nodded and smiled at him, and went on: "Put your paper away now, Teddy, and try again to-morrow and every day until you accomplish your task. But here is a letter from Cousin Ellie Holcombe. She wants you to ride over on your wheel to-morrow, and spend the night. Cousin Frank is away, and she says you can protect them."

"Good!" Teddy jumped up, and smiled with importance. "I 'd like nothing better. I 'm all twisted up in the old essay. I 'll put it away till I come back, and then I 'll work like a trooper till it 's done, see if I don't! Will you mind if I go, boys? It 's a year since I 've been over to Sunnybrook."

As it seemed to be the only thing to do, both boys nodded agreement; but they looked very mournful until Teddy suggested that they ride over with him as far as the turnpike, a distance

of ten miles; and then, after the room was restored to order, they all went down into the cellar to clean their wheels for the trip.

The sun shone its brightest the next morn-

soon as he had said a few words to Mrs. Holcombe, who was not going with them, they set out. It was a perfect day; the sky was a deep, cloudless blue, and the air was so crisp

and clear that it put them all in their highest spirits, and Teddy forgot in ten minutes that there was such a thing as a prize to compete for and lose. A wagon had gone ahead with the luncheon, which was all spread out in tempting array when they reached the falls, and there was very little looking at the beauties of nature until most of the sandwiches and dainties had disappeared. Then they lounged by the falls, told stories, wandered off in the woods, and did all sorts of pleasant things, until the sun warned them of the lateness of the hour, and with reluctance they started homeward, leaving one after another of the party on the way, so that at last there were only the girls and Teddy to ride up the Sunnybrook lane. Any one who did not know the truth would have thought they had eaten nothing for days, as they rushed into the house with a chorus of: "Oh, mother, we're starved alive!" "Got any bread for some famished tramps?" "Where is supper? We are nearly famished!" And Mrs. Holcombe with quiet amusement watched her bountiful supper disappear.

There was a big wood-fire crackling merrily in the hall, and, when there was no more



"HOLD ON! OFF, AND GIVE AN ACCOUNT OF YERSELF, RIDIN' AT THIS TIME O' NIGHT WIDOUT A LIGHT!" (SEE PAGE 362.)

ing, and the roads were fairly dry; so they made an early start, and by eleven o'clock Teddy was in sight of the big, old stone house where his cousins lived. He found a party of twenty waiting for him, ready to start for a day at some falls, about three miles away; and as

supper to dispose of, they gathered around it, the girls in easy-chairs and Teddy on the rug. Then a sudden quietness fell on them all. The effect of having been out in the crisp air all day and coming into the warmth made their cheeks glow, and gave them a comfortable feeling of

drowsiness. There was absolute stillness, until Mrs. Holcombe came and sat down near them.

"Now, Teddy," she said, "wake up. You must talk to me for a while. The others have had you all day. I want to hear all that you and your mother have been doing."

Teddy smiled, roused himself, and gave an account of their journeyings in a drowsy voice; and then he told of the prize story, and how he had been trying to write one.

"But you see," he said, "whenever I write down on paper what I've done, all the 'go' is out of it. The things don't fit together in any kind of shape. There is n't really enough to make a good story, and that's the truth."

"I'll tell you what," said Helen; "tell it all over just as you did to mama, and don't think about writing it, and I'll put it down as you tell it. Then you can polish it up afterward."

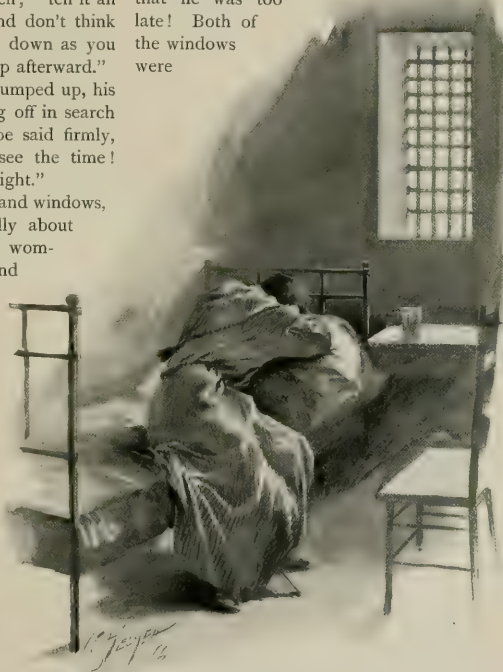
"All right. Now?" Teddy jumped up, his drowsiness gone, and was starting off in search of a pencil, but Mrs. Holcombe said firmly, "No, indeed; not now. Just see the time! We must be shutting up for the night."

While they were locking doors and windows, the girls teased Teddy mirthfully about being protector of three helpless women; then the lights were put out and the house was still. Teddy,

who was very sleepy, was in bed in less time than it takes to tell about it, and fast asleep; and it seemed only a minute later when he woke with a start, and heard a queer noise outside his window. For a moment he lay still, scarcely breathing, listening to the sounds; then, as he became wider awake, he decided that some one was certainly trying to enter the house. There were surely men talking in low tones beneath his window. He stole over, peered through the blinds, and could see two figures below. The men were evidently going to enter by the butler's pantry window, and in a few seconds would be in the house. What was it best to do? Should he rouse

the family, or could he frighten off the burglars alone? In a moment he had decided. From his earliest childhood Teddy had been absolutely fearless, and now he made up his mind that he could protect the house without even awaking his cousins.

Turning up the gas, he hastily threw on his bath-robe, unbolted his door and stole softly out into the dark, still hall, lighting the gas there. Then he crept noiselessly downstairs and lighted up the parlor and sitting-room, hearing all the time the low murmur of the voices outside. Then he went into the dining-room; but there he stood aghast, for the light revealed that he was too late! Both of the windows were



TEDDY SPENDS THE NIGHT IN THE POLICE-STATION. (SEE PAGE 363.)

wide open, remnants of a feast were scattered over the table and floor, and the sideboard was bare of silver. He gave one gasp, stood for a

wide open, remnants of a feast were scattered over the table and floor, and the sideboard was bare of silver. He gave one gasp, stood for a

second paralyzed with astonishment, and then rushed out into the hall, for no particular reason, really too much excited to know what he was doing. In his rush he upset a chair, which fell against the fire-irons with a crash, and almost instantly a white-gowned figure appeared at the head of the stairs, and a sleepy voice said:

"Why, child, what are you doing down there at this time of night? What was that noise?"

Teddy lifted his round, excited face, and held up a warning finger. "Sh-sh-sh!" he said in a whisper; "it 's burglars! They 've taken the silver and made a mess of things down here. I thought I could scare them off without waking you up, but I got here too late. They 're going off now, I guess. I 'll go and see."

Cousin Ellie walked down to the first stair-landing, and spoke sternly. "Come up here this minute," she commanded; and Teddy could not help smiling at the contrast of her extreme dignity with her airy costume. "Come up now, Teddy, *please*," she pleaded; "they may come back any minute and shoot you. Oh, dear, if John were only home! What shall we do?"

Teddy was about to speak reassuringly of his powers as a watch-dog, but at that minute his eyes, which had been uneasily watching the doors and windows, caught sight of something in the back hall that made him take one jump toward it; then he gave a groan, and his excitement made him forget to lower his voice.

"They 've taken Mabel's bicycle!" he said—"her brand-new birthday present, and left an old rattle-trap of a man's wheel! The scoundrels! The sneaks! I 'll be even with them! I 'll get that back, I will, if I go to land's end to catch 'em! They sha'n't have that wheel—no, they sha'n't!"

While he talked Teddy was examining the substituted wheel, and pushing it toward the door; and finally Cousin Ellie realized what he was going to do. Forgetting her fear, she fairly ran downstairs to catch the youth and drag him captive up to safety; but she was not quick enough. He had darted into the dining-room and back. "They 've gone!" he called out. "They won't have ten seconds' headway! I 'll

get 'em and their booty—see if I don't!" He seemed to be almost beside himself with excitement, and was outside the door and lost in the shadow of the elms before his cousin could reach him.

As quick as a flash he was on the old wheel and away, scorching with main force down the carriage-road, and then out into the quiet street. Ahead of him, to the right, he saw, or thought he saw, two men on bicycles, and his excited fancy could almost see the gleam of silver in the bundles strapped to their wheels. On he went, faster and faster, with no thought of fear, his anger giving him double strength as he bent over the handle-bars and saw that he was gaining on the shapes ahead. The trees and buildings cast strange shadows across the road, and several times he was deceived by them into the thought that he was within arm's length of the thieves. Along the main street they went, and along went Teddy. He gave a furious spurt, coasted down the hill like a will-o'-the-wisp, came nearer and nearer to them; he could hear the whir of their machines, and felt waves of hot exultation flash over him as he planned what to say when he should rush across their path and stop them. A dozen more revolutions would do it; then, with the suddenness of an earthquake, a great form loomed up beside Teddy, a hand grasped his flying coat, a club was brandished in the air, and a rough voice called out:

"Hold on! hold on! Off, and give an account of yerself, ridin' at this time o' night widout a light!"

Teddy made a wild struggle to free himself and go on, but the grasp of his coat was too firm to admit of a single motion, so he tumbled off his wheel and confronted the policeman, remembering then for the first time that he had no lantern.

"Let me go, I say! you *must*—you *shall*!" he exclaimed hastily. "Any law in the land will protect me! There were thieves in our house that took my cousin's wheel, and I 'm going to catch them and get it. Hang a light! Let me go, or I 'll lose 'em!"

Teddy was preparing to remount, but the policeman held his ground firmly. "*No, sir!*" he said; "not yet. Oi 'm sorry, sir; indade

Oi be, but law 's law, and Oi 'm here to ketch those that goes ag'in' it."

"But I *don't* go against it!" Teddy was in a frenzy now, for the shadows ahead had disappeared around the bend of the road. "I 'd have lighted my lamp if I 'd had time. I ain't a sneak, and my father 's one of the common council. I know as much about law as you do, and I say you have a right to let me go. How much is the fine for riding without a light? Can't you pay it for me in the morning, and let me go now?"

He put his hand in his pocket, not noticing that the man was watching him with grim amusement depicted on every feature of his face; and in a moment he realized that he was airily dressed in white, with a bath-wrapper as overcoat, and not a cent nor a pocket had he!

It was too much even for an excited person to see without a smile, and all at once the humor of the situation came over Teddy, and he burst out in a hearty laugh, in which the policeman joined him. "I say," said Teddy finally, "you must believe me, or else you 'd take me two-forty to the insane-asylum, for being out in this rig!" And then he said ruefully: "Whatever can I do? I have n't got a cent, as you can see. You 'd better let me go. You 've done enough mischief for one night's work — spoiled my fun, and made my cousin lose her new wheel. I 'll *send* you the five dollars to-morrow."

Teddy was supporting himself against his wheel and looking up anxiously at his burly companion; but as he did not answer instantly, Teddy went on: "Well, old Cerberus, what 'll you do? Think quick, for this is rather a breezy out-of-door costume!" And then, with a spasm of regret, he groaned: "Oh, I say, this *is* hard luck! What are you going to do about it?"

"There 's but one thing to do, sir" — the policeman, for all his amusement and interest in this strange case, was still firm — "ye 'll have to come wid me."

"Where?" Teddy's voice was eager, and the policeman answered, with a grin:

"Oh, just beyant the corner. They 'll put you up in foine shape till morning."

"You mean — in jail?" Teddy gasped it out

as though the end of all things had come, and the policeman laughed once more.

"Call it a hotel," he said; "an' it 'll be more fit fer the likes o' youse, but I guess ye 've got about the shape uv it!"

At last the truth, the whole, bare, absolute truth, dawned on Teddy, and he was silent, dazed by the proportions which his expedition had assumed. As meekly as possible he followed his guide until they came in sight of the police station. Then he stopped short.

"Oh, I say," he said, "it 's a fake. You would n't lodge me there? Let me go, I say! Why, man, I went off like a crazy creature, and left my poor cousin to worry. Let me go!"

But even as he spoke, they were ascending the stairs and passing through the long, silent hall.

"It 's no good frettin'," remarked the policeman, cheerfully; "law 's law. The loidy 'll not have to be scairt long."

And Teddy, really frightened now, and resisting at every step, was marshaled into an apartment to serve out his first term as a prisoner. He was surprised to find that the room was not half so bad as he had feared. It was clean, as was the cot-bed, and there was no evidence that he was a prisoner except that when he was left alone he heard the key turn in the lock from the outside. For a time he just walked up and down, too much excited to attempt to sleep. He was calm enough to think, and he realized what a senseless thing he had undertaken, and how selfish he had been to leave the house with so little thought of his cousin's fright. His remorse was keen, for Teddy's heart was in the right place, and he conjured up all sorts of dreadful things that might have happened through his thoughtlessness. For an hour he paced the room, ashamed and penitent; then he began to feel utterly tired out, and, throwing himself on the bed, knew nothing more until it was broad daylight.

It took some time for him to come to himself, and become conscious of where he was and of what had happened; then, at the sight of his clothes, the truth came over him, and his one thought was to get away — to get some word to the Holcombes. At once he made inquiries as to how long he would be imprisoned; and

when he found that it was only a matter of depositing the required fine, he immediately despatched a small boy to Sunnybrook with a

It had been a weary, dreadful night at Sunnybrook. When Mrs. Holcombe had seen Teddy disappear through the door, and had not



dared to go after him, she had awakened the girls, and they had all waited and watched through the remainder of the night, hoping each moment that he would come in. Though knowing his fearless impulsiveness, they could not believe that he would do so reckless a thing as to try to pursue the thieves. It was soon evident that the burglars had gone at once, after they had secured their booty; for not a sound broke the stillness in the house. The silver which had been taken from the sideboard was not especially valuable, and the wheel could be replaced; so it was only Teddy about whom they worried.

"Crazy boy! how *could* he be so foolish? What could I say to his mother if anything should happen to him! What shall we do?" moaned Mrs. Holcombe over and over, as the hours wore on and still Teddy did not come.

At last morning came, and with it the note, which was an unspeakable relief, but at the same time made the affair assume a most mysterious aspect. In jail?—for what? While they were busily discussing the matter, and at the same time clearing up the demolished dining-room, there was a whistle

"I SAY, DO YOU WANT TO SEE THE LATEST THING IN CLOTHES?" TEDDY ASKED."

note. That somewhat quieted the alarm there, but added to the curiosity about the runaway; for the note simply said:

DEAR COUSIN ELLIE: I am a jail-bird, and for the honor of the family please send five dollars by bearer to get me out. Instead of catching the thieves, I got caught myself; that's all the difference. Next time I'll take a light. No; next time I won't go at all.

POLICE-STATION.

Penitently,

TEDDY.

at the door, and in walked Teddy, wrapped in a huge ulster!

"Jail-birds allowed here?" he queried. "I say, do you want to see the latest thing in clothes?" and, throwing back the ulster, he stood before the astonished girls in his costume of the night before.

It was very comical, his story of his flight;

and his ridiculous costume gave such an air of reality to the whole that his listeners were convulsed with laughter. Now that it was over, Teddy saw the funny side of it all, and brought it out very vividly. Even Mrs. Holcombe could not help laughing, but at the end of the story she spoke very severely. However, Teddy was so honestly penitent that she could not remain angry after his manly apology for the anxiety he had caused her.

"You see, I did n't think about another thing but how broken up Helen would be about her wheel, and that 's the truth!" he said; and he added: "Perhaps it might be a good thing if I got some clothes on that would n't scare the natives, and then I don't think I would object to breakfast, Cousin Ellie, now that you mention it!"

"It will be ready as soon as you are, dear boy," she said; "we had no thought of eating before." And as he went out of the door she exclaimed, "You certainly have had a real adventure at last!"

At the word Teddy turned, gave one big bound out into the room, and then stood staring at her until she said, "Why, what is the matter? I did not mean —"

With that he made a rush, and hugged her until she cried out

for release; then, the bath-wrapper floating in the breeze, he danced a war-dance which made everything in the room shake, and finally stopped breathless in front of Helen, flapping his arms and crying excitedly: "Where 's a paper and pencil! Tell me quick! Hoorray! Hoorray! I 'll have that prize now, and no mistake! — and I never thought about it until this very minute! Change my clothes and eat breakfast first? Indeed I won't! Here! Give me the pencil and I 'll go upstairs and do it by myself. An adventure? Well, I should think!"

With half a dozen strides he cleared the stairs, and was about to vanish from sight when Helen called up: "Teddy! Teddy! wait a minute! How about your luck now?"

"Oh," answered Teddy, smiling over the banisters, "it 's all right! The bother was, I did n't know it wore policeman's clothes, or I 'd have caught it long ago!" — and he added, with a chuckle: "Wait till I hear mother say, 'My son, I told you so!'"

And he was not disappointed. Mrs. Baird did say it, not only when she heard the marvelous tale, but also on the opening day of school, when Teddy, junior member of the Acorn Athletic Club, after receiving the congratulations of the

boys, walked proudly home by her side.

And Helen's bicycle? Why, the police force, ashamed of having halted Teddy, made up for it by soon capturing the thieves and by recovering the bicycle and most of the silver.



"HOORRAY! HOORRAY! I 'LL HAVE THAT PRIZE NOW, AND NO MISTAKE!"

THE LAST THREE SOLDIERS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[*Began in the November number.*]

CHAPTER IX.

THE PLATEAU RECEIVES A NAME.



T was now October, and time to begin harvesting the crop on the little plantation, which something very like an inspiration had prompted Philip to plant. While Lieutenant Coleman continued work on the house, stopping the chinks between the logs with clay, and repairing the roof of the hut with spare shingles, Bromley and Philip "topped" the corn, cutting off the stalks above the ripened ears. Then the potatoes were thrown out of the mellow soil with a wooden shovel, and left to dry in the sun, while a level place was prepared in the center of the plot, and thickly spread with a carpet of dry stalks. Upon this surface, after removing a few bushels to the hut, the crop was gathered into a conical heap, and thatched over with stalks, and then the whole was thickly covered with earth and trenched about to turn off the water.

It was estimated that this cache contained thirty bushels, which, according to the table in the Blue Book (Revised Army Regulations), would exceed the potato ration necessary for the maintenance of three men for a period of five years.

From the day of their arrival on the mountain, Lieutenant Coleman had never failed to make a daily entry in the station journal; and now that they had set up a country for themselves, he foresaw that the continuance of this practice would be necessary if they were not to lose the record of weeks and months. His entry was always brief. Often it was no more

than the date, and even the more important events were set down with the utmost brevity and precision.

As the commissary supply of yellow bars diminished, it was evident that the time would soon come when they should be obliged to make their own soap. Back of the chestnut tree in which they had taken refuge from the bear was a peculiar hollowed rock, and above it a flat shelf of stone, on which Philip erected a hollow log for leaching ashes. A little patient chipping of the upper stone with the ax-head made a shallow furrow along which the lye would trickle from the leach, and fall into the natural basin in the rock below, which was large enough to hold a half barrel. This was a happy device, as the strong liquid would have eaten its way through any vessel other than an iron pot or an earthen jar, of which unfortunately they possessed neither.

They had but a limited supply of hard corn, from which they selected the best ears for the next year's planting. These they braided together by the husks, and hung up in yellow festoons from the rafters of the hut, which they continued to use as a storehouse. Much of what remained of their small crop would be needed by the fowls in the winter, and up to this time they had made no use of it for their own food.

Meal was out of the question, and to break the flinty kernels between stones was a tedious process to which they had not yet been forced to resort.

The presence of the lye, however, suggested to Bromley the hulled corn of his New England grandmother, which he had seen her prepare by soaking and boiling the kernels in a thin solution of lye. By this means the hulls or skins were removed, and after cleansing from potash, and boiling all day, the unbroken kernels became as white and tender as rice.

This satisfied the three soldiers for a time, and made an agreeable addition to their diet of bear steak and potatoes. In the mountains of Tennessee Lieutenant Coleman had once seen a rude hydraulic contrivance called a Slow-John, which was a sort of lazy man's mill. To construct this affair it was necessary to have a bucket, which Bromley set about making by the slow process of burning out a section of chestnut log with the red-hot ramrod of a carbine.

At a short distance above the house the branch which flowed from the spring, after making its refreshing way between grassy banks, tumbled over a succession of ledges which ended in a small cascade, and twelve feet below this waterfall there was a broad flat rock which laved its mossy sides in the branch, and showed a clean flat surface above the level of the water. Below this rock they built a dam of stones, by means of which they could flood its surface.

Four feet upstream from the rock a log was fixed from bank to bank for a fulcrum, and upon this rested a movable lever, the short arm of which terminated above the submerged rock, while the long arm just touched the water of the cascade. A wooden pin set in the under log passed through a slot in the lever so as to hold it in position, and at the same time give it free play. Another flat stone of about thirty pounds weight, which was the pestle of the mortar, was lashed with grape-vine thongs to the short arm of the lever directly over the submerged stone. To the long arm was attached Bromley's bucket, bailed with a strong wire, and so hung as to catch the water of the cascade. As the bucket filled and sank, its weight raised the flat stone higher and higher above the submerged rock until the bucket met a bar fixed to tilt its contents into the stream, when the upper millstone came down upon its fellow with a fine splash and thud. After a wall of clay had been built about the surface where the two stones met, to keep the corn in place, the Slow-John was ready for work.

It was slow, but it was sure, and after that, when any of the three soldiers awoke in the night, it was cheerful to hear the regular splash and crash of the Slow-John, like the ticking of

a huge clock, lazy enough to tick once a minute, and patient enough to keep on ticking for two days and nights to pulverize as many quarts of corn.

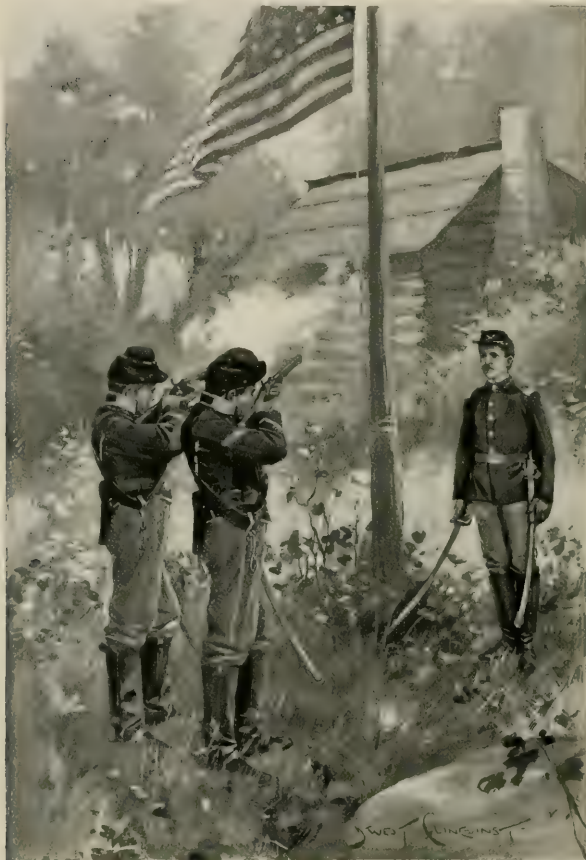
And now, for three young men who had solemnly renounced their country and cut themselves off voluntarily from all intercourse with their kind, they were about as cheerful and contented as could be expected. In spite of the great disaster which they believed had befallen the National cause, their lungs expanded in the rare mountain air and the good red blood danced in their veins, and with youth and health of body it was impossible to take an altogether gloomy view of life. They had at first tried hard to be miserable, but nature was against them and the effort had been a failure. In their free life they could no more resist the infection of happiness than the birds in the trees could refrain from singing, and so it came to pass that in view of the bountiful harvest they had gathered, and the comfortable house they had built, and all the domestic conveniences they had contrived, Lieutenant Coleman came out boldly in favor of setting apart Thursday, the 24th day of November, as a Day of Thanksgiving, and quite forgot to name it as a day of humiliation as well. To this the others joyfully agreed, and agreed, moreover, that from that day forward the plateau should be called Sherman Territory in memory of the general they most admired.

When this first holiday dawned on the mountain, the three soldiers arrayed themselves in full uniform for the ceremony of naming their possessions. Bromley and Philip buckled on their cavalry swords and slung their carbines at their backs, and Lieutenant Coleman, for the last time, assumed his discarded rank, to take command. The arms had been polished the day before until they gleamed and flashed in the morning light, and the little army of two was dressed and faced and inspected, and then left at parade rest while Lieutenant Coleman brought out the flag. How their honest hearts swelled with pride to think that here, alone, in all the world, that flag would continue to float with an undiminished field of stars! Little did they dream that on that very morning hundreds like it were waving in the heart of Georgia over

Sherman's legions on their march to the sea. When at last it blew out from the staff they gathered under its folds, and sang the "Star Spangled Banner" with tears in their eyes; and

This was to be their last military ceremony, and having no further use for their swords they arranged them with belts and scabbards into a handsome decoration against the chimney-piece, and crossed above them the three red and white flags of the station. The "Revised Army Regulations" and Philip's prayer-book stood on the mantelpiece alongside the spy-glass in its leathern case. The few articles of extra clothing hung in a line on the wall just opposite to the three bunks, whose under layer of pine boughs gave an aromatic perfume to the room.

After the ceremony of naming the plateau, and having fixed the trophies to their satisfaction, the three exiles took down their sky-blue overcoats from the line, for the November air was nipping cold, and set out with the two carbines and an empty sack to keep Thanksgiving in the good old country way. They were still rather sad after what had happened in the morning; but by the time they were back, all the gloom had worn



CHRISTENING "SHERMAN TERRITORY."

as the last words of the good old song rang out over the mountain top, Philip and Bromley discharged their carbines, as a salute, at the order of Lieutenant Coleman, and all three cheered lustily for the old flag and Sherman Territory.

off, for they brought with them two rabbits and a bag of chestnuts, and appetites sharpened by exercise in the keen air.

Philip made the stew and Bromley fried two chickens of their own raising, one after the

other, on a half canteen, and the potatoes left to themselves burst their jackets in the ashes with impatience to be eaten. Each man made his own coffee in his own blackened tin cup, and drank it with a keener relish because it was near the last of their commissary stock.

While they were eating and drinking within, the sky without had become thick with clouds blown up on the east wind, so that when they looked out at the door, they saw Tumbler, the bear, who also had been stuffing himself with acorns and ants which he had pawed out of a rotten log, rolling home for shelter.

There was yet time before the storm broke, and away they went up the hill as happy as lords, to load themselves with dead chestnut limbs and a few resinous sticks of fat pine; and when night came, and with it the rain, there was a warm fire in the new chimney, and a stick of light-wood thrust behind the back log lighted the interior of the house with a good forty-adamantine-candle power. Tumbler lay rolled up in his favorite corner, blinking his small eyes at the unusual light, and from time to time he passed his furry paw over his sharp nose, and gave forth a low grunt of satisfaction. Philip sat against the chimney opposite Tumbler, stirring chestnuts in the ashes with a ramrod, while Bromley put away the last of the supper things, and Lieutenant Coleman gazed out of the open window into the slanting rain, which beat a merry tattoo on the shingles, and tossed at intervals a sturdy drop on the hissing fire.

It was certainly not the cheerful interior beaming with light and heat that turned Lieutenant Coleman's thoughts back to the dark cloud of disasters which had overwhelmed the National arms; it might have been the dismal outlook from the square window into the darkness and the storm. At all events, he turned abruptly about as if a new idea had struck him.

"George," he exclaimed, with conviction, "it all began with the death of Uncle Billy."

"So it did," said Bromley; "and after Sherman's army was out of the way, Johnston probably joined his forces with Hood, defeated Thomas, and re-took Chattanooga. He could hardly have accomplished all that by August 20, but his cavalry must have struck our line of stations on that date."

"Exactly so, George," Lieutenant Coleman responded. "If they had captured the Tenth Station alone, with Captain Swann, the line would have been useless, and no further messages could have reached us. If Swann had found the line broken behind him, he would certainly have flagged that news to me without delay."

"Well, what 's the odds?" said Philip, drawing his chestnuts out upon the hearthstone. "The jig was up and Captain Swann knew it. If they had taken any station this side of the tenth mountain, the effect to us would have been the same."

"So it would," said Lieutenant Coleman sadly, turning again to look out into the storm—"so it would."

"It is a blessing that we are ignorant of some things that have happened," said Bromley, who was disposed to look on the dark side. "Well," he continued, "if the Rebs conquer everything they can turn the Northern States back into Territories, and carry slavery into Massachusetts."

"Bah!" exclaimed Philip. "To think of the Territory of Ohio! The Territory of Pennsylvania! The Territory of New York!"

"Don't, Philip, don't; I can't bear it!" said Lieutenant Coleman; "it is all too humiliating to think of! Imagine it! The Emancipation Proclamation is not worth the paper it is written on!"

"We made a wise choice when we determined to stay on this mountain and form a new nation," Bromley declared.

And they all cried "Three cheers for SHERMAN TERRITORY."

(To be continued.)

MASTER SKYLARK.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

[*Began in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XV.

LONDON TOWN.

"COME," growled the blacksmith, gripping his tongs, "what wilt thou have o' the lad?"

"What will I have o' the lad?" said Master Carew, mimicking the blacksmith in a most comical way, with a wink at the crowd, as if he had never been angry at all, so quickly could he change his face—"What will I have o' the lad?" and all the crowd laughed. "Why, bless thy gentle heart, good man, I want to turn his farthings into round gold crowns—if thou and thine infernal hot shoe do not make zanies of us all! Why, Master Smith, 't is to London town I 'd take him, and fill his hands with more silver shillings than there be cast-off shoes in thy whole shop."

"La, now, harken till him!" gaped the smith, staring in amazement.

"And here thou needs must up and spoil it all, because, forsooth, the silly child goes a trifle sick for home and whimpers for his minnie!"

"But the lad saith thou hast stolen him awa-ay from 's ho-ome," rumbled the smith, like a doubtful earthquake; "and we 'll ha' no stealing o' lads awa-ay from ho-ome in County Herts!"

"Nay, that we won't!" cried one. "Hurrah, John Smith—fair play, fair play!" and there came an ugly, threatening murmur from the crowd.

"What! Fair play?" cried Master Carew, turning so sharply about, with his hand upon his poniard, that each made as if it were not he but his neighbor had growled. "Why, sirs, what if I took any one of ye out of your poverty and common clothes down into London town, horseback like a king, and had ye sing before the Queen, and play for earls, and talk with the highest dames in all the land; and fed ye well,

and spoke ye fair, and lodged ye soft, and clad ye fine, and wrought the whole town on to cheer ye, and to fill your purses full of gold? What, sir," said he, turning to the gaping farrier—"what if I promised thee to turn thine every word to a silver sixpence, and thy smutty grins to golden angels—what wouldst thou? Knock me in the head with thy dirty sledge, and bawl foul play?"

"Nay, that I 'd not," roared the burly smith, with a stupid, ox-like grin, scratching his tousled head; "I 'd say, 'Go it, bully, and a plague on him that said thee nay!'"

"And yet when I would fill this silly fellow's jerkin full of good gold Harry shovel-boards for the simple drawing of his breath, ye bawl 'Foul play!'"

"What, here! come out, lad," roared the smith, with a great horse-laugh, swinging Nick forward and thwacking him jovially between the shoulders with his brawny hand; "come out, and go along o' the master here,—'t is for thy good,—and ho-ome wull keep, I trow, till thou dost come again."

But Nick hung back, and clung to the blacksmith's grimy arm, crying in despair: "I will na—oh, I will na!"

"Tut, tut!" cried Master Carew. "Come, Nicholas; I mean thee well, I 'll speak thee fair, and I 'll treat thee true"—and he smiled so frankly that even Nick's doubts almost wavered. "Come, I'll swear it on my hilt," said he.

The smith's brow clouded. "Nay," said he; "we 'll no swearing by hilts or by holies here; the bailiff will na have it, sir."

"Good! then upon mine honour as an Englishman!" cried Carew. "What, how, bullies? Upon mine honour as an Englishman!—how is it? Here we be, all Englishmen together!"—and he clapped his hand to Will Hostler's shoulder, whereat Will stood up

very straight and looked around, as if all at once he were somebody, instead of somewhat less than nobody at all of any consequence; "What!—ye are all for fair play?—and I am for fair play, and good Master Smith, with his beautiful shoe, here, is for fair play! Why, sirs, my bullies, we are all for fair play; and what more can a man ask than good, downright English fair play? Nothing, say I. Fair play first, last, and all the time!"—and he waved his hand. "Hurrah for downright English fair play!"

"Hurrah, hurrah!" bellowed the crowd, swept along like bubbles in a flood. "Fair play, says we—English fair play—hurrah!" And those inside waved their hands, and those that were outside tossed up their caps, in sheer delight of good fair play.

"Hurrah, my bullies! That 's the cry!" said Carew, in his hail-fellow-well-met, royal way. "Why, we 're the very best of fellows, and the very fastest friends! Come, all to the old Three Lions inn, and douse a can of brown March brew at my expense. To the Queen, to good fair play, and to all the fine fellows in Albans town!"

And what did the crowd do but raise a shout, like a parcel of school-boys loosed for a holiday, and troop off to the Three Lions inn at Master Carew's heels, Will Hostler and the brawny smith bringing up the rear with Nick between them, hand to collar, half forgotten by the rest, and his heart too low for further grief.

And while the crowd were still roaring over their tankards and cheering good fair play, Master Gaston Carew up with his prisoner into the saddle, and, mounting himself, with the bandy-legged man grinning opposite, shook the dust of old St. Albans from his horse's heels.

"Now, Nicholas Attwood," said he, grimly, as they galloped away, "hark 'e well to what I have to say, and do not let it slip thy mind. I am willed to take thee to London town—dost mark me?—and to London town thou shalt go, warm or cold. By the whistle of the Lord High Admiral, I mean just what I say! So thou mayst take thy choice."

He griped Nick's shoulder as they rode, and glared into his eyes as if to sear them with his

own. Nick heard his poniard grating in its sheath, and shut his eyes so that he might not see the master-player's horrid stare; for the opening and shutting, opening and shutting, of the blue lids made him shudder.

"And what 's more," said Carew, sternly, "I shall call thee Master Skylark from this time forth—dost hear? And when I bid thee go, thou 'lt go; and when I bid thee come, thou 'lt come; and when I say, 'Here, follow me!' thou 'lt follow like a dog to heel!" He drew up his lip until his white teeth showed, and Nick, hearing them gritting together, shrank back dismayed.

"There!" laughed Carew, scornfully. "He that knows better how to tame a vixen or to cozen a pack of gulls, now let him speak!" and said no more until they passed by Chipping Barnet. Then, "Nick," said he, in a quiet, kindly tone, as if they had been friends for years, "this is the place where Warwick fell"; and pointed down the field. "There in the corner of that croft they piled the noble dead like corn upon a threshing-floor. Since then," said he, with quiet irony, "men have stopped making English kings as the Dutch make dolls, of a stick and a poll thereon."

Pleased with hearing his own voice, he would have gone on with many another thing; but seeing that Nick listened not at all to what he said, he ceased, and rode on silently or chatting with the others.

The country through Middlesex was in most part flat, and heavy forests overhung the road from time to time. There the players slipped their poniards, and rode with rapier in hand; for many a dark deed and cruel robbery had been done along this stretch of Watling Street. And as they passed, more than one dark-visaged rogue with branded hand and a price upon his head peered at them from the copses by the way.

In places where the woods crept very near they pressed closer together and rode rapidly; and the horse-boy and the grooms lit up the matches of their pistols, and laid their harquebuses ready in rest, and blew the creeping sparkle snapping red at every turn; not so much really fearing an attack upon so stout a party of reckless, dashing blades, as being over-

awed by the great, mysterious silence of the forest, the semi-twilight all about, and the cold, strange-smelling wind that fanned their faces.

The wild spattering of hoofs in water-pools that lay unsucked by the sun in shadowy



"EVERY OLD SOLDIER WAS TO NICK'S EYES A POSSIBLE HERO."

stretches, the grim silence of the riders, and the wary eying of each covert as they passed, sent a thrill of excitement into Nick's heart too keen for any boy to resist.

Then, too, it was no everyday tale to be stolen away from home. It was a wild, strange thing with a strange, wild sound to it, not altogether terrible or unpleasant to a brave boy's ears in that wonder-filled age, when all the world was turned adventurer, and England led the fore; when Francis Drake and the "Golden Hind," John Hawkins and the "Victory," Frobisher and his cockleshells, were gossip for every English fireside; when the whole world

rang with English steel, and the wide sea foamed with English keels, and the air was full of the blaze of the living and the ghosts of the mighty dead. And down in Nick's plucky young English heart there came a spark like that which burns in the soul of a mariner when for the first time an unknown sea rolls on before his eyes.

Every old soldier they met upon the road was to Nick's eyes a possible hero coming from the conquest of barbaric regions; and he gazed curiously at the battered arms and bronzed faces.

So he rode on bravely, filled with a sense of daring and the thrill of perils more remote than Master Carew's altogether too adjacent poniard, as well as with a sturdy determination to escape at the first opportunity, in spite of all the master-player's threats.

Up Highgate Hill they rattled in a bracing northeast wind, the rugged country bowling back against the tumbled sky. Far to south a rusty haze had gloomed against the sun like a midday fog, mile after mile; and suddenly, as they topped the range and cleared the last low hill, they saw a city in the south spreading away until it seemed to Nick to girdle half the world and to veil the sky in a reek of murky sea-coal smoke.

"There!" said Carew, reining in the gray, as Nick looked up and felt his heart almost stand still; "since Parma burned old Antwerp, and the Low Countries are dead, there lies the market-heart of all the big round world!"

"London!" cried Nick; and, catching his breath with a quick gasp, sat speechless, staring.

Carew smiled. "Ay, Nick," said he, cheerily; "'t is London town. Pluck up thine heart, lad, and be no more cast down; there lies a New World ready to thine hand. Thou canst win it if thou wilt. Come, let it be thine Indies, thou Francis Drake, and I thy galleon to carry home the spoils! And cheer up. It grieves my heart to see thee sad. Be merry for my sake."

"For thy sake?" gasped Nick, staring blankly in his face. "Why, what hast thou done for me?" A sudden sob surprised him, and he clenched his fists—it was too cruel

irony. "Why, sir, if thou wouldst only leave me go!"

"Tut, tut!" cried Carew, angrily. "Still harping on that same old string? Why, from thy waking face I thought thou hadst dropped it long ago. Let thee go? Not for all the wealth in Lombard Street! Dost think me a goose-witted gull?—and dost ask what I have done for thee? Thou simpleton! I have made thee rise above the limits of thy wildest dream—have shod thy feet with gold—have filled thy lap with glory—have crowned thine head with fame! And yet, 'What have I done for thee?' Fie! Thou art a stubborn-hearted little fool. But, marry come up! I'll mend thy mind. I'll bend thy will to suit my way, or break it in the bending!"

Clapping his hand upon his poniard, he turned his back, and did not speak to Nick again.

And so they came down the Kentish Town road through a meadow-land threaded with flowing streams, the wild hill thickets of Hampstead Heath to right, the huddling villages of Islington, Hoxton, and Clerkenwell to left. And as they passed through Kentish Town, past Primrose Hill into Hampstead way, solitary farm-houses and lowly cottages gave way to burgher dwellings in orderly array, with manor-houses here and there, and in the distance palaces and towers reared their heads above the crowding chimney-pots.

Then the players dressed themselves in fair array, and flung their banners out, and came through Smithfield to Aldersgate, mocking the grim old gibbet there with railing gaiety; and through the gate rode into London town, with a long, loud cheer that brought the people crowding to their doors, and set the shutters creaking everywhere.

Nick was bewildered by the countless shifting gables and the throngs of people flowing onward like a stream, and stunned by the roar that seemed to boil out of the very ground. The horses' hoofs clashed on the unevenly paved street with a noise like a thousand smithies. The houses hung above him till they almost hid the sky, and seemed to be reeling and ready to fall upon his head when he looked up; so that he urged the little roan with his uneasy

heels, and wished himself out of this monstrous ruck where the walls were so close together that there was not elbow-room to live, and the air seemed only heat, thick and stifling, full of dust and smells.

Shop after shop, and booth on booth, until Nick wondered where the gardens were; and such a maze of lanes, byways, courts, blind alleys, and passages that his simple country footpath head went all into a tangle, and he could scarcely have told Tottenham Court Road from the River Thames.

All that he remembered afterward was that, turning from High Holborn into the Farringdon road, he saw a great church, under Ludgate Hill, with spire burned and fallen and its massive tower, black with age and smoke, staring on the town. But he was too confused to



"LET ME OUT!" HE CRIED, BEATING UPON THE DOOR. "LET ME OUT, I SAY!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

know whither they went or what he saw in passing; for of such a forest of houses he had never even dreamed; with people swarming everywhere like ants upon a hill; and among them all not one kind face he knew. Through

the spirit of adventure that had roused him for a time welled up a great heart-sickness for his mother and his home.

Out of a bewildered daze he came at last to realize this much: that the master-player's house was very tall and very dark, standing in a dismal, dirty street, and that it had a gloomy hallway full of shadows that crept and wavered along the wall in the dim light of the late afternoon.

Then the master-player pushed him up a narrow staircase and along a black corridor to a door at the end of the passage, through which he thrust him into a darkness like night, and slammed the door behind him.

Nick heard the bolts shoot heavily, and Master Carew call through the heavy panels: "Now, Jackanapes, sit down and chew the cud of solitude awhile. It may cool thy silly pate for thee, since nothing else will serve. When thou hast found thy common sense, perchance thou'lt find thy freedom, not before." Then his step went down the corridor, down the stair, through the long hall—a door banged with a hollow sound that echoed through the house, and all was still.

At first, in the utter darkness, Nick could not see at all, and did not move for fear of falling down some awful hole; but as his eyes grew used to the gloom he saw that he was in a little room. The only window was boarded up, but a dim light crept in through narrow cracks and made faint bars across the air. Little motes floated up and down these thin blue bars, wavering in the uncertain light and then lost in the darkness. Upon the floor was a pallet of straw, covered with a coarse sheet, and having a rough coverlet of sheepskin. A round log was the only pillow.

Something moved. Nick, startled, peered into the shadows: it was a strip of ragged tapestry which fluttered on the wall. As he watched it flapping fitfully there came a hollow rattle in the wainscot, and an uncanny sound like the moaning of wind in the chimney.

"Let me out!" he cried, beating upon the door. "Let me out, I say!" A stealthy footstep seemed to go away outside. "Mother, mother!" he cried shrilly, now quite unstrung by fright, and beat frantically upon the door

until his hands ached; but no one answered. The window was beyond his reach. Throwing himself upon the hard pallet, he hid his eyes in the coverlet, and cried as if his heart would break.

CHAPTER XVI.

MA'M'SELLE CICELY CAREW.

How long he lay there in a stupor of despair Nick Attwood never knew. It might have been days, or weeks, for all that he took heed; for he was thinking of his mother, and there was no room for more.

The night passed by. Then the day came, by the lines of light that crept across the floor. The door was opened, at his back, and a trencher of bread and meat thrust in. He did not touch it, and the rats came out of the wall and pulled the meat about, and gnawed holes in the bread, and squeaked, and ran along the wainscot; but he did not care.

The afternoon dragged slowly by, and the creeping light went up the wall until the roofs across the street shut out the sunset. Sometimes Nick waked and sometimes he slept, he scarce knew which nor cared; nor did he hear the bolts grate cautiously, or see the yellow candle-light steal in across the gloom.

"Boy!" said a soft little voice.

He started up and looked around.

For an instant he thought that he was dreaming, and was glad to think that he would waken by and by from what had been so sad a dream, and find himself safe in his own little bed in Stratford town. For the little maid who stood in the doorway was such a one as his eyes had never looked upon before.

She was slight and graceful as a lily of the field, and her skin was white as the purest wax, save where a damask rose-leaf red glowed through her cheeks. Her black hair curled about her slender neck. Her gown was crimson, slashed with gold, cut square across the breast and simply made, with sleeves just elbow-long, wide-mouthed, and lined with creamy silk. Her slippers, too, were of crimson silk, high-heeled, jaunty bits of things; her silken stockings black. In one hand she held a tall brass candlestick, and through the fingers of

the other the candle-flame made a ruddy glow like the sun in the heart of a hollyhock. And in the shadow of her hand her eyes looked out, as Nick said long afterward, like stars in a summer night.

Thinking it was all a dream, he sat and stared at her.

"Boy!" she said again, quite gently, but with a quaint little air of reproof, "where are thy manners?"

Nick got up quickly and bowed as best he knew how. If not a dream, this was certainly a princess — and perchance — his heart leaped up — perchance she came to set him free! He wondered who had told her of him? Diccon Field, perhaps, whose father had been Simon Attwood's partner till he died, last Michaelmas. Diccon was in London now, printing books, he had heard. Or maybe it was John, Hal Saddle's older brother. No, it could not be John, for John was with a carrier; and Nick had doubts if carriers were much acquainted at court.

Wondering, he stared, and bowed again.

"Why, boy," said she, with a quaint air of surprise, "thou art a very pretty fellow! Why, indeed, thou lookest like a good boy! Why wilt thou be so bad and break my father's heart?"

"Break thy father's heart?" stammered Nick. "Pr'ythee, who is thy father, Mistress Princess?"

"Nay," said the little maid simply; "I am no princess. I am Cicely Carew."

"Cicely Carew?" cried Nick, clenching his fists. "Art thou the daughter of that wicked man, Gaston Carew?"

"My father is not wicked!" said she, passionately, drawing back from the threshold with her hand trembling upon the latch. "Thou shalt not say that — I will not speak with thee at all!"

"I do na care! If Master Gaston Carew is thy father, he is the wickedest man in the world!"

"Why, fie, for shame!" she cried, and stamped her little foot. "How darest thou say such a thing?"

"He hath stolen me from home," exclaimed Nick indignantly; "and I shall never see my

mother any more!" With that he choked, and hid his face in his arm against the wall.

The little maid looked at him with an air of troubled surprise, and coming into the room, touched him on the arm. "There," she said soothingly; "don't cry!" and stroked him gently as one would a little dog that was hurt. "My father will send thee home to thy mother, I know; for he is very kind and good. Some one hath lied to thee about him."

Nick wiped his swollen eyes dubiously upon his sleeve; yet the little maid seemed positive. Perhaps, after all, there was a mistake somewhere.

"Art hungry, boy?" she asked suddenly, spying the empty trencher on the floor. "There is a pasty and a cake in the buttery, and thou shalt have some of it if thou wilt not cry any more. Come, I cannot bear to see thee cry — it makes me weep myself; and that will blear mine eyes, and father will feel bad."

"If he but felt as bad as he hath made me feel —" began Nick wrathfully; but she laid her little hand across his mouth. It was a very white, soft, sweet little hand.

"Come," said she; "thou art hungry, and it hath made thee cross!" — and with no more ado, took him by the hand and led him down the corridor into a large room where the last daylight shone with a smoky glow.

The walls were wainscoted with many panels, dark, old, and mysterious; and in a burnished copper brazier at the end of the room cinnamon, rosemary, and bay were burning with a pleasant smell. Along the walls were joined-work chests for linen and napery, of brass-bound oak — one a black, old, tragic sea-chest, carved with grim faces and weird griffins, that had been cast up by the North Sea from the wreck of a Spanish galleon of war. The floor was waxed in the French fashion, and was so smooth that Nick could scarcely keep his feet. The windows were high up in the wall, with their heads among the black roof-beams, which with their grotesquely carved brackets were half lost in the dusk. Through the windows Nick could see nothing but a world of chimneys.

"Is London town all smoke-pipes?" he asked confusedly.

"Nay," replied the little maid; "there are people."

Pushing a chair up to the table, she bade him sit down. Then pulling a tall, curiously-made stool to the other side of the board, she perched herself upon it like a fairy upon a blade of grass. "Greg!" she called imperiously, "Greg! What, how! Gregory Goole, I say!"

"Yes, ma'm'selle," replied a hoarse voice without; and through a door at the further end of the room came the bandy-legged man with the bow of crimson ribbon in his ear.

Nick turned a little pale; and when the fellow saw him sitting there, he came up hastily, with a look like a crock of sour milk. "Tut, tut! ma'm'selle," said he; "Master Carew will not like this."

She turned upon him with an air of dainty scorn. "Since when hath father left his wits to thee, Gregory Goole? I know his likes as well as thou—and it likes him not to let this poor boy starve, I'll warrant. Go, fetch the pasty and the cake that are in the buttery, with a glass of cordial,—the Certosa cordial,—and that in the shaking of a black sheep's tail, or I will tell my father what thou wottest of." And she looked the very picture of diminutive severity.

"Very good, ma'm'selle; just as ye say," said Gregory, fawning, with very poor grace, however. "But, knave," he snarled, as he turned away, with a black scowl at Nick, "if thou dost venture on any of thy scurvy pranks while I be gone, I'll break thy pate."

Cicely Carew knitted her brows. "That is a saucy rogue," said she; "but he hath served my father well. And, what is much in London town, he is an honest man withal, though I have caught him at the Spanish wine behind my father's back; so he doth butter his tongue with smooth words when he hath speech with me, for I am the lady of the house." She held up her head with a very pretty pride. "My mother—"

Nick caught his breath and his eyes filled.

"Nay, boy," said she, gently; "'t is I should weep, not thou; for *my* mother is dead. I do not think I ever saw her that I know," she went on musingly; "but she was a Frenchwoman who served a murdered queen, and she

was the loveliest woman that ever lived." Cicely clasped her hands and moved her lips. Nick saw that she was praying, and bent his head.

"Thou art a good boy," she said softly; "my father will like that"; and then went quietly on: "That is why Gregory Goole doth call me 'ma'm'selle'—because my mother was a Frenchwoman. But I am a right English girl for all that; and when they shout, 'God save the Queen!' at the play, why, I do, too! And oh, boy," she cried, "it is a brave thing to hear!" and she clapped her hands with sparkling eyes. "It drove the Spaniards off the sea, my father oftentimes saith."

"Poh!" said Nick, stoutly, for he saw the pasty coming in, "they can na beat us Englishmen!" and with that fell upon the pasty as if it were the Spanish Armada in one lump and he Sir Francis Drake set on to do the job alone.

As he ate his spirits rose again, and he almost forgot that he was stolen from his home, and grew eager to be seeing the wonders of the great town whose ceaseless roar came over the housetops like a distant storm. He was still somewhat in awe of this beautiful, flower-like little maid, and listened in shy silence to the wonderful tales she told: how that she had seen the Queen, who had red hair, and pearls like gooseberries on her cloak; and how the court went down to Greenwich. But the bandy-legged man kept popping his head in at the door, and, after all, Nick was but in a prison-house; so he grew quite dismal after a while.

"Dost truly think thy father will leave me go?" he asked.

"Of course he will," said she. "I cannot see why thou dost hate him so?"

"Why, truly," hesitated Nick, "perhaps it is not thy father that I hate, but only that he will na leave me go. And if he would but leave me go, perhaps I'd love him very much indeed."

"Good, Nick! thou art a trump!" cried Master Carew's voice suddenly from the further end of the hall, where in spite of all the candles it was dark; and, coming forward, the master-player held out his hands in a most genial way. "Come, lad, thy hand—'t is spoken like a gentleman. Nay, I will kiss thee

—for I love thee, Nick, upon my word and on the remnant of mine honour!" Taking the boy's half-unwilling hands in his own, he stooped and kissed him upon the forehead.

"Father," said Cicely, gravely, "hast thou forgotten me?"

twined her arms about his neck and then lay back with her head upon his shoulder, purring like a kitten in his arms.

"Father," said she, patting his cheek, "some one hath told him naughty things of thee. Come, daddy, say they are not so!"



"CICELY DARTED TO HIS SIDE WITH A FRIGHTENED CRY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Nay, sweetheart, nay," cried Carew, with a wonderful laugh that somehow warmed the cockles of Nick's forlorn heart; and turning quickly, the master-player caught up the little maid and kissed her again and again, so tenderly that Nick was amazed to see how one so cruel could be so kind, and how so good a little maid could love so bad a man; for she

The master-player's face turned red as flame. He coughed and looked up among the roof-beams. "Why, of course they 're not," said he, uneasily.

"There, boy!" cried she; "I told thee so. Why, daddy, think!—they said that thou hadst stolen him away from his own mother, and would not leave him go!"

"Hollo!" ejaculated the master-player abruptly, with a quiver in his voice; "what a hole thou hast made in the paste, Nick!"

"Ah, daddy," persisted Cicely, "and what a hole it would make in his mother's heart if he had been stolen away!"

"Wouldst like another draught of cordial, Nick?" cried Carew hurriedly, reaching out for the tall flagon with a trembling hand. "'T is good to cheer the troubled heart, lad. Not that thou hast any reason in the world to let thy heart be troubled," he added hastily. "No, indeed, upon my word; for thou art on the doorstep of a golden-lined success. See, Nick, how the light shines through!" and he tilted up the flagon. "It is one of old Jake Ves-saline's Murano-Venetian glasses; a beautiful thing, now, is it not? 'T is good as any made abroad!" but his hand was shaking so that half the cordial missed the cup and ran into a little shimmering pool upon the table-top.

"And thou 'lt send him home again, daddy, wilt thou not?"

"Yes, yes, of course—why, to be sure—we 'll send him anywhere that thou dost say, Golden-heart: to Persia or Cathay—ay, to the far side of the green-cheese moon, or to the court of Tamburlaine the Great," and he laughed a quick, dry, nervous laugh that had no laughter in it. "I had one of De Lannoy's red Bohemian bottles, Nick," he rattled on feverishly; "but that butter-fingered rogue"—he nodded his head at the outer stair—"dropped it, smash! and made a thousand most counterfeit four-pences out of what cost me two pound sterling."

"But will ye truly leave me go, sir?" faltered Nick.

"Why, of course—to be sure—yes, certainly—yes, yes. But, Nick, it is too late this night. Why, come, thou couldst not go to-night. See, 't is dark, and thou a stranger in the town. 'T is far to Stratford town—thou couldst not walk it, lad; there will be carriers anon. Come, stay a while with Cicely and me—we will make thee a right welcome guest!"

"That we will," cried Cicely, clapping her hands. "Oh, do stay; I am so lonely here! The maid is silly, Margot old, and the rats run in the wall."

"And thou must to the theater, my lad, and

sing for London town—ay, Nicholas," and Carew's voice rang proudly. "The highest heads in London town must hear that voice of thine, or I shall die unshrift. What! lad?—come all the way from Coventry, and never show that face of thine, nor let them hear thy skylark's song? Why, 't were a shame! And, Nick, my lord the Admiral shall hear thee sing when he comes home again; perchance the Queen herself. Why, Nick, of course thou 'lt sing. Thou hast not heart to say thou wilt not sing—even for me whom thou hatest."

Nick smiled in spite of himself, for Cicely was leaning on the arm of his chair, devouring him with her great dark eyes. "Dost truly, truly sing?" she asked.

Nick laughed and blushed, and Carew laughed. "What, doth he sing? Why, Nick, come, tune that skylark note of thine for little Golden-heart and me. 'T will make her think she hears the birds in verity—and, Nick, the lass hath never seen a bird that sang, except within a cage. Nay, lad, this is no cage!" he cried, as Nick looked about and sighed. "We will make it very home for thee—will Cicely and I."

"That we will!" cried Cicely. "Come, boy, sing for me—my mother used to sing."

At that Gaston Carew went white as a sheet, and put his hand quickly up to his face. Cicely darted to his side with a frightened cry, and caught his hand away. He tried to smile, but it was a ghastly attempt. "Tush, tush! little one; 't was something stung me!" said he, huskily. "Sing, Nicholas, I beg of thee!"

There was such a sudden world of weariness and sorrow in his voice that Nick felt a pity for he knew not what, and lifting up his clear young voice, he sang the quaint old madrigal.

Carew sat with his face in his hand, and after it was done arose unsteadily and said, "Come, Golden-heart, 't is music such as charmeth care and lureth sleep out of her dark valley—we must be trotting off to bed."

That night Nick slept upon a better bed, with a sheet and a blue serge coverlid, and a pillow stuffed with chaff.

But as he drifted off into a troubled dream-land, he heard the door-bolt throb into its socket, and knew that he was fastened in.

JED'S WINDMILL.

BY GRACE WICKHAM CURRAN.

"Now, Jed, my boy, you must take good care of mother and Amy while I am gone. You are getting to be such a man that I don't mind the long months away so much as I used to. It will be a good many weeks yet before the cold weather sets in, and you will have time to get everything about the place snug."

The old "buntz" was slowly making its way through the little cove, and up the river mouth, propelled by the strong strokes of the father's oars, and by the weaker ones of those held by the boy.

It was the first of September, and Jed Benson's father was on his way to join a party of men bound for a lumbering camp in northern Michigan.

"Don't worry about us, father," replied Jed, bravely; "but I do wish you could have found a job in some camp nearer home."

"Yes, I wish so, too; it is a long way to go. They are cutting so little timber around here just now that the jobs are not very steady, and the boys say that this means work for all winter, so we must be thankful for what we have."

"The worst part of it all, father, is having you gone so long. It will be terribly lonesome."

Just then Jed's oar "caught a crab," and perhaps that was the explanation of the big drop of water which splashed down on the back of his small, brown hand. At any rate, he pulled with such vim for the next few minutes that they soon came alongside the high dock, and after a word or two of good-by, the father clambered up, and Jed turned the boat and headed her back down the river.

The journey home was much slower than the trip down had been, and it was long past noon before the flat bottom of the buntz grated on the pebbly strip at the water's edge, and Jed jumped out, and drew the boat up high and dry on the beach.

The shore at this point was wide and sandy, and back of it the bank rose abruptly. As far as the eye could see along the bank in both directions, pine trees rose straight and tall, an even, monotonous growth. Here, on this western shore of Lake Huron, in a rough, unpainted, weatherbeaten house, with the blue waters of the lake in front, and miles of pine forest stretching away behind, Jed Benson had lived his short eleven years. A dreary, lonely, monotonous life? Yes; in a way perhaps it was; and yet there are few boys who lead busier or even happier lives than did Jed.

The summers were long, delightful periods of enchantment, from the time when, a tiny little fellow, he had played in the yellow sands, to the later years when he had grown strong and experienced enough to be trusted with the old buntz, a pair of oars, and fishing-tackle. In the long summer evenings his father told stories of his winter's experiences in the lumbering-camps, and at the same time kept his hands busy whittling out curious and ingenious toys.

Although Jed had never been to school he had learned to read, and he owned three books which he had hunted out from a box of old books and papers in the attic—a Webster's Dictionary, an old "Natural Philosophy" written for beginners and full of experiments, and a much worn copy of Andersen's Fairy Tales.

From the dictionary he had learned to spell, and to study out the meanings of words. The Philosophy was a wonderful mine of knowledge—and the fairy tales—ah! those he had read and re-read till he knew them nearly by heart.

Friends of his own age he had none, it is true, but not having known such companionship, he had never missed it.

The spring when Jed was five years old his father had whittled out for him a little wooden windmill and had fastened it to a stout stick

firmly set up on the bank in front of the house overlooking the shore and lake. By the end of the first summer it had grown to be one of the belongings of the place, and when Jed went to play in the sand or to wade along the water's edge, he felt that it protected him in

warm and comfortable, and Jed was sure that it sometimes waved its arms gratefully toward him.

As a result of the close companionship which thus sprang up between Jed and his windmill, and from his life in the open air, Jed in time



"JED'S FATHER HAD WHITTLED OUT FOR HIM A LITTLE WOODEN WINDMILL."

some way,—at least, he thought he was always safe if he were in sight of it.

In the fall Jed used to stand at the window and watch with great delight the mad whirling of its arms; but one night, during a heavy northeaster, he lay awake a long time listening to the pitiful creaking of the windmill, and in the morning he found two little arms lying broken on the ground, from the force of the storm. This was more than his tender heart could bear. Jed's father mended the broken arms, but Jed felt he had been thoughtless.

So after that the little windmill was carefully taken down each fall when the winds began to blow cold, and put up in a sheltered place under the eaves of the porch, where it looked

grew to be quite a reliable weather prophet, and if any one had asked him to explain the reasons for the morning lake-breeze, the evening land-breeze, and the sudden rise of squalls and tempests, he could have done it most intelligently, for he had not conned the old Philosophy in vain, and the chapter on "Winds" was one especially thumbed.

Upon Jed's return from the village on this September morning, he climbed rather listlessly up the bank, tired and warm after the exertion of rowing. His mother was standing by the porch, twisting the wayward branches and tendrils of a hop-vine around the strings that had been stretched for its support from the floor of the porch to the roof.

"Well, mother, father 's gone. It seems dreadfully lonesome already, does n't it?"

"Yes, Jed, we shall be pretty much alone; but we may be thankful if father gets plenty of work — though I do think those Northern woods are dangerous places in dry weather, and I suppose we must expect considerable warm weather the rest of this month. Those forest fires start so easily, and come on so fast, and we have had so little rain. But we won't borrow trouble. We shall have enough to do to make both ends meet while he 's gone. After you cool off, you 'd better bring up a few pails of water for the kitchen. The cistern is so low I am afraid to use it except for drinking-water."

Yes, there was plenty to do — water to carry, fish to catch, and chickens to feed. The work seemed harder than usual, for the heat grew more intense than it had been during the whole summer. Once a week Jed rowed over to the village, two and a half miles away, to see if there were a letter from father, and to bring back the grocery supplies. The last time he went over he had stopped to listen to the men in the store, who were talking over the forest fires which had been and were still raging in various parts of the State. He was fearful of hearing them speak of one in the vicinity where his father was at work; and when he reached home he threw himself down on the ground by the windmill and cried out, "Oh, my little windmill! the winds come and whisper their secrets to you — can't you tell me if father is in any danger? You see, if anything happens to him, I am the only man left to take care of mother and the baby!" But the windmill only turned lazily about, and if it knew any secret, it did not reveal it.

It grew hotter and hotter. The air was thick with the smoke which drifts from the forest fires so many hundreds of miles throughout the whole lake-region. It became almost unendurable to work in the little garden, or to sit out in the boat trying to catch fish. The fish would n't bite; everything seemed languid and depressed.

Even the windmill itself shifted uneasily, turned its arms fitfully about, or stood motionless in the quiet heaviness of the atmosphere.

Every afternoon,—indeed, all day long,—the sun hung like a great copper ball in the heavens, and every evening it disappeared long before the hour of sunset in a dense mass of pink smoke. No rain fell, and more and more frequent became the accounts of fires, in the stray newspapers which Jed brought back from the village.

One day the sun had risen dull and coppery as usual, no breeze had sprung up to relieve the stagnant heat, the windmill stood motionless, and Jed lay on the soft carpet of pine-needles, looking up at the branches of the trees outlined against the sky. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and he was waiting till the cool of the day to row over to the village. Suddenly the arms of the little windmill turned toward the lake, and began to revolve rapidly as a strong, cool breeze set in from the water. The



JED.

air became cleared of smôke, so that for the first time in many days the sun shone brightly.

Jed pondered to himself the reason for this, as he jumped up and ran down the winding steps in the bank to pull the boat higher up on the sand. For days the water had been so smooth and glassy that he had carelessly left the boat lying at the very water's edge to save him-



"SUDDENLY THE ARMS OF THE LITTLE WINDMILL TURNED TOWARD THE LAKE."

self the trouble of dragging it back and forth in the heat.

No storm-clouds were gathering, no squall was threatening—there was not *that* excuse for the breeze which had sprung up so suddenly. All at once a paragraph from the old Philosophy came to him as vividly as if he were reading it from the page itself. "The hot air rising from the land creates a vacuum into which rushes the colder air from just above the water."

"But," thought Jed, "the hot air has been rising from the land for many days, and there has been a little freshening of the air in the middle of the mornings, though nothing like this. What *can* be the reason, unless—" and Jed stood still, his brown, sunburned face almost paling, as the thought in his mind rushed on, wording itself thus: "Unless the forest fires are coming *here*—unless they are closing in upon us!"

A childlike feeling of helplessness came over

him, a longing to run to his mother; but he remembered his father's last words—that he should care for mother and Amy; and the sense of his dignity as a protector brought with it a manly resolve. The desire for sympathy was so strong, however, that he rushed back up the bank and straight to the side of his windmill. Throwing one arm about the staff to which it was fastened, he looked far out on the water, eagerly but vainly scanning the distant horizon for a possible sign of an approaching storm.

"Tell me what it all means, little windmill," he cried. "Show me what is the matter quick enough, so that I can help mother and the baby!"

The arms of the little windmill turned on and on, faster and faster, but its creaking voice said no new thing. Still, Jed's heart grew brave as he stood there, and he began to think and plan.

In his forest home he had read and heard of many great fires, and the cruel details of all these stories crowded into his mind at once.

Whole villages had been overtaken by the flames and destroyed in a few short hours. Families living in the woods had fled from their homes, only to be suffocated by the smoke or killed by falling fire-brands.

"Oh, it is too terrible to think of! And yet, since the windmill has given me a warning, can't I do something to save us all from such a death? I must not frighten mother until I am sure; but I can get everything ready, so that we can fly to the water, our only safety if the fire does come."

So for several hours he ran quickly and quietly about, gathering together whatever things he thought would be useful; and if his mother noticed him at all, she thought only that the fresh breeze from the lake was making him feel better and a little more like working. She sat quietly sewing in the front room, so she did not see him as he hurriedly put into a basket in the kitchen all the food he could find cooked and ready for eating. Shawls and thick coats he tied together, and did not forget a little pillow for the baby to sleep on; for it would be a whole night, and perhaps more than one, which they would be obliged to spend in the boat before they could find some place of shelter. All the valuables which he could not take away, but which he dreaded to think of losing, he carried down to the shore and buried deep in the sand.

Late in the afternoon, when his preparations were nearly completed, he sat down for a few moments to rest near his windmill. It had ceased its turning, and stood quiet; but as he looked at it, it swung slowly first one way and then another, as if reluctant to look away from the beautiful blue waters it had gazed upon so many years. Finally turning its back upon them, it faced landward, and then once more the little arms began to fly, faster and faster,



"FINALLY THE GREAT FLAMES LEAPED FROM TREE-TOP TO TREE-TOP." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and with its turning the hot air, thick with smoke, came sweeping on, choking and stifling everything which drew breath. Jed jumped up

and stood for just a moment, realizing with an overwhelming fear that what he had anticipated had really come, then ran to the house, where on the porch he met his mother, with a look of alarm upon her face.

"What does it mean, Jed?" she cried out.

"It is the fire, mother; the fire we were afraid of for father has come to us. But don't be afraid, mother," as her face turned pale and she caught at the railing; "we will run to the boat, and out on the water we shall be safe."

There was no time for Jed to tell how he had guessed the coming of the fire. Snatching the baby and helplessly looking for a moment round her little home, the mother hastened with him down the bank, and not until his strong young arms had pulled the boat out upon the protecting bosom of the lake did she learn of the precautions, which her brave boy had taken to save their lives and to provide for their comfort.

Once out of danger, Jed looked back for a farewell glance at his windmill, and was glad and proud that it stood with its face to the danger, and glad, too, that the little whirling arms were turned away from him, for he could not have borne the sight of them outstretched toward him, beseeching, imploring him not to desert his little friend and comrade.

Darkness was coming on, so the little party in the boat rowed but a short distance out, and then dropped anchor. The fire came on and on, the smoke rolling out in such dense vol-

umes as almost to blind them for a time, and then lifting to show a dull red glow upon the sky. Nearer and nearer it came; the crackle and roar became louder and louder, and finally great flames leaped from tree-top to tree-top. It was a wonderful, majestic sight, the grandest fireworks little Jed had ever seen; and his childish imagination could not stifle the admiration of it, in spite of the heartbreak at seeing the destruction of his home.

They did not try to row away that night, but sat and watched the fire stretching away along the banks of the lake as far as they could see, and only when its fury had spent itself did they fall asleep.

Early in the morning, when day was just breaking, they awoke and made ready for the long row which lay ahead of them; for it might be many days before they could get beyond the fire-belt and reach kind friends who would succor them.

Turning to look back, they beheld the heap of ruins where their happy home had been, the tall, blackened tree-trunks stretching along the shore as silent indicators of the destruction which the raging fire had left behind. The pole which had borne the windmill stood blackened and charred, and the little arms had dropped at its side. Its short career was over, but not in vain; for was not one boy wiser, stronger, braver, and truer for the lessons which the little windmill had taught him?

And at the last it had saved three lives.

A WINTER DAY.

BY M. L. VAN VORST.

A LINE of white is on the hedge
This shining, sparkling winter's day;
I lean upon the window-ledge
And brush the pretty snow away.

It made the fields and gardens white;
It lies upon the roofs and ground.
It fell so softly in the night,
When I was sleeping safe and sound.

I think I 'll go and get my sled,
My little gloves Grandmother knit,
My cap with tabs, my muffler red—
And try to coast a little bit.

"Go out before it melts away,"
My mother said. I hope she 'll stand
There in the window, while I play,
And smile and nod, and wave her hand.

The Rhyme of the

Drumlie

Drummer



BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

ONCE there was a little boy,
Who in drumming found his joy;
Dawn and daybreak, noon and night,
Drumming was his heart's delight.
When above his task he bent,
"Tum-te-tum," his fingers went;
When at games he smiling sat,
Still they sounded, "Rat, tat, tat."
On the table, on the chair,
On the crystal window fair,
On his book or on his work,
With his spoon or with his fork,
Still this foolish little body
Drummed and drummed, "Te-tum-te-toddy."
If his hands were busied quite,
Still his feet kept up the fight:
"Rumpty tummy, tiddlety tee,
Rumpity-boom-dee-boom-ty-dee."

But one evening, sad to tell,
Something very strange befell.

Suddenly—a dreadful comer—
In there marched the Drumlie Drummer.
Eight feet tall and four feet wide,
Yards of bearskin cap beside.
Armed with drumsticks thick and long,
Made of hardest wood and strong.
Then the youngster's arm seized he;
Said, "My boy, now come with me!
Autumn, winter, spring, and summer,
All your life you've been a drummer;
Now, my little Master Ned,
You shall be a drum, instead!"
Tied his arms, his ankles, too,
With a ribbon broad and blue;
Slung him round his neck. "And now,
Master Ned, I'll show you how."
Marching, marching through the town
Goes the Drummer up and down:
"Tum-te-tum-te-tum-te-tum,"
Goes the dreadful, Nedful drum.
Dangling from the ribbon blue,

Neddy feels the dread tattoo,
"Rumpty-iddity-whango-whack!"
Up and down upon his back.

Neddy's shrieks distract the air,
Yet no creature seems to care;
Father, mother, sister dear,
Pass him by and never hear.
"Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-di-do-dee,
Drumming is the sport for me;
Di-do-di-do, dum-dum-dum!
See my dreadful, Nedful drum.
Tum-tum-tum-tum-tum-tummer —
Here I go, the Drumlíe Drummer.
Little boys who can't keep still,
Come with me and soon you will.

Tumplety-tumplety-tumplety-tee,
Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dee,
Rumpty-iddity-whango-whack,
Up and down upon your back."

When at last unhappy Ned
Woke to find himself in bed,
From his toes up to his crown,
All was black and blue and brown;
And his back did ache, and ache —
Really, truly, fit to break.
Mother, with a plaster hid it —
Said that horrid football did it.
Ned said nothing; but I hear
That he drums no more this year.



ANIMAL TRACKS IN THE SNOW.

BY BARNEY HOSKIN STANDISH.

THERE are three classes of people who are especially interested in animal tracks in the snow: country boys who go cross lots and through woods to school in winter, woodsmen in general, whether hunters, trappers, or lovers of nature, and artists who paint winter landscapes and country scenes. The tracks here represented are copied from nature, with the animal in sight, and are nearly as typical of their kind as the tracks of man are of mankind. In each case they represent the animal as if going up the page, and in each group of tracks the upper or head ones are made by the hind feet (with a possible exception in No. 4). It is with the hind feet upon the ground in front of the fore feet that the animal makes its spring.

The Rabbit sleeps by day in tufts of grasses and brush-piles. At night it comes forth to browse, ornamenting the snow with its almost unchanging groups of footprints. It never walks, but it hops a few inches and jumps several feet. In its jumps one fore foot is placed directly in front of the other, and the hind feet are thrown outside and ahead of them. The fore feet come up, one at a time, as the hind feet go down; and the animal is thus doubled up for the leap. No. 1 represents the tracks.

The Deer is noted for its long leap and the high rate of speed which it is capable of attaining. Unlike the rabbit or the fox, it has hoofs, and a single footprint is not unlike that of the sheep. Its walking-tracks are represented by No. 3. You will observe that they are but slightly spread. No. 2 represents the tracks of its leaps, and of course the forward ones are made by the hind feet.

The Muskrat is more or less active all winter, for it stores no food, but obtains it under the ice. This consists of aquatic plants and their roots. On warm days you may find its

tracks beside the open streams. It is not a good walker—some woodsmen maintain it never walks when traveling. The tracks of its short, slow jump are shown by No. 4.

The Skunk during the colder part of winter remains in its den, which is usually a hollow log or an earth burrow. Long before snow disappears, however, you may expect to find its footprints. It sleeps by day and hunts by night. The tracks made when walking are so wide apart that they appear in two rows, as may be seen by looking at No. 5 held level with the eye. This may be because the skunk's legs are short and its body wide. Although this animal has a wabbling canter, it is slow on foot, and seldom attempts to run when in danger. It has a surer means of self-defense. No. 4 shows the tracks of the short, awkward leap.

The Mink makes its nest in the banks of streams, in hollow logs, and among rocks. Its feet are partly webbed, and it is an excellent swimmer, capable of catching fish. This animal seems, however, incapable of walking, and when on land or ice proceeds by a series of jumps, often so long that you would say it was fleeing from danger. For each jump it leaves but two tracks. This, no doubt, is the result of raising its fore feet, one at a time, and sliding its hind feet under them, as the leap is finished. No. 6 represents the tracks that it leaves in the snow. The Weasel and Ermine make similar tracks.

Squirrels during the coldest weather of winter sleep in their nests in hollow trees, and also in those made of leaves in tree-tops. But on warm, sunshiny days they come forth. Therefore it cannot be truly said that they are hibernating animals. Their fore legs are short compared with their hind ones, and the feet on these legs have but four toes, while their hind ones have five. As they pass from tree to tree in the snow they leave their four-cornered groups

Animal Tracks in the Snow



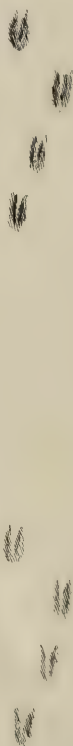
1

Rabbit
Medium speed
Upper tracks
hind feet.



2

Deer,
Cat, or Dog.
High speed.



3

Deer
Walking



4

Muskrat
or Skunk
(slow
lope)



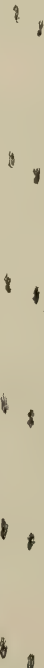
5

Skunk
or Muskrat
walking



6

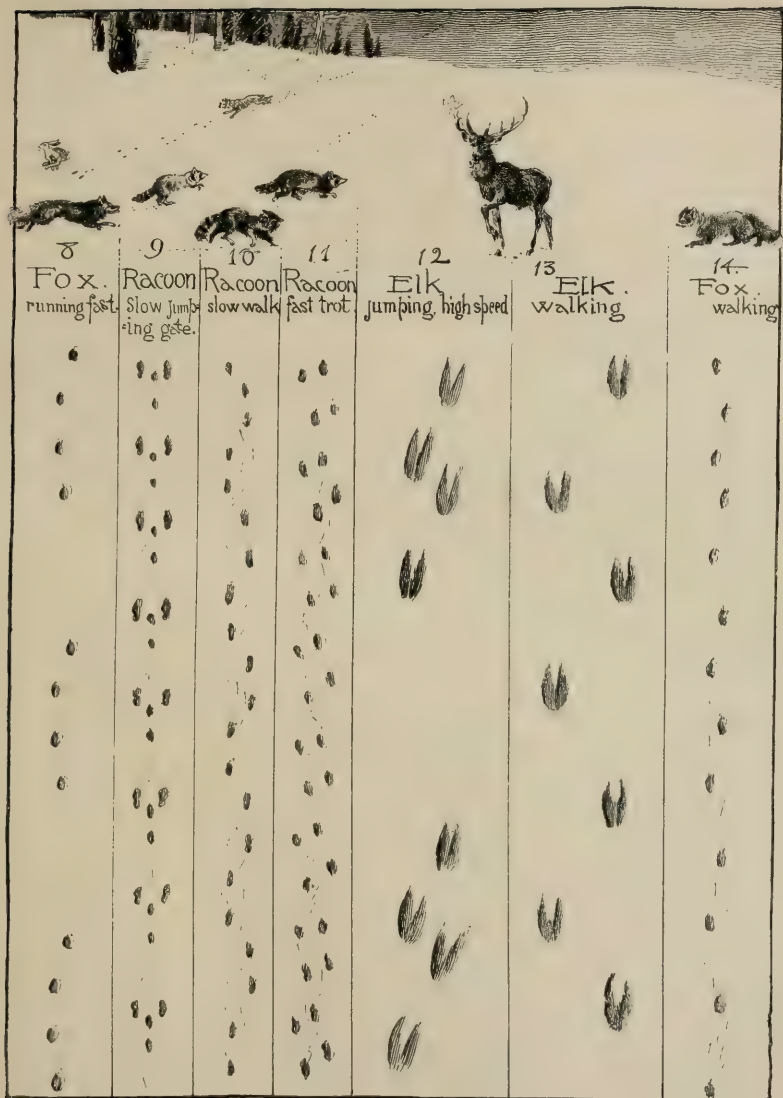
Mink, Weasel,
ermine.
Jumping.
2 tracks
for 4 feet.
Medium speed



7

Squirrel.
Medium rate.
5 toed hind
feet always
in front.
See No 1





of tracks; and you may notice that the five-toed feet make the front tracks. They are larger and wider apart than those of the fore feet.

The Fox is noted for its long leaps and great speed, being able to overtake and devour rabbits, and to escape danger itself when pursued. When walking it puts one foot nearly ahead of another, thus leaving what approaches a single line of tracks. These tracks much resemble those of the domestic cat, and many a hunter has followed the latter, thinking himself in pursuit of Reynard. No. 14 represents the tracks made in walking, and No. 8 those in running. Of course, in the latter figure the forward or upper tracks are made by the hind feet, for it is from these feet he is able to spring so far.

The Raccoon's favorite home is a hollow tree near a stream or body of water. This animal hibernates in winter, but long before the snow is off it is dotted and figured by its feet. Its tracks are along the river and in the gorge by the brook, where it goes to hunt for clams

snails and water-beetles. In fact, it is hungry enough now to eat a dead fish or the bits of the partridge that the owl has left. Its hind feet are shaped much like the feet of a child, but they have long toes. The tracks of these long, wide-spreading toes will not be likely to be distinct in the snow, but in the mud they show plainly. It is not a fast runner, and its lope is somewhat logy. No. 9 represents the foot-prints of its leap at a low rate of speed; No. 10, a slow hunting-walk; and No. 11, a trot.

The Elk, though much smaller and slimmer than a domestic cow, has feet much like hers. Indeed, they are so large that its walking-tracks (No. 13) might be mistaken for those of the tame animal. The elk, however, is capable of long leaps. I have known one to clear twelve feet when hard pressed. No. 12 are typical tracks, but the elk is more apt than the deer to vary from the type. When jumping a stream or object that requires unusual effort, the elk places its feet as the rabbit does (see No. 1).

THE LITTLE FRENCH POODLE.

BY LAURA CATE.

ONE time I saw a little dog.
"Oh, little dog," said I,
"You are the *dearest* little dog!
Now tell me, can you fly?"

The little dog he said: "Oh, yes!"
And jumped right o'er the bench.
Said I: "You clever little dog!"
(I said it, though, in French.)

The little dog he looked at me,
And slyly winked his eye.
I looked at him, and then I laughed;
"You *funny* dog!" said I.

"You're just the smartest little dog
That ever jumped a bench."
The little dog he looked at me,
And wagged his tail (in French).

JUNE'S GARDEN.

BY MARION HILL.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER IX.

RATHER ENCOURAGING.

JUNE took Leila with her, both girls agreeably anxious to find out the reason for Sarah's signal. The rich girl's room was at all times a delightful retreat. It had big arm-chairs, and window-seats, and cozy nooks, and picturesque couches, and everything else that is dear to young persons' hearts. Sarah herself, without her crutch, and in all the glory of a dainty house-gown, in the depths of some cushioned corner, was as pretty a sight as one could wish to see. This particular evening she was radiant with suppressed excitement.

"June, dear, it has come at last!"

"What?" asked June, tucking Leila into a seat.

"Success! I am a 'liter'y character' at last." And she waved a magazine in triumph.

"No! Glory! You don't mean to say that any magazine has published an article of *yours*!" was the unflattering outcome of June's excitement.

"Yes; and I've called you up here to read it to you—that is, if you care to listen," added Sarah shyly.

"Don't I, just?" said cordial June. "But wait a tiny minute";—and she ran out and hung over the banisters.

"Oh, Roy! Roy! Come up here! We're in Sarah's room."

Then she danced back into that sanctum.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Sarah, with every sign of anger.

"I thought that it would be nice for us to hear it all together," replied the unmoved June, with all the innocence of a cherub.

Sarah bit her lip, and Roy lounged in, manifestly ill at ease in the unfamiliar apartment. He sat down in an obscure corner.

Then Sarah began to read, awkwardly at first, but soon losing herself in her own story, and rendering it with the thousand charms of a perfect understanding. It was a direct little tale, as sweet and as sad as a bit of music. But there was no bitterness in it, no unkindness, no complaining—just the strange, deep sadness of life, and of living. Not one of her listeners could stir till it was finished; then a sigh broke from all—a sigh of interest, of approval, of appreciative melancholy.

"You're a genius!" cried June, unstintingly.

"Oh, Sarah, you must read it again to me some time," begged Leila, hungrily.

Their honest praise was sweet to the young author, but she wanted to hear from another—from that silent, sprawling, graceful figure whose face was hidden in the shadow. June bent down and looked in it.

"Roy," she said, betraying him purposely, but in divine kindness—"Roy, you are crying!"

He started to his feet, perhaps to leave the room.

"Oh, Roy, if you are crying, you *must* love me a little, and I love you so much!" Sarah had done with concealment; she wrung her hands in piteous expectation.

At the sound of her voice, Roy turned in a flash, and hurried to her. He knelt beside her and put his curly head in her lap. Sarah's face had the look of an angel as she bent over him.

"Come out of this," commanded June, with decision; and taking Leila by the hand, she drew her quietly home.

The next day was marked by two charming episodes, and was a red-letter day in June's mental calendar. In the morning she slipped over to pay Grandma Bell a short visit. She had not neglected the old lady, running in at odd opportunities, with cheerful anecdotes and bright looks, until the lonely old soul waited for

her sunny visits as the treat of the day. Such a lonely old lady, living under the roof of her son and daughter as might a stranger who was unsought for and unwanted!

This day, when June was stealing up into the attic room, she came again face to face with Mr. Rouncewell, for the first time since their introductory encounter.

"Aha!" he began, gruffly cheerful. "You are the young lady with the weakness for pink, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said June, laughing, and thinking it no harm to encourage an ogre in his pleasant moods.

"I have caught sight of you several times lately, slipping past like a brownie. Where do you go? Upstairs to grandma's room?"

"Yes, sir. Do you call her grandma, too?" asked June.

"Ever since little Willie started it — my little chap! He's dead, you know — and happier; but we miss him — we always shall. Ah! well, well! — but what is the attraction up there? Old trunks, eh?"

"Partly."

"Um; I thought so. Old trunks full of old frippery, eh?"

"There is a faded little dress of *yours*, sir."

"Lord bless me! You don't say so!"

"Yes, sir; and one of your curls, soft and yellow; and a pair of your tiny slippers."

"Well, I never!"

"And she never takes them out or puts them in without kissing them."

"What an extraordinary idea!" fumed Mr. Rouncewell, but dropping his glance rather guiltily.

"And she often tells me of the time she used to teach you to walk, and of how she used to dream that as years went on the places would be changed, and she would lean on your arm instead."

He gave her a look, half distrustful, half anxious to hear some more, and his ruddy face took on a deeper hue.

"Would n't you like to hear her tell it herself?" asked June, pleadingly.

"Well —" was his doubtful rejoinder.

"She is very lonely," continued June, putting her hand fearlessly into his great paw.

"H'm!" he coughed, and it was a sign of tractableness.

"Come on," said June, with a joyous tug, and they ascended the stairs together, his ponderous step almost shaking the foundations.

"Why, John!" exclaimed the old lady, delightedly.

"Well, mother, I've come to see that wonderful party dress of mine, and the curl and the slippers, and all the rest of the treasures."

"Why, John!"

"Not all at once, you know; bit by bit. I can come up here every day for a time; make believe I am a little boy again."

"Why, John!"

It seemed to be all she could say, but she said it with every variety of expression. He patted her awkwardly upon the back.

"This forward young woman spoke as if she half fancied I neglected you," he said, looking at June in mock anger.

"I wholly fancied it," amended June, perfectly undaunted, dancing to the door. "You don't need me to-day, Grandma Bell; for I've heard it all before," she added, leaving Mr. Rouncewell quite ill at ease without her support.

"He's really a dear old thing," she told herself, as she found her way out of the house.

But the wonderful thing happened that night, and happened in her own back parlor. That very useful room was also the dining-room, and she was engaged in setting the tea-table by the flickering firelight. Leila was helping her, happy in being able to recognize the dishes by the feel of them, and taking great delight in accomplishing her task as well as when she had her sight.

"The sumptuous repast is now ready," June heralded. "Tea and bread in abundance, and butter that will have to be carefully eked out or it will not last till Saturday. And it must!" she concluded savagely, stooping down to carress the basking Misfit.

But Leila gave a sudden, terrified little scream, and dropped the saucer she was holding. She pressed her hands to her eyes.

"What's the matter?" cried June anxiously.

"June, I *saw* the firelight!"

"My darling — darling! Can you see again?" June exclaimed tremulously.

"No!" wailed Leila, taking away her hands and peering into the darkness. "But I did, June; indeed I did!"

"My poor little girl! it was, maybe, only your fancy. You can see queer flashes all the time, you know."

"I saw it! I saw it! But it is all gone again. Oh, June, to have it come back for a minute, and then to lose it!" and Leila sobbed.

Leaving the excited child bound by fearful promises to remain calm, June rushed to the oculist's house.

It was not long before she returned, alone but triumphant.

"There was no need for him to come, he said—not to-night, at any rate; that there was nothing to be done but to wait; that you are to be very, very careful; that it may be



"SARAH WAVED A MAGAZINE IN TRIUMPH."

"You are sure you saw?" June demanded.

"Sure! And—and—maybe it is fancy, but I think, now, that I saw you too. You were bending down."

June ran to her, and tied her eyes with a silk handkerchief.

"Don't you dare take that off," she commanded. "You will be putting your head in the grate trying to see again, and with some such bit of foolishness you will ruin everything."

months before you can see again, but that you are a fortunate girl, for your sight will come back to you!"

To keep any sort of control over herself, June raced out into the garden, and hopped about excitedly in the faint moonlight. The glorious perfection of her lilies gave her a sudden resolution.

"Since our luck seems to be coming back to us," she said aloud, "I will make my final

attempt at acquiring a fortune. I will go to the city and try to sell those lilies — *to-morrow!*”

CHAPTER X.

A DISMAL FAILURE.

DEAR me! how easy it was for June to come to that resolution, and what difficult proportions it assumed when she proceeded to carry it out. In the first place, the lilies were very hard to coax into a presentable-looking bundle; lovely they were indeed — but too lovely, with stems a yard long, ending in magnificent clusters of waxy white blooms.

“I’ll look like a Christmas-card!” wailed June, frightened at the showiness of them. It was very early in the morning, and she was all ready to take the first train to San Francisco. Her mother and sister hung about her to give her the comfort of their presence till the last minute.

“If your heart fails you, June,” said Mrs. Miller, anxiously, “or if anybody is rude to you, come right home. We need the money, indeed; but no sum would pay for having your feelings insulted.”

“Yes, ’m,” moaned June, vaguely.

“Oh, I can smell ’em from here, and they’re lovely!” cried Leila. “Do you know, I asked Roy to ask the price of them for me, and he told me that the florists were selling them at five dollars a dozen. Count them, June.”

“Four dozen and a half,” said that mournful young business woman.

“A little more than twenty-two dollars,” said Mrs. Miller, thoughtfully.

“To *buy* them!” cried June, with tragic emphasis.

“Well, say you get only half of that — say you get twelve dollars.”

“Or say I get frightened to death, and am brought home stiff!” was June’s wild assumption. Then she grasped her formidable decorations, and wandered off to the train.

She was miserably conscious of being a conspicuous object, and she suffered tortures during her half-hour’s journey. The intensely strong perfume sickened her, and the sheaf of blossoms distorted itself into the likeness of an

abominably grotesque umbrella which it was impossible to furl.

“If I ever get out of this alive, I’ll never do it again!” she promised herself.

She wondered if everybody did not know her errand, and all its unpleasant details. She flushed at every gaze that fell to her share; and she got all that were going. The more she tried to reassure herself that she was doing a perfectly natural thing, the more flushed and more miserable she got. When she reached the city, she slunk past florist’s after florist’s, positively not daring to go in. Finally she pulled herself together, and administered a sound scolding where it would do most good.

“Look here, June Miller,” she said severely, “if you are going to be an idiot, I will never talk to you again! This thing is n’t pleasant, I know; but business is business, and if you want pay you have got to work: so into the next florist’s you go — the next, mind that!”

She went. The man in charge was not enthusiastic. Yes; he bought flowers sometimes. Yes; the lilies were showy. Were they in demand? Well — only so-so.

“Do you think you would care to take these?” asked June, in conclusion.

“To buy them? Well, money is short now. No; I could n’t really buy them. But I might find some use for them. If you like to leave them —”

“I don’t like,” said June, very sweetly; and she walked out.

Finding that trade had certain exhilarations of its own, she entered the next store quite cheerfully. Something had evidently gone wrong, for the proprietor was puffing around at a great rate.

“What’s all this?” he howled, running unexpectedly into June as he turned a corner.

“Would you like to buy some flowers?” asked she, trying to keep her heart in its proper place.

“No, no, no!” he roared, backing away, as from a pestilence.

June shot out as quickly as she could. “Wow, wow, wow!” she mimicked for her own consolation when she was safely in the street. “What a terrible man!”

She met with every sort of experience except

success. As a rule, people were very kind to her; but as for purchasing her flowers—no, they would not. They grew as heavy as so much iron, too; but June persevered doggedly. At last she entered a little store into which a strangely sad-looking man preceded her. He went up to the wet and fragrant counter first, so June hung back until he should get through.

"And what flowers have you got to put on a little dead baby?" he asked, and his voice was rugged and grief-shaken.

The matter-of-fact florist expatiated on the beauty of several white flowers in his stock.

"Yis; she 's that pretty, you would n't think she could die. An' there 's not a flower for her. Think o' that!—faith, not one! I hoped some would be sent her—sure, I don't know from where, but she looks lonesome like. An' San Francisky 's such a place for flowers! Look at thim, now!"—and he pointed pathetically at the array of lilies in June's arms.

She smiled at him with eyes that brimmed with tears. His hopeless, grief-sodden voice had gone directly to her heart, and she saw the waxen little baby lying in her lonely bed, with "not a flower on her," as the father had said.



"'YES, FOR TEN CENTS,' JUNE SAID, BRAVELY."

"How many will tin cints buy?" demanded the man, showing the money.

"Ten cents?" queried the florist. "Why, nothing at all. These roses are two and three dollars a dozen, and lilies are more. Of course, I can let you have a few marguerites"—taking them up as he spoke.

"Thim daisies?" said the man, sorrowfully. "Oh, that won't do at all, at all. She 's the only child we iver had, and now that she is lying dead, an' at peace, an' with the angels, sure we wanted to put something rarer than sich things on her."

"Yes?" said the florist, yawning.

Then the hard-earned, despised ten-cent piece! It was pitiful. She went to him, and laid her pure flowers in his wondering grasp.

"For tin cints?" he asked, a gleam of hope in his weary eyes.

Then June had a divine inspiration. She could give him the flowers, and yet not lay him under a burden of gratitude. "Yes; for ten cents," she said bravely, holding out her hand for the money. He gave it to her, hesitating a trifle, as if he feared there was something wrong; but the steady light in her eyes reassured him. He held the flowers proudly to his bosom—they were his; he had bought them.

"Daisies, indeed! See thot, now!" he exclaimed triumphantly. When he left the store, the florist turned a reproachful gaze upon June.

"What did you do that for?" he asked. "I would have given you ten dollars for those."

"That 's a comfort," said June, tremendously cheered. "I feel better than ever." She looked at the ten cents with positive adoration.

When she got home it was nightfall, and her family were anxiously expecting her. Roy and Sarah were there also, and June noticed that each seemed trying to make up to the other for years of neglect. It was quite a cheering sight, and June very much needed cheering. To add to her general depression, the first rain of the winter season began to fall, quietly but persistently, as if to emphasize the fact that autumn was dead and gone.

"Unless somebody gives me some bread and butter, right away or sooner, I 'll take a bite out of Misfit!" declared June, ferociously.

So Roy obligingly administered to her wants, while she recounted the history of the day.

"And I would n't spend that dime for a dollar," she ended, incoherently.

"Poor June!" said Leila commiseratingly.

"Poor June, indeed," agreed that personage, with a mouth full of bread and butter. "Because, if you come to think of it, all my work and perseverance have come to nothing. All my slips, all my seeds (no offense, Roy!), all

my hopes and all my fears (to borrow from Mr. Longfellow) — everything has ended in a perfect failure."

"That 's so," said Roy, with conviction. "But don't despair, June."

"You don't know me!" observed June, taking another mouthful. "Besides, I have a lovely motto from the Persian."

"Let 's hear it," suggested Sarah.

"You 're going to: 'Success lies, not in never falling, but in rising every time you fall.' What do you think of it?"

"You don't despair, do you?" asked her mother, whose arm was around Leila's waist.

"Not while the bread and butter lasts. But, all the same, I wish I had n't failed."

Roy laughed, and ran his hand affectionately through Sarah's hair. It never entered June's head to see in that loving little action one result of her "failure." Nor did she dream of congratulating herself because the fretfulness had disappeared from Sarah's pretty face — Sarah, who was humbly hoping that there was a great work for her in the world, after all. Nor did her thoughts reach out to the big Rouncewell house, where a dear old lady was feeling herself rich in the recovered wealth of her son's love.

That is the odd thing about our failures: they sometimes do such an immense deal of good, although we may not know it.

THE END.

A FIGHT.

By SYDNEY DAYRE.

I SAW a fight the other day—

Who do you think were in it?

That saucy rogue, Jack Frost; but he

Was not the one to win it.

He took a grip and held so tight

On everything about him,

That everybody said 't would take

A tussle fierce to rout him.

But then she came, the lovely Spring,

With smile so sweet and merry

That soon the stubborn, icy imp

Became discouraged—very.

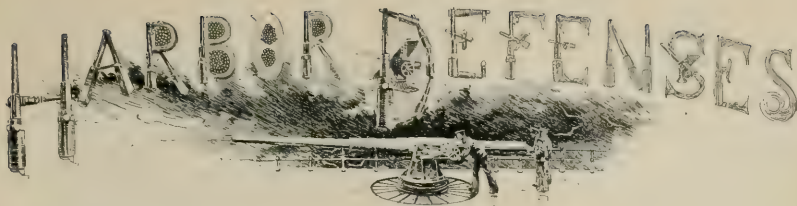
She smiled again. In fright and fear,

Confusion and commotion,

He fled—to take a summering

Beside the Arctic Ocean.

HARBOR DEFENSES



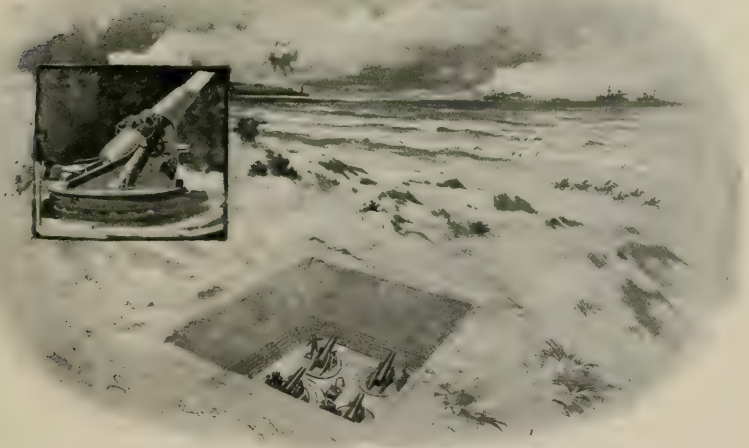
THE United States government is at present devoting special attention to the fortification and defense of the harbors along the Atlantic coast, many of which are so situated that a hostile fleet might too easily enter them. The government officials are busy, therefore, in devising plans and gradually carrying them into execution, for the protection of these cities or important commercial points along the coast.

Of these harbor-defenses there are four distinct kinds. They are torpedo mines, mortar-batteries, batteries of rapid-fire guns, and disappearing guns.

The torpedo mines are operated from mining

casemates located at the entrances of harbors or bays, the exact situation and their interior arrangement being a department secret. Some mines are spherical in shape, about three feet in diameter, and constructed of steel. These, when in service, are expected to hold a hundred pounds of high explosives, and to float near the surface. But they must be concealed as well as buoyant, and so to each is attached by a cable a mushroom-anchor to keep the torpedo just below the surface, out of sight and beyond the reach of the fire of machine-guns.

These mines are intended for use in the channels that hostile ships would have to sail



A MORTAR-BATTERY IN POSITION. ONE OF THE RIFLED MORTARS IS SHOWN ABOVE ON A LARGER SCALE.

through, and are arranged in threes and set closely in the channel according to plans previously arranged. If necessary, the sea off the entrance to a harbor or bay could be well filled with them. These mines may be exploded or may be perfectly harmless according to the will of the occupant of the mining casemate, who, with his important apparatus, is out of reach of shot and shell, there being tons of earth between him and the upper air.

Out from this chamber through a tunnel below low-water mark, and hence safe from discovery by the enemy or shot from them, run numerous cables to the mines planted in the channel or in the sea. Within the chamber the operator has an elaborate chart with the location of every torpedo or mine upon it. By telegraph or other signals from observation stations near by, he is kept informed of the approach of vessels, and acts as he thinks best



A SELF-MOVING TORPEDO ON ITS WAY TO ATTACK A MAN-OF-WAR.

under the circumstances. He may receive word from his stations to such effect that with his chart he knows a vessel is directly within a cluster of the sunken mines. Then he can touch a key, and a mine will instantly explode beneath or near the vessel.

If the vessel is a friendly one, however, the operator can disconnect his batteries, and the ship will sail in perfect safety over the tons of explosive beneath. If the weather be foggy, or if some other condition unfavorable for locating a vessel prevails, and enemies are known to be near, the pressing of many buttons will make every one of these mines a deadly force, and any ship that ventures in will strike a torpedo, roll it over, and automatically



A HOSTILE WARSHIP BLOWN UP BY AN ANCHORED TORPEDO.

close an electric circuit, which will explode the mine; and the ship will be sunk, or badly shattered. There are various devices for ascertaining that the hidden mines and connections are in good working order.

The mortar-batteries usually mount sixteen guns, and are so arranged that the exploding of a mortar, or perhaps a shell from the enemy, can affect but four pieces, if as many as that. The batteries are made up of rifled mortars. The placing of these batteries is an extensive

used, as it probably would be, only an indistinguishable vapor would rise from the pits to betray the location of the battery. The enemy would hear a report, and, from he knew not where, the shells would rain down and pierce the decks. If but three or four guns were fired there might be some hope of escaping injury, but with sixteen pieces carefully trained the chances of instant destruction of the ship are greatly increased.

But this is too close range to begin the fight-



ON BOARD A BATTLESHIP GOING INTO ACTION AGAINST A FORTIFIED HARBOR.

and expensive undertaking. The batteries, when completed, are capable of dropping upon a vessel some five or six miles away a shower of several hundred pounds of iron or steel and explosives.

The layout of a battery is such that all sixteen mortars being trained alike and primed, the pressing of one button will cause them all to fire at the same instant. They are planted some twenty feet below the surface in pits, and are consequently quite concealed from the enemy. If smokeless powder should be

ing, as the enemy's guns could long before have swept all within sight alongshore and done great damage to shipping that had sought protection in the bay or harbor; and so coast-defense guns are located about the entrances to harbors and bays. These, too, are so arranged as to be hidden from the enemy, as it is no longer sufficient to build great granite walls, pierced by port-holes and bristling with cannon. These offer too good a target to the enemy, and only a short period of fire against them with modern guns would completely demolish them.

Various plans have been devised for the building of coast defenses of this kind. Even fighting turrets, like those on monitors, have been suggested and built. Some of them rise into sight only preparatory to the firing of the guns which they contain. Others are somewhat raised above the surface, and the guns disappear for loading. In either case, though, very ponderous and expensive machinery is required for them.

A disappearing gun set up in a pit similar to the mortar-pit is more in favor. There are several styles of these with various powers to elevate them, but all are lowered by the recoil of discharge. The Gordon counterpoise carriage is perhaps the most novel. It is fitted for a ten-inch breech-loading rifle, the weight of which is about 67,200 pounds. It has an advantage over other patterns in that while being loaded it affords greater protection to itself and to the gunners than the other styles; and this is an important feature. It is operated by either hand-power or electricity. With the former it has fired thirty-two shots in an hour; which is considered remarkably rapid firing.

But this is not all that is needed to make a bay or harbor defensible. These large guns would not be very dangerous to an enemy's fleet of torpedo boats. These move and turn very quickly, and, once past the great guns, the



A TEN-INCH RIFLED GUN ON A GORDON DISAPPEARING CARRIAGE.

torpedo mines might be disposed of without much difficulty. To prevent such action by the enemy, batteries mounting rapid-fire guns are employed. The torpedo-boats can change their course with such rapidity that big guns cannot be trained on them quickly enough to be effective, and alongshore — opposite portions of the channel where torpedo mines are planted — are needed batteries of these small spitfires.

With such a quadruple defense as torpedo mines, mortar-batteries, disappearing guns of long range, and batteries of rapid-fire guns, a fleet of hostile ships would find it a very difficult task to enter any bay or harbor along the coast.

Charles Rawson Thurston.

MISS NINA BARROW.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

[This story was begun in the February number.]

CHAPTER III.

MARIAN MAKES A BEGINNING.

"You see I am getting old, my dear Marian," said Mrs. Andrews. "I have not been myself since that attack last winter, and I have sent for you to hold up my hands as the prophet's friends did, to be a stay and prop to me, and to take charge of Nina. I am no longer equal to the task. You will find her somewhat self-willed and obstinate. You will have to be very firm with her, or she will get her own way. I give you full authority. I know how you have been reared, and how well you are fitted for your position. And, really, my head begins to swim now when I have to carry a point with Nina, careful as I am about making them, she gets so excited under opposition. She does n't know yet that we are going to England on the 20th. I have n't been able to make up my mind to tell her, for there will be a scene. She has always said that I never should go abroad. But Dr. Lyon thinks that I ought to try Vichy, and while I would never go for that alone, there is another important reason for doing so."

"Your health is quite reason enough, Cousin Elizabeth, and you are the best judge of such questions. Nina is but a child," said Marian.

"Yes, of course; but she is so decided. And don't you think her very clever? She amazes me often. She knows where all the shops are, and how to shop, and what cars to take, and really she is often right. Only I must be firm about this. You see, Marian, I have been thinking that I might die—I have thought a great deal about that, and everything, lately; and the child would be left so unprotected. There is her trustee, to be sure, and guardian; but really we rarely see him, and hear from him only when he makes his statements. She

will have a large fortune, you know,—a very large fortune, admirably invested by Mr. Foster. And her only very near relatives are in England—her cousins, the children of her father's half-sister, you know."

"The Aubreys," said Marian. "I know of the relationship. Have they ever met?"

"No; that is just it. I am anxious that they should. I wish to make friends of them—true friends for my poor child. My friends nearly all are dead, or scattered to the ends of the earth, and her father's friends and her mother's seem so absorbed in their own interests and families; and her own count for nothing when it comes to protection, and all that. I have long seen it; I have three times written that I would come, but Nina never would hear of it, and I thought she would get over the feeling if I waited. But I can't wait any longer, my dear Marian. I fear I have done wrong in waiting so long. Her aunt (Anna Barrow that was) is dead, and Mr. Aubrey has married again; but they write very kindly, and seem interested in and for her. And there are the children. So now, to keep myself up to the mark, I have taken our passage for the 20th, and the Aubreys have asked us to go first to them for a visit, and after that we will see. Claudine goes with us. But mind, Nina is to know nothing until the time comes when she must be told."

"Your wishes, Cousin Elizabeth, I shall always respect," said Marian; "but I think it would be best to tell Nina frankly your plan and your reason for making it."

"Not for the world! Not now!" cried out the old lady. "I am not equal to it. I'm all shaking with nervousness at the thought. I should not get to sleep all night. I am used to managing Nina. Not a word, Marian! In your department you shall be all-powerful; but no one can manage Nina in such matters except myself. She has been going to a first-

class school, and has nice little friends there, and is improving every day; but when I decided to take her to Europe, I felt the need of a staff, and I thank you for consenting to take the position."

"I was glad to take it, cousin, and you were very good to offer so liberal a salary," said Marian. "It enables me to put the two younger boys at the Technical and Industrial School, and I am most grateful to you for helping me to help them. You may be sure that I shall do all that I can to justify your confidence and repay your generosity. I have some plans of my own as to the best way of doing this; and I am sure that you will not regret taking Nina abroad. This is not a good place for a child, cousin. The simplest, humblest home is greatly to be preferred to it. And, as you say, it is important that she should meet her relatives. New associations, different surroundings—" Marian colored and stopped. She did not like to say what she thought,—of how Nina was absorbing a thousand harmful influences and ideas, in the tittle-tattle, the vulgarities, the coarseness, the gossip about her. "Cousin Elizabeth," said Marian, "now that our talk is over, I think of going for a walk. Would you like Nina to go with me? Where is she?"

"Oh, I've no objection if you can get her to go. She is around somewhere with Claudine, I guess," Mrs. Andrews remarked placidly. "I don't know where, but she's all right; she can take care of herself. Oh, here she is!"

Nina had burst into the room while she was speaking, in a high state of excitement.

"Oh, Grandy, what do you think? The Fitz-Patricks in 89 have gone away, and all their baggage is kept 'cause they have n't paid their bill. And there's three carriage-loads of people just come! I saw them from the parlor window, and counted the parcels—twenty-three and a bird-cage. I've had a splendid time this afternoon. It has n't been dull a bit. Where are you going, Cousin Marian? Can't I come, too?"

"Ask your grandmother," said Marian.

"Grandy? What for? Of course I'll come," said Nina.

"I shall not take you unless you do," said

Marian. "I thought of going to hear the Hungarian band play for an hour."

"Oh! I like music better than anything. Do take me too," said Nina.

"Ask your grandmother," repeated Marian, quietly. "It is only right, and you should never go anywhere without doing so. I shall go and dress, and shall join you in the parlor, if she gives you permission."

"Permission!" quoted Nina, who was in the habit of telling her grandmother when she had better take a drive or pay a visit. "Grandy," said she, "I'm going out with Cousin Marian."

Marian overheard this, and could but smile at Nina's idea of respectful submission to authority.

Marian was a sensible woman, and saw that she must win Nina's affection and confidence before she could alter anything—in other words, get a fulcrum before she could use a lever. The afternoon passed swiftly and agreeably for Nina, who found her cousin a very different sort of companion from any she had ever had. Marian talked to her as she would have done to any one else; she treated her with scrupulous, grave politeness; begged her pardon when she chanced to jostle against her in the street; asked whether she would prefer to go down town by the "elevated" or the horse-cars; offered her the shelter of her umbrella when it began to rain; said, "Excuse me, dear; but you are losing your pretty pin," and replaced it; asked if she were tired when they stopped in a shop, got her a seat, and behaved toward her exactly as to another lady. Nina was not used to such consideration and respect—did not know that it was Marian's way of teaching her to respect herself and others. Marian made a few purchases, and then, calling Nina, said: "Can you crochet? I am very fond of it, and know a great many pretty stitches."

"I can do it a little," replied Nina.

"How would you like to make a little scarf for your grandmother to throw over her head? She would be so delighted. She has so much neuralgia," said Marian.

"Oh, I could n't. I'd never get it done," said Nina.

"Oh, yes, you would. I'll help you, and you'll see; and she will be so pleased. Your

dear grandmother, who loves you so dearly! It will please her so much!" urged Marian, brightly.

"All right; I will, then," agreed Nina.

"What colors?" asked the shopman.

This question was decided by choosing lilac and white.

"Useful occupation, and something done for others," thought Marian, who had been tempted to get Nina a little present, and then had told herself firmly that what Nina needed was not getting, but giving, and giving of that which should cost her something in time, trouble, or money, or in all three; not so much as one more whim, caprice, or fancy should be gratified, but she should learn to please and gratify others.

As they were entering the hotel, Marian said: "Run away upstairs now, and let your Grandy know that you have returned, and I will join you in a moment."

But as Marian went on to the desk to get her key, Nina pranced into the parlor, perched on the music-stool, shook her hair over her shoulders, and banged on the piano in atrocious fashion until she was tired of doing so, which, fortunately for the comfort of some ladies seated there, was very soon. One of them asked her to play softly, as her head ached; and Nina, for an answer, settled herself afresh, with a wriggling movement of the body and a toss of the head expressive of utter defiance of the world in general, struck a few more clashing chords, and then suddenly abandoned the field, whisking out of the room pertly, with her usual absurd air of importance.

Left alone, the ladies rejoiced that they were rid of Nina — but prematurely, for presently the stout lady became aware of a curious feeling about her back. She was interested in the morning paper, and did not immediately investigate the sensation; but presently turned and found that a steady stream of water was being directed toward her from the direction of the door. Nina was on the other side of it, had got the range adroitly, and with a long pipe was, through the keyhole, blowing water upon her ample person with wicked delight and the most dire effect upon a new dress. The stout lady rushed across the room, pulled open the door,

and made an effort to seize Nina. But that young person was too quick for her. She ran down the hall, turned a corner, ran on farther, darted up a long flight of stairs used by the servants, and presently was safe in Marian's room, laughingly relating what had happened, while the stout lady stormed about on the first floor, uttering threats so violent that her just vexation was made to seem ridiculous.

"There 'll be a horrid row," said Nina. "She 'll go to Grandy and make a great fuss. But it was n't anything, Cousin Marian. I just wanted to have some fun, that was all; and you ought to have seen her feeling around with her hand to find out what it was at first. I nearly died laughing. She 's horrid, anyway,—the spitefullest person you ever saw; and my! but she bounced when she did find out! I wonder if she has gone to Grandy yet"—peeping out of the door down the corridor. "No, not yet. Yes! there she is! She sha'n't come in here!" —shutting the door quickly and locking it, and then embracing Marian.

"It was just all fun, I tell you; now don't you be horrid, and scold too. You might stand up for me when I've told you it was just for fun, not spite at all, I declare, this time. But Grandy 'll be furious with me. Why don't you do something? I thought you were different from the others, and would understand."

"So I do, Nina. I will see what can be done," said Marian. And then she showed that she did know the difference between the faults and the sins of a child by first telling Nina that it was not as if she had been guilty of wilful deceit or untruth, convincing her that she had been exceedingly rude, and absolutely persuading her to ask forgiveness. Nina did this when they went down to dinner; and that she should do it at all amazed her old enemy, who had really suffered many annoyances at her hands, and who was anything but gracious in accepting her apology.

"You are the sensiblest person I've ever seen, Cousin Marian; and I just love you," said Nina, that evening, when they were talking over the apology.

"Two wrongs do not make a right. You made her angry, remember; and if she is vin-

dictive, or seems so for the moment, it is because this is not your first offense against her. If you had always been polite and courteous—"

"She 's nothing but a companion, anyway," said Nina scornfully.

"All the more reason for your being polite to her. And perhaps she can't afford to have even an old dress spoiled, much less a new one."

"Oh, pshaw! I 'll give her another," exclaimed Nina, impatiently.

"You can't patch every hole with greenbacks, as you seem to think you can, Nina. If you hurt people's feelings, wound their proper pride, treat them with disrespect or unkindness, all the money in the world won't mend matters, dear. If I were to call you a fool and a scarecrow, and then give you a twenty-dollar gold piece, would you not want to throw it at my head? I am sure you would. Do you love me, Nina? I am so glad, and I believe you. But you know you have n't quite proved it yet. Oh, no. It is easy to say so, but there are better ways of showing that you do love me. We shall see."

CHAPTER IV.

NINA'S LESSONS.

WITH all her own thoroughness and conscientiousness, Marian went to work carefully to map out and arrange Nina's life on a new basis.

The first requisite for that young lady's education was quite evidently lacking, Marian saw, when she came in switching her skirts about more aggressively than usual, and shrugging her shoulders. She took a chair and pouted openly, thrusting out her lower lip and looking defiant and disagreeable.

"I want to have some idea where we stand, Nina," said Marian, oblivious apparently of these demonstrations.

"I 'm not going to study. It 's too awful hot and stuffy in here. I don't know as I 'm going to have you for my governess at all; and to-day I 'm going to the Chamber of Horrors with the Tompkins family. They 've got seven rooms and a private parlor, and are ordering Jobson around like anything; and they have n't

seen a thing in New York, and I told them I 'd take them to see the Chamber of Horrors—"

"Have you promised?" asked Marian, interrupting her.

"Yes; and there 's nine of them,—I 'll be ten,—and they are full of it. I guess it will make them all creep; and Janie,—she 's the third,—I 'm going to jump out at her and grab her when I get her down there. It 'll be such fun!" said Nina, having by this time talked herself into a state of good-humor and cheerfulness.

"Your Grandy thought you ought to begin lessons to-day, Nina," Marian now managed to say; "but if you have promised, you must keep your word, of course, and we will have only one lesson, and see where we stand, as I said. Here, take this book and read a little in French for me. How many holidays have you had lately?"

"Well, it 's been pretty much all holidays, Cousin Marian, and that 's a fact. One week it rained, and one week I had the toothache some, and one week my new dresses had n't come home, and the girls had seen all the old ones so often, I just would n't go a single step; and then the Tompkinses came, and I did n't want to go; but that did n't matter. Don't you bother."

"Stay," said Marian; "here 's Claudine; let me hear you speak French first."

"Repeat your 'La Marseillaise,' mademoiselle," suggested Claudine.

Nothing loath, Nina struck an attitude and burst forth into the broadest Alsatian peasant Germanic-French, striking her breast and rolling her eyes as she made her stirring appeals to the "*enfants de la patrie*," her denunciations of the "*gohortes étrangères*," and her threats of "*vers des longtemps brébarés*."

It was so comical to see and hear her that Marian, although she tried hard to prevent herself from doing so, could not help laughing until the tears came. Even when she had recovered herself a little, and begged Nina's pardon in answer to an imperious "What 's the matter with you, anyway?" the remembrance overcame her again once or twice.

She then cross-questioned Claudine, and found that she was from a little village that had made

the narrowest possible escape from being a German one always; that she had a fiery little French heart, if not tongue; that she had come to this country as assistant to a baker, and had then, to her surprise, been promoted to the rank of maid and nurse in a "famille distinguée, les Hoskins, Avenue Madison," from which place she had been "secured" by Mrs. Andrews.

Having dismissed Claudine, Marian said: "You recited with expression, Nina; but Claudine's French is anything but Parisian. She would say 'Barisien.' She has n't a 'p' in her alphabet. I will show you the difference; and when you have unlearned a little we will soon remedy that. You would not take lessons in English from Bridget, would you? Well, Claudine's French is first cousin to Bridget's English, and both are as bad as they can be. As your teacher, I must see that you are properly taught whatever you are to learn. And as your cousin, I wish to see you grow up an accomplished, lovely girl. Now the lesson is going to be this: you shall copy on this bit of paper every fault of speech, English and French, that you have made since you came in. And then—I wonder whether you like pictures?" said Marian.

"Yes, I do. I think they are just too splendid for anything," said Nina.

For a few moments after Nina's reply Marian was silent. She was thinking; and her thoughts ran much as follows:

"Cousin Elizabeth was right about Nina's picking up an education. It is easy to do that in any large city. But what an education! What shall I say? Oh, dear! what have I undertaken? This child would almost have to be born again to become what I should like to see her. How thankful I am to think of our dear children at home in our quiet, old-fashioned country home in Maryland,—simple, healthy, happy, leading a natural, wholesome life, with their pony and chickens and ducks and turkeys and pigeons and other pets; up at sunrise, in bed at sundown; reading, studying, playing, growing, working, knowing every bird's nest for miles around, every tree, every animal; rejoicing, like the sun, to run their daily course; rosy, merry, eager, innocently naughty often, wading in Sims's

brook, fishing, blackberrying; plainly dressed, hungry as little wolves; but children through and through. I long to be back with them again! But I must, for their sakes, stay here. And I must do what I can for Nina. But what to do? To scold her would be folly. She would not understand me if I were to tell her that she shocks, disgusts, pains me every time she opens her lips. She would think me 'old-fashioned,' 'cross,' 'countrified,' 'absurd,' 'stiff,' everything except in the right. I am so glad that my brothers are poor and will have to earn every cent that they will ever spend, and make their own way, and a way for others dependent on them."

Marian's lips were compressed, her brows contracted, as she bent her eyes upon her work and these thoughts passed through her mind. Presently she felt Nina's arms about her neck. "What are you so quiet for, and why did you want to know if I liked pictures?" she asked.

"I was thinking of a great many things, Nina," she replied. "And as to the pictures, I was thinking of the great loan collection which is on exhibition here now. I have had a number of tickets sent me, and there are some very rare and beautiful pictures in the collection. Suppose we take the Tompkinses there to-day, instead of to the wax-works? This is the last day, indeed, and you will see the original of this little picture of mine of the Arabian chief that you like so much, and many others that will please you. I would n't miss them for a great deal, and meant to have spoken to you yesterday about going. Can you draw or paint at all, Nina?"

"No, I can't. Can you?"

"It is the thing that I am thought to do best," said Marian; "but my best is not very good when compared with such pictures as we are going to see. Still I am very fond of drawing in charcoal and pastels, and I think I can teach you how to paint flowers prettily in water-colors."

"Oh, would you—can you really? I should like that best of all. I do love flowers. They are just too sweet for anything," said Nina.

"So they are, dear. You should see our long avenue of white lilacs at home in full bloom on a spring morning, and you would say so. That reminds me. We must stop while we are out,

and buy a few roses for the sick girl in the next room, must n't we?"

"All right. I'll get her a big bunch of 'American beauties,'" agreed Nina.

"And how would you like to paint her one, for your first lesson? That would n't fade ever, and I know she would be delighted. Is n't she a sweet, gentle creature? and so long ill—seven years—poor child!"

"Well, I will," said Nina, who could not resist such an appeal. "Jobson says her mother neglects her awful. Jobson's mother was the best mother that ever was in England. She was a professed cook. But his father was a failure. Jobson—"

"Sh! Nina, no gossip; that 's one of the 'remembers,' you know," said Marian. "You should say, 'neglects her shamefully,' if you say it at all; and you'd better not, for I dare say there is no truth in it whatever. Come, now for your list, and then I'll go and arrange matters with Mrs. Tompkins, and we shall have a delightful afternoon—my word for it!"

Thus beguiled, Nina was soon at work writing "unless" for "less," "because" for "'cause," "almost" for "'most," and straightening out her verbs and adverbs; and that done, Marian took down Hawthorne from the shelf, and read her the "Three Gray Sisters," with which Nina was delighted.

"There is a good deal that I want to get out of that child's head, and the best way to do it is to fill it, and drown them out with quite other things. I foresee, though, that before we go much further there will be a struggle for supremacy between us. So far it has all been plain sailing, but nevertheless the storm is coming. There has been nothing to arouse her temper or thwart her plans; no opposition encountered. I wonder how it will come, and what will be the result!" mused Marian, as she sat by Nina and watched her pencil travel slowly over the paper.

She found it easy to arrange matters with the Tompkins family, and after luncheon they all went off together to see the loan collection—chiefly modern pictures, some of them really fine, and nearly all very interesting. Marian kept Nina with her, and carefully explained and commented upon the various examples of

French, Spanish, German, and English art before them; she talked so pleasantly of paintings and painters, indeed, that Nina, whose attention could rarely be fixed long upon anything, listened to every word, asked a great many questions, made some highly characteristic remarks of her own that amused Marian very much, and was for "coming again another day," forgetting that this was the last opportunity of seeing those pictures.

On their way home, Marian stopped at an optician's to get a little pocket microscope, which she meant to give Nina, and said to her frankly: "I am going to make a purchase that I do not wish you to see, Nina; so I shall ask you to go to the back of the shop and wait there a few minutes for me."

She was absorbed in making a choice of a microscope within her means, yet powerful enough for ordinary purposes, when Nina rushed up to her and threw herself into her arms, sobbing, and so terrified that she could barely gasp out: "Oh, Cousin Marian! I am dying! I am dying!"

Amazed and alarmed, Marian embraced, soothed, comforted her, and gradually learned from one of the clerks what it meant, and what had happened. Nina, it seemed, had with her usual enterprise and boldness gone into a small room quite at the rear. There was an electric battery there, and a gentleman who came every day to take a shock,—no, not a gentleman, for he had done a most ungentlemanly thing in allowing Nina to just "catch hold for a moment." She, all unsuspecting, had received a severe shock, physical and mental. She trembled, wept, and was completely upset.

Marian was all kindness and gentleness, and gradually managed to quiet Nina and to take her home; and Nina clung to her like a limpet all that evening, and would not leave her. When they were about to part for the night, Marian said to her:

"You see now, dear Nina, what a cruel and often really wicked thing it is to frighten any one, don't you? See how ill and unhappy you have been made all this afternoon by a stupid trick. Let it teach you one thing: never to give pain or fright to any one while you live. I meant to speak to you about it when you were talking to-day of jumping out at that

delicate little Janie Tompkins at the wax-works. Don't take her there at all, dear, but invite her to some pleasant place which will leave only happy impressions."

"I will. And I never, never, never will scare anybody again while I am in this world!" protested Nina with great warmth and perfect sincerity.

When it came to having lessons next day, Marian discovered how utterly undisciplined Nina's mind was. To apply herself seriously to anything seemed impossible. After three minutes' study she would break off to quote some speech of Jobson's mother, in whom she had the liveliest interest; to gossip about this or that person; to run into her Grandy's room or her own for something, nothing, anything; to stare out of the window, or at Marian sewing quietly beside her. So Marian gave her a few lessons only, and short ones; she read her one of Macaulay's "Lays," which made her eyes sparkle, and a chapter from Dickens's "Child's History of England." She set up her crochet and patiently showed her how to do two rows, and was pleased to see that she drew the outline of a rose astonishingly well, from nature, with very little assistance.

"You have a correct eye and sense of form. This is really very good, Nina," she said. "Your touch is free. I shall not be surprised if you excel in time in water-color sketches. Would you like now to run out for a brisk turn with Claudine, and buy the roses you intended to get for your neighbor yesterday?"

Nina was no longer in a benevolent mood, and, always capricious with the wayward moods and fancies of an over-indulged child, now said that she did n't mean to get any flowers at all. "I can't help it if she is sick. I want my money for myself; I'm going to send Claudine right out to get me a box of chocolate creams."

She ran off to her room, found Claudine there suffering from a face-ache and an ulcerated tooth, and told her what she wished her to do.

"But, mademoiselle, I am all of a berspiration. I go to catch the gold and suffer so as never was," urged the unfortunate Claudine. "Really, I cannot—not for my life was I go."

"But you *must*!" Nina insisted.

Go she did, and returned with the box speedily. Nina sat down and devoured half of its contents, without offering so much as a morsel to her grandmother or Marian, and was locking up the remainder when she caught Marian's eye.

"Do you want some? You can have it if you do. I've had all I want," she said, holding out the box.

"I appreciate your generosity. No, thank you," said Marian, coldly.

Up rose Marian indignant, yet feeling that she ought to be silent, and left the room.

Nina followed Marian, and going up to her, would have kissed her on the cheek. Marian did not look at her, and by slightly turning her head avoided the kiss.

Mrs. Andrews had retired for the night, and had ordered Nina to go to bed also.

Marian collected her sewing-materials and went to her own room, passing Nina by as if she had been a piece of furniture.

The child saw that Marian was deeply displeased, and already cared enough for her to be troubled by it.

Half an hour later there was a tap at Marian's door. It was Claudine, who demanded of mademoiselle the kind loan of an umbrella. It was raining, but "Mees Nina she would 'ave the ice-cream"; and, indeed, Nina had been in and waked her grandmother, and by crying had induced Claudine to go out at that hour, and in the rain, seven squares off for that favorite dainty.

Marian was aghast. At any other hour she would have gone instead gladly, rather than let the good-natured Alsatienne run such a risk again.

"It is midnight, and I am a stranger in the city. It would not do. To remonstrate with Cousin Elizabeth or Nina would be worse than useless. Oh! The utter thoughtlessness, the wretched selfishness, of the child! If she could be in Claudine's shoes for a year or two! Well, she is but a child, and there are life and fate; but they are stern teachers, both, for spoiled *darlings*, that is certain," mused Marian, when left to herself again.



AT THE OPERA.—"EARS DOWN IN FRONT, PLEASE!"

THE LITTLE SHADOW FOLK.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

WHAT time the round moon kindles on windy	They race across the valley, they fleet along
wintry eves,	the hill,
And murmurs stir those gossips, the sere old	And yet we hear no laughter, their frolic is so
oaken leaves,	still;
A troop of kin from Nowhere go faring to	And what their jolly games are, alas! we may
and fro—	not know—
The nimble little shadow folk that dance upon	The merry little shadow folk that dance upon
the snow.	the snow.
They glide, they leap, they waver,—they twist,	Their daytime is our night-time, their night-
they intertwine;	time is our day,
They break in tortuous turnings, they join in	And they are sound in slumber when we are
freakish line;	out at play;
Their arms with knots are gnarly, their legs	For when the dawn looks ruddy, swift off to
are all a-bow—	bed they go—
The elfish little shadow folk that dance upon	The sleepy little shadow folk that dance upon
the snow.	the snow.

A BOY I KNEW.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

[This series was begun in the December number.]

IV.



HEN The Boy got as far as a room of his own, papered with scenes from circus-posters, and peopled by tin soldiers, he used to play that his bed was the barge "Mayflower," running from

Barrytown to the foot of Jay Street, North River, and that he was her captain and crew. She made nightly trips between the two ports; and by day, when she was not tied up to the door-knob — which was Barrytown — she was moored to the handle of the washstand drawer — which was the dock at New York. She never was wrecked, and she never ran aground; but great was the excitement of The Boy when, as not infrequently was the case, on occasions of sweeping, Hannah, the upstairs girl, set her adrift.

The Mayflower was seriously damaged by fire once, owing to the careless use, by a deck-hand, of a piece of punk on the night before the Fourth of July; this same deck-hand being nearly blown up early the very next morning by a bunch of firecrackers which went off — by themselves — in his lap. He did not know, for a second or two, whether the barge had burst her boiler or had been struck by lightning!

Barrytown is the river port of Red Hook — a charming Dutchess County hamlet in which The Boy spent the first summer of his life, and in which he spent the better part of every succeeding summer for a quarter of a century; and he sometimes goes there yet, although many of the names he knows were carved, in the long-ago, on the tomb. He always went up and down, in those days, on the Mayflower, the real boat of that name, which was hardly more real

to him than was the trundle-bed of his vivid, nightly imagination. They sailed from New York at five o'clock, P. M., an hour looked for, and longed for, by The Boy, as the very beginning of summer, with all its delightful young charms; and they arrived at their destination about five of the clock the next morning, by which time The Boy was wide awake, and on the lookout for Lasher's Stage, in which he was to travel the intervening three miles. And eagerly he recognized, and loved, every landmark on the road. Barringer's Corner, the half-way tree; the road to the creek and to Madame Knox's; and, at last, the village itself, and the tavern, and the tobacco-factory, and Massoneau's store, over the way; and then, when Jane Purdy had shown him the new kittens and the little chickens, and he had talked to "Fido" and "Fanny," or to Fido alone after Fanny was stolen by gypsies, he rushed off to see Bob Hendricks, who was just his own age, barring a week, and who has been his life-long friend for fifty-three years and nearly six months; and then what good times The Boy had!

Bob was possessed of a grandfather who could make kites, and swings, and parallel-bars, and things which The Boy liked; and Bob had a mother — and he has her yet, happy Bob! — who made the most wonderful of cookies, perfectly round, with sparkling globules of sugar on them, and little round holes in the middle; and Bob and The Boy for days, and weeks, and months together hen's-egged, and rode in the hay-carts, and went for the mail every noon, and boosted each other up into the best pound-sweet tree in the neighborhood; and pelted each other with little green apples, which weighed about a pound to the peck; and gathered currants in season; and with long straws sucked new cider out of bung-holes; and learned to swim; and caught their first fish; and did all the pleasant things that all boys do.

At Red Hook they smoked their first cigar,— and wished they had n't! At Red Hook they disobeyed their mothers once, and were found out. They were told not to go wading in the creek upon pain of not going to the creek at all; and for weeks they were deprived of the delights of the society of the Faure boys, through whose domain the creek ran, because, when they went to bed on that disastrous night, it was discovered that Bob had on The Boy's stockings, and that



BOB HENDRICKS.

The Boy was wearing Bob's socks; a piece of circumstantial evidence which convicted them both. When the embargo was raised and they next went to the creek, it is remembered that Bob tore his trousers in climbing over a log, and that The Boy fell in altogether.

The Boy usually kept his promises, however, and he was known even to keep a candy-cane—twenty-eight inches long, red and white striped like a barber's pole—for a fortnight, because his mother limited him to the consumption of two inches a day. But he could not keep any knees to his trousers; and when The Boy's mother threatened to sew buttons—brass buttons, with sharp eyes—on to that particular portion of the garment in question, he wanted to know, in all innocence, how they expected him to say his prayers!

One of Bob's earliest recollections of The Boy is connected with a toy express-wagon on four wheels, which could almost turn around on its own axis. The Boy imported this vehicle into Red Hook one summer, and they used it for the transportation of their chestnuts and their apples, green and ripe, and the mail, and most of the dust of the road; and Bob thinks, to this day, that nothing in all these after years has given him so much profound satisfaction and enjoyment as did that little cart.

Bob remembers, too,—what The Boy tries to forget,—The Boy's daily practice of half an hour on the piano borrowed by The Boy's mother from Mrs. Bates for that dire purpose. Mrs. Bates's piano is almost the only unpleasant thing associated with Red Hook in all The Boy's experience of that happy village. It was pretty hard on The Boy, because, in The Boy's mind, Red Hook should have been a place of unbroken delights. But The Boy's mother wanted to make an all-round man of him, and when his mother said so, of course it had to be done, or tried. Bob used to go with The Boy as far as Dr. Bates's house, and then hang about on the gate until The Boy was released; and he asserts that the music which came out of the window in response to The Boy's in-harmonic touch had no power whatever to soothe his own savage young breast. He attributes all his later disinclination to music to those dreary thirty minutes of impatient waiting.

The piano and its effect upon The Boy's uncertain temper *may* have been the innocent



JANE PURDY.

cause of the first and only approach to a quarrel which The Boy and Bob ever had. The prime cause, however, was, of course, a

girl. They were playing, that afternoon, at Cholwell Knox's, when Cholwell said something about Julia Booth which Bob resented, and there was a fight, The Boy taking Cholwell's part; why, he cannot say, unless it was because of his jealousy of Bob's affection and admiration for that charming young teacher, who won all hearts in the village, The Boy's



THE BOY'S UNCLE JOHN.

among the number. Anyway, Bob was driven from the field by the hard little green apples of the Knox orchard; more hurt, he declares, by the desertion of his ally than by all the blows he received.

It never happened again, dear Bob, and, please God, it never will!

Another trouble The Boy had in Red Hook was Dr. McNamee, a resident dentist, who operated upon The Boy now and then. He was a little more gentle than was The Boy's city dentist, Dr. Castle; but he hurt, for all that. Dr. Castle lived in Fourth Street, opposite Washington Parade Ground, and on the same block with Clarke and Fanning's School. And to this day The Boy would go far out of his way rather than pass Dr. Castle's house. Personally Dr. Castle was a delightful man, who told The Boy amusing stories, which The Boy could not laugh at while his mouth was wide open. But professionally Dr. Castle was to The Boy an awful horror, of whom he always dreamed when his dreams were particularly bad. As he looks back upon his boyhood,

with its frequent toothache and its long hours in the dentists' chairs, The Boy sometimes thinks that if he had his life to live over again, and could not go through it without teeth, he would prefer not to be born at all!

It has rather amused The Boy, in his middle age, to learn of the impressions he made upon Red Hook in his extreme youth. Bob, as has been shown, associates him with a little cart, and with a good part of the concord of sweet sounds. One old friend remembers nothing but his phenomenal capacity for the consumption of chicken pot-pie. Another old friend can recall the scrupulously clean white duck suits he wore of afternoons, and also the blue-checked long aprons he was forced to wear in the mornings; both of them exceedingly distasteful to The Boy, because the apron was a girl's garment, and because the duck-suit meant "dress-up," and only the mildest of genteel play; while Bob's sister dwells chiefly now upon a wonderful valentine The Boy sent once to Zillah Crane. It was so large that it had to have an especial envelope made to fit it; and it was so magnificent, and so delicate, that notwithstanding the envelope, it came in a box of its own. It had actual lace, and pinkish Cupids reclining on light-blue clouds; and in the center of all was a compressible bird-cage, which, when it was pulled out, like an accordion, displayed not a dove merely, but a plain gold ring—a real ring, made of real gold. Nothing like it had ever been seen before in all Dutchess County; and it was seen and envied by every girl of Zillah's age between Rhinebeck and Tivoli, between Barrytown and Pine Plains.

The Boy did an extensive business in the valentine line, in the days when February Fourteenth meant much more to boys than it does now. He sent sentimental valentines to Phoebe Hawkins, and comic valentines to his Uncle John, both of them written anonymously, and both directed in a disguised hand. But both recipients always knew from whom they came; and, in all probability, neither of them was much affected by the receipt. The Boy, as he has put on record elsewhere, never really, in his inmost heart, thought that comic valentines were so very comic, because those that came to him usually reflected upon his nose, or were illum-

inated with portraits of gentlemen of all ages adorned with supernaturally red hair.

In later years, when Bob and The Boy could swim — a little — and had learned to take care of themselves, the mill-pond at Red Hook played an important part in their daily life there. They sailed it, and fished it, and camped out on its banks, with Ed Curtis — before Ed went to West Point — and with Dick Hawley and Frank Rodgers, all first-rate fellows. But, as Mr. Kipling says, that is another story.

The Boy was asked, a year or two ago, to write a paper upon "The Books of his Boyhood." And when he came to think over the matter he discovered, to his surprise, that the Books of his Boyhood were only one book! It was bound in two twelvemo green cloth volumes; it bore the date of 1850, and it was filled with pictorial illustrations of "The Personal History and Experiences of David Copperfield, the Younger." It was the first book The Boy ever read, and he thought then, and sometimes he thinks now, that it was the greatest book ever written. The traditional books of the childhood of other children came to The Boy later. "Robinson Crusoe," and the celebrated "Swiss Family" of the same name; "The Desert Home," of Mayne Reid; Marryat's "Peter Simple"; "The Leather Stocking Tales"; "Rob Roy"; "The Three Guardsmen" were well thumbed and well liked; but they were not The Boy's first love in fiction, and they never usurped, in his affections, the place of the true account of David Copperfield. It was a queer book to have absorbed the time and attention of a boy of eight or nine, who had to skip the big words, who did not understand it all, but who cried, as he has cried but once since, whenever he came to that dreadful chapter which tells the story of the taking away of David's mother, and of David's utter, hopeless desolation over his loss.

How the book came into The Boy's possession he cannot now remember, nor is he sure that his parents realized how much, or how often, he was engrossed in its contents. It cheered him in the measles, it comforted him in the mumps. He took it to school with him, and he took it to bed with him; and he read it, over and over again, especially the early chap-

ters; for he did not care so much for David after David became Trotwood, and fell in love.

When, in 1852, after his grandfather's death, he first saw London, it was not the London of the Romans, the Saxons, or the Normans, nor the London of the Plantagenets or the Tudors, but the London of the Micawbers and the Traddleses, the London of Murdstone and Grinby, the London of Dora's Aunt and of "Jip." On his arrival at Euston Station the first object upon which his eyes fell was a donkey-cart, a large wooden tray on wheels, driven, at a rapid pace, by a long-legged young man, and followed, at a pace hardly so rapid, by a boy of about his own age, who seemed in great mental distress. This was the opening scene. And London, from that moment, became to him, and still remains, a great moving panorama of David Copperfield.

The Boy never walked along the streets of London by his father's side during that memorable summer without meeting in fancy some friend of David's, without passing some spot that David knew, and loved, or hated. And he recognized St. Paul's Cathedral at the first glance, because it had figured as an illustration on the cover of Peggotty's work-box!

This was the Book of The Boy's Boyhood. He does not recommend it as the exclusive literature of their boyhood to other boys; but out of it The Boy knows that he got nothing but what was healthful and helping. It taught him to abominate selfish brutality and sneaking falsehood, as they were exhibited in the Murdstones and the Heeps; it taught him to avoid rash expenditure as it was practiced by the Micawbers; it showed him that a man like Steerforth might be the best of good fellows and at the same time the worst and most dangerous of companions; it showed, on the other hand, that true friends like Traddles are worth having and worth keeping; it introduced him to the devoted, sisterly affection of a woman like Agnes; and it proved to him that the rough pea-jacket of a man like Ham Peggotty might cover the simple heart of as honest a gentleman as ever lived.

The Boy, in his time, has been brought in contact with many famous men and women,

but upon nothing in his whole experience does he look back with greater satisfaction than upon his slight intercourse with the first great man he ever knew. Quite a little lad, he was staying at the Pulaski House in Savannah, in 1853 — perhaps it was in 1855 — when his father told him to observe particularly the old gentleman, with the spectacles, who occupied a seat at their table in the public dining-room; for, he said, the time would come when The Boy would be very proud to say that he had breakfasted, and dined, and supped with Mr. Thackeray. He had no idea who, or what, Mr. Thackeray was; but his father considered him a great man, and that was enough for The Boy. He did pay particular attention to Mr. Thack-

eray, with his eyes and his ears; and one morning Mr. Thackeray paid a little attention to him, of which he is proud, indeed. Mr. Thackeray took The Boy between his knees, and asked his name, and what he intended to be when he grew up. He replied, "A farmer, sir." Why, he cannot imagine, for he never had the slightest inclination toward a farmer's life. And then Mr. Thackeray put his gentle hand upon The Boy's little red head, and said: "Whatever you are, try to be a good one."

If there is any virtue in the laying-on of hands The Boy can only hope that a little of it has descended upon him.

And whatever The Boy is, he has tried, for Thackeray's sake, "to be a good one!"

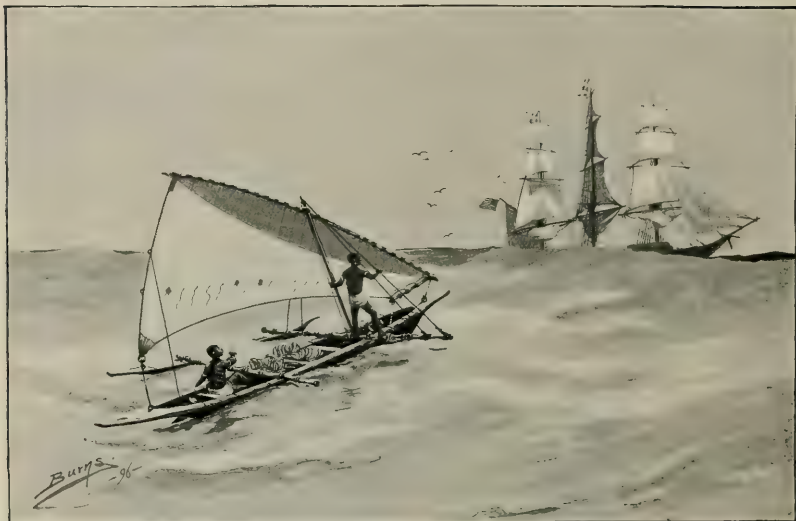
THE END.



THACKERAY'S ADVICE TO THE BOY: "WHATEVER YOU ARE, TRY TO BE A GOOD ONE."

SOME QUEER CRAFT.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.



A FIJI ISLAND CATAMARAN, OR DOUBLE CANOE.

A PIECE of wood whittled to a point for the hull, a slender chip "stepped" in a slit for the mast, a bit of paper for the sail, and we have the small boy's typical boat. Simple as it is, it is interesting, because, by himself, the boy has adopted the square sail of the Northern races—a sail so typical of these that it was doubtless part of the rig of the Viking ship. Sometimes a boy will jab his mast through two pieces of paper,—a larger one, with a smaller one above it for a topsail,—unconsciously adopting the characteristic rig of the Norwegian Coaster. The first sign of disaster to the small boy's boat is the wetting of the sail as the miniature waves break over the deck. When the lower part of the sail becomes water-soaked and limp, there is dan-

ger of foundering in mid-pond or -puddle. To avoid this very danger on the real ocean, that portion of the Norwegian coaster's sail most exposed to a wetting is fastened to the rest by bands or "bonnets," and can be entirely removed when the necessity to reef arises.

The Southern nations, from the Mediterranean to the tropics, with their eye for the picturesque and their love of nature, copied the wing of a bird and adopted the pinion-like lateen sail, with its great curving yard and forward raking mast—the "gibbous or true sailing of the South," as it is called. You can see gaudily painted little boats rigged with lateen sails along the levee of the Mississippi, off the old French Market at New Orleans—and these we owe to the Italian truck-gardeners,

who carry their produce to market in these picturesque little craft.

All sails are variations of one or another of these two great types—the square and the lateen. The use of the former in barks and brigs and other square-rigged vessels is plain. And we can readily see, too, the fact that the fore-and-aft rig (jib and mainsail), which, because it is easier to handle, is rapidly supplanting the square, is an adaptation of the lateen, the forward rake of the mast having been increased until it became a bowsprit, while the great yard became the gaff of the mainsail. The lateen sail is remarkable for its lifting capacity, and the jib possesses this quality to an even greater degree.

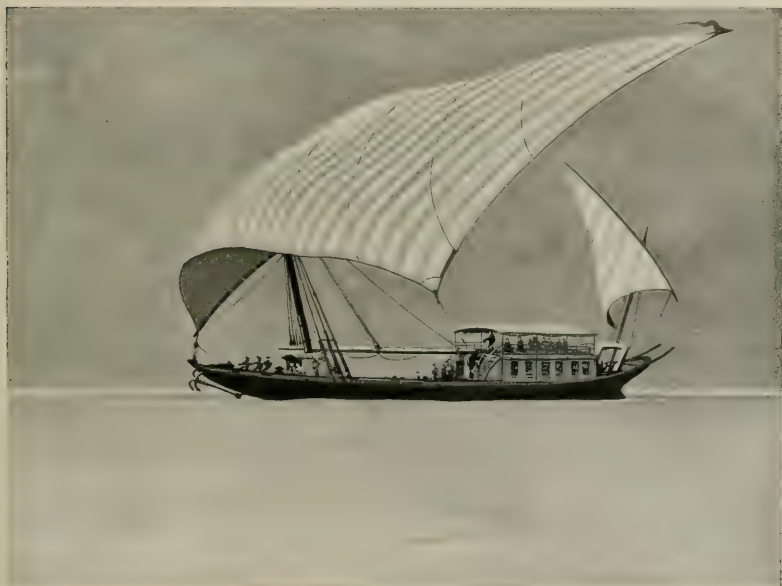
The fore-and-aft rig derives its ease of handling by direct borrowing from the lateen sail, which is as effective as it is simple. The craft of the Ladrone Islanders are so swift that they are called Flying Proas. They are long and very narrow, and alike at both ends—double-

enders among sailing craft; for by simply shifting the sail, bow and stern are reversed as



PROA, WITH OUTRIGGER.

they are by reversing the engines of a ferry-boat. Thus the proa is not obliged to “go about.” The same side is always to leeward; and this is flat so that she can be sailed very close. The windward side is rounded, and to prevent the proa from capsizing on account of



A DAMABIEH, THE BOAT OF THE NILE.



A MULETA, OR PORTUGUESE FISHING-BOAT.

the extreme narrowness of beam, an outrigger, to which a hollow, boat-shaped log is attached, extends from this side, so that the proa is a catamaran with one hull much smaller than the other. In sailing her a man sits in each

end, steering with a paddle when the end in which he sits happens to be the stern. No iron is used in the construction of the proa. The sides are made separately, and sewed together at the ends with bark. The peculiar build of



AN ESKIMO IN HIS KAYAK.

the flying proa—double-ended, with differing sides, one always lee, the other always weather—is made possible by the direction of the trade-winds and the fact that the Ladrone Islands lie in a line almost due north and south, so that these slim, birdlike craft have simply to follow these points of the compass.

The Fiji Islanders have so-called "Double Canoes," which resemble the proa. One kind of Fiji Island canoe is, however, more like a true catamaran, the hulls being decked over and connected by a platform instead of by outriggers. Hatches lead below decks, and there is a small raised platform protected by a mat as a quarter-deck, from which the captain maintains a lookout for schools of fish. These craft are often from sixty to eighty feet long, and are steered with an oar twenty feet in length. Two and sometimes more men are required to handle this oar. The mast is on a pivot, and instead of going about, the sail is simply shifted from bow to stern.

And now, shifting the scene from the isles of the Pacific to the Nile, we find another characteristic lateen-sail craft in the Egyptian Dahabiyeh, the passenger-boat of the Nile, or in the Nuggar, the freight-boat of that historic river. These craft ply under regular racing rig, for the huge yard, with its powerful sweep, is about one third longer than the hull, and there is also a lateen-rigged jigger-mast. Where one of these craft is eighty feet long, the yard is one hundred and twenty—so long that it is made of several pieces firmly spliced. This enormous sail-power is required to stem the current. Nine months of the year the *Reis*, as the captain is called, has the wind fair upstream, and on the return voyage he stows away the sail and just floats down. To swing around with the current, he has a rudder six feet wide, the tiller extending over the top of the cabin, which is flush with the deck. And so the dahabiyeh drifts slowly past the ancient ruins along this famous stream; and the passenger on this craft, of a type perhaps coeval

with the Pharaohs, concludes that he who has not "done" Egypt on a dahabiyeh has not done it at all. The nuggar is like the dahabiyeh, except that it has no deck, only a stage for the steersman. It is a rough-looking craft built of short pieces of wood so loosely joined as to require much plugging with mud and rags.

Perhaps the oddest-looking craft in the world is the Muleta, the boat of the Portuguese fishermen. The remarkable features of the rig are the numerous little spritsails forward, which resemble so many little white-winged birds flying ahead of the vessel. Curious, too, is the rowel of ornamental nails at the bow. The usual method of fishing from the muleta is with dragnets.

While the tropical and semi-tropical sailor clings to his lateen rig, the extreme Northern race, the Eskimo, clings perforce to his Kayak and paddle. The kayak suggests our racing-shell, but without the sliding seat, and so covered over that only a hole remains to admit the body. Even if the Eskimo of the extreme North wished to adopt a sail, he could not do so for lack of wood for the mast. The light frame of his kayak is made of bone skilfully thonged with seal-leather, and the skin of the seal is generally used for the covering. I have seen the Eskimos of Labrador in their kayaks, and it is wonderful with what a quick, nervous quiver these light craft respond to the slightest touch of the paddle. Within easy reach are the harpoons, guns, and bladder-floats of these daring sea-hunters, who, in their frail-looking kayaks, with icebergs towering almost in their course, and the white glare of the ice "loom" in the offing, brave dangers compared with which those encountered by the navigators of the flying proas, dahabiyehs, and muletas are trifling. The Eskimos furnish the extreme instance of that dogged courage of the Northern races which, united with intellectual energy, has enabled those more favored in their surroundings than these dwellers on arctic shores to develop into the great people of the earth.

HOW A PRESIDENT IS INAUGURATED.

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD.

ON the 4th of this March the twenty-fifth President of the United States will be inaugurated. The beautiful capital of our nation has been the scene of many grand and imposing celebrations; but it is said that the inauguration this year will be more magnificent than anything of the kind that has ever taken place in Washington. If Thomas Jefferson could come back to earth, it would be hard to make him believe that all this wonderful ceremony was for no other purpose than to install a new President in office. As you will remember, Thomas Jefferson was the first President of our country to be inaugurated at Washington. This took place in the year 1801, when our national capital was not much more than a year old; and you may imagine that the city was a very different-looking place from what it is to-day.

But now instead of a straggling town with a few muddy streets and about three thousand inhabitants, Jefferson would find our national capital one of the most beautiful cities on the face of the earth, with a population of nearly three hundred thousand; and on March 4 he would behold a scene such as he never dreamed of. Thousands of flags fly from the house-tops and windows, bright-colored bunting in beautiful designs adorns the great public buildings, all the stores and business houses are gaily decorated with flags and streamers, and everything presents the appearance of a great and glorious holiday, while the streets swarm with the hundreds of thousands of people who have come to the city from all parts of the country to take part in the grand celebration.

Everybody is moving toward Pennsylvania Avenue, where the parade is to march. No, not everybody: some fifty or sixty thousand make their way to the Capitol, so as to get a glimpse of the inauguration exercises that take place on the east portico; and although the

ceremonies will not begin until nearly one o'clock, the great space in front of the Capitol is packed with people three hours before that time, some of them having come as early as eight o'clock in the morning to be sure of getting a good view.

Early in the morning Pennsylvania Avenue is cleared of all street-cars, carriages, and bicycles, and no one is allowed to step off the sidewalk. A strong wire rope is stretched along each side of the avenue, so as to prevent people from getting into the street.

Soon every window and balcony along the line is crowded with spectators. Even the roofs are black with people, and small boys may be seen perched among the branches of the trees, or hanging on to the electric-light poles. For a distance of nearly three miles, on each side of the street, people are packed so closely together that it is almost impossible for them to move. In every park and open space along the line large wooden stands have been erected; and these, too, are filled with those who are willing to pay for seats.

As the time for the morning parade draws near, the crowds become restless with eagerness and excitement. Policemen on horseback dash up and down the avenue to see that the road is clear, and every now and then a trooper or messenger in bright uniform gallops past. Suddenly the boom of a cannon is heard. The next moment there comes the distant roll of drums, and then, amid the inspiring music of brass bands and tremendous cheering, the procession appears moving slowly down the avenue on its way to the Capitol. Riding ahead is a squad of mounted police—big, brawny fellows, with glittering brass buttons. After them come the United States troops and naval forces, armed with their rifles and sabers that flash in the sunlight, and marching to the music of the famous Marine Band, while rumbling over the

hard, smooth pavement of the avenue come the big cannons drawn by powerful horses. Then appears the chief marshal of the parade on his spirited horse, heading the body-guard of soldiers that surround the open carriage containing the President and the President-elect, sitting side by side. As the carriage, which is drawn by four handsome horses, rolls slowly along with its distinguished occupants, men and boys shout and cheer at the top of their lungs, and throw their hats into the air when their voices give out, while the women and girls wave their handkerchiefs and hurrah with the rest of the crowd. With hat in hand, the President-elect smiles and bows to the right and the left; and with the bands playing and people cheering, handkerchiefs fluttering and flags flying, he arrives at the Capitol a few minutes before noon. Here he meets with another rousing reception from the great mass of people who have been waiting for him for two or three hours; and it requires all the efforts of a small army of police to open a way for him and his party to pass into the Capitol.

The Fifty-fourth Congress is drawing to a close. The House of Representatives is about to adjourn, and many of its members have already come over to the Senate to witness the closing exercises there. Extra chairs and seats have been brought in for them and the many other prominent officials who also have gathered there, including the officers of the army and the navy, the justices of the Supreme Court, the cabinet officers, and the foreign ambassadors and ministers, many of whom are dressed in their gorgeous state robes. According to law, Congress must come to an end at noon; but if the presidential party has not made its appearance when the Senate clock is about to point to twelve, the hands are moved back a few minutes so as to gain time. And before the hands are allowed to get around to twelve, everybody has arrived, everything is in readiness, and the President of the Senate has administered the oath of office to his successor, the new Vice-President of the United States, who at once calls an extra session of the Senate, so that not a moment elapses between the death of one session and the birth of another. Then, after a short prayer by the chaplain and

a brief address by the Vice-President, the distinguished people gathered in the Senate form in line, and, headed by a company of newspaper reporters, they march in dignified procession to the rotunda, and thence to the platform on the east front of the Capitol.

The nine justices of the Supreme Court, clothed in their black robes, walk out on the platform first, followed by the President-elect. As soon as the crowd catches sight of him, a deafening shout breaks forth from fifty thousand throats, and, amid the enthusiastic uproar that lasts several minutes, hats and canes, umbrellas and handkerchiefs, are waved aloft or thrown wildly into the air by joyous and patriotic Americans. Removing his hat, the President-elect comes forward, and, turning to the Chief Justice of the United States, takes the oath of office as required by the Constitution. Then comes the inaugural address, which, of course, only those near the platform are able to hear. But the thirty or forty thousand who can't hear the speech are willing to agree with everything that is said, and every little while they shout and cheer and applaud.

All this time the crowd on the avenue has been patiently waiting for the return of the President. The morning's procession was nothing more than a military escort; now is to come the great feature of the day — the grand inauguration parade. The ceremonies at the Capitol are over at half-past one, and the new President goes at once to the White House, greeted with rousing cheers all along the way, and prepares to review the greatest parade ever seen in the city of Washington. All the morning, companies of soldiers, political clubs, bands, and drum corps have been preparing for the afternoon's march. There are so many thousands who are going to take part in the parade that orders have been given requiring all companies to march in ranks reaching from curb to curb, a distance of one hundred and thirty feet, and to follow one another as closely as possible.

The march is begun a little before two o'clock; and, although the people have been standing on the sidewalks since early morning, they have plenty of enthusiasm left, and they fill the air with their shouts and hurrahs as

regiment after regiment of magnificently drilled soldiers and horses marches by.

Even after the electric lamps are lighted, men and horses are still tramping along the avenue, and people are still shouting and the bands playing and flags waving. And all this time the President stands in front of the White House, reviewing the marching thousands as they pass along.

But although the big parade finally comes to an end, the festivities are not yet over. Late

into the night the city is brilliantly illuminated by magnificent and wonderful fireworks and powerful electric search-lights that shine from the tops of the tall buildings and light up the great dome of the Capitol and the Washington monument. Then comes the grand inaugural ball. There are over ten thousand people present, and the scene is a glorious and wonderful sight.

It is almost sunrise when the last carriage rolls away, and with the closing of the ball the inauguration festivities end.

JOHNNY IN GOBOLINK LAND.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART AND ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

THE Gobolink book was too big to go into Johnny's stocking, and so Santa Claus tied it with a blue ribbon, and laid it on the end of the mantel just above where the stocking hung.

The old fellow giggled when he placed it there, and his eyes twinkled mischievously as he slipped a bit of folded paper beneath the ribbon, and this was what was written upon it:

This book is for Johnny; and what do you think?
Our Johnny himself is a gay Gobolink:
You never can tell for a moment or two
Just what little Johnny is likely to do.

Johnny cared more about the letter at first than he did about the book. It was an autograph letter written by old Santa himself, and it was really very exciting to get a message direct from headquarters. He hastened to seize his pen and ink so that he might label it properly for his autograph collection. He did not notice in his excitement that he let a drop fall into the upper fold of the sheet, but when presently he opened it again to show it to the cook, behold the ink splash had formed itself into a curious little figure which he afterward found to be a veritable Gobolink.

It had no features worth mentioning, but it seemed full of life. The very tightness with which Johnny had clasped the note had sent out from the blot various dancing legs, while a

pair of goggle eyes shot up from the tip-top of a great round head.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," said Johnny. "I'm going to name him Santa Claus. Ah, ha, Mr. Santa Claus," he chuckled, "you call me a Gobolink, do you? And what are you yourself? If there ever was an uncertain person on earth, you are one. We don't know anything at all about you or what you'll bring, or how you find out things about fellows; and so if I'm a Gobolink, so are—"

By this time Johnny had begun to write. He labored and breathed hard for about three minutes. And this was the result:

Dear Santy Claws, I'm much obliged.
This pictures you and more besides.

JOHNNY M. WILKENSON.

Johnny's rhyme may not have been up to the mark, but his ideas of poetry had been received mainly from Mother Goose, who is not very strict in this respect.

But he soon learned that Gobolinks are coy fellows and the Muse uncertain. He used a good deal of paper, and got a number of foolish nothings which might have pleased him but for his first great success.

As the snow-storm continued, he sat at his little desk all day, dropping ink, folding and

pressing, with only a few real live Gobolinks to reward his pains.

That night, when the light was out, Johnny seemed to see funny little figures all over the wall. Some were alone — exactly alike on both sides — and some, differing in their parts, came in twos and groups.

And so they kept on coming and coming, Widelums in pairs — Dipsey-Doodle-the-great-Kioodle, and his brother — followed by a long procession. But Johnny thought none of them so fine as his own festive Santa Claus. No verse in the book gave him quite such pleasure as his own first couplet.

"I'll make a lot of Gobolinks to-morrow that'll beat the whole book all to pieces — an' I'll write some more poetry to them, too."

As he uttered this resolution aloud he suddenly heard a queer little titter, and looking up he saw the funniest and fattest old fellow imaginable walking up and down the brass rod that ran across the foot of his bed. He evidently was not timid, for he kept his footing easily, with his hands deep in his pockets.

"What are you laughing at, Mr. Smarty, and who are you?" Johnny sat bolt upright as he spoke. He was not a coward, and even if he had been, the funny little fellow was far smaller than himself.

At this the intruder stopped in the middle of the brass rod, and chuckled.

"Who are you, I say?" Johnny repeated.

"I am the Great Gee-Whizz!" As he spoke, his guest made a low bow to the moon, which at that moment peeped in at the east window. "I am the Great Gee-Whizz — surnamed The Riotous, because of my festive disposition; and if you'll be attentive, and excuse my back, I'll gobble all about it for you."

Johnny had never been quite so attentive in all his life, and presently, the funny fellow began to sing in an uncommonly high-pitched voice:

"Oh, I am the Great Gee-Whizz!
My regular business is
To carry the keys of Gobolink land —
Ca-flappety-boodle-sizz!"

As he uttered the last line he suddenly flapped his great arms and ears like wings, and Johnny nearly fell out of bed with surprise.

Gee-Whizz laughed pleasantly at this. "Don't be disturbed," he said; "those last words are Gobolink talk; and I often end my songs with that wing-like movement. Being Keeper of the Keys, I mostly keep my hands in my pockets; and as Lord High Gobolinktum to the King I preserve my dignity by turning my back to everybody except His Highness. These others



"KEEPER OF THE KEYS."

that you see are in my train. I was laughing just now because you spoke of making Gobolinks. You might get a few Gobolink pictures; but there's just as much difference between a Gobolink and his picture as there is between a boy and his photograph, or his gobograph, as we call them. We have lots of gobographs of you, by the way, in our collection."

Johnny was sitting bolt upright now.

"Oh, we snap you on the fly," continued the Gee-Whizz. "You are a pretty nice fellow — for a boy. Of course, you are not a Gobolink."

By this time, Johnny had pretty well recovered himself, and he was a trifle offended at the insinuation of his guest; also, perhaps, at his facility in making rhymes, which Johnny had not found by any means so easy a task.

"I do not think Gee-Whizz is a very nice name," he said, a little crossly; "and Ca-flap-pety-boodle-sizz sounds like slang. I don't believe you would have said it if you could have thought of anything else to rhyme. It sounds to me more like a soda-fountain. I'll take chocolate and cream, please," he added.

All the Gobolinks laughed at this. Johnny could hear them tittering all over the room, even where he could not see them, and he suddenly realized that he was in the midst of a great number of the strange creatures.

"Oh," said the Gee-Whizz, "you will have to go with us if you want soda-water to-night. We will take you to the land of Noodle. It is not very far, as it is only on the border of the Gobolink country. Of course, we could not take you to the capitol or the King's palace on the first trip. It is day after to-morrow there now."

Almost before he knew it, Johnny found himself on the way. He had no idea what direction they were taking. He did not recognize any of the country as they swept along far above it. His arm was linked through that of the Great Gee-Whizz, and behind them came a troop of ridiculous creatures.

Johnny kept constantly looking over his shoulder at the grotesque train.

"Is it much farther?" he asked, when he thought they had come about 275½ miles.

"Oh, yes, some distance," replied the Great Gee-Whizz; "and to pass the time I will tell you a sad little story of Noodle land, which contains a moral as well as a romance. You are fond of rhymes, I perceive, so I will recite it in that way. All Gobolinks are very good single-handed poets, and you will get a number of ideas on rhyming from us in the course of time."

Johnny was rather overawed by this statement.

"I shall be very glad, indeed, to learn," he said, humbly. "I'm afraid my poetry would not do to put into a book — yet."

"Oh, for that matter I have seen some pretty poor poetry in books," said the Gee-Whizz. "I have written some of it myself. 'The Sad Fate of the Gentle Oodle' is my latest:

"Once there was a gay Gamboodle —
Tall and brave was he;

And he loved a gentle Oodle —
This was in the land of Noodle
Where all Oodles be.

"Dear," he whispered to the Oodle,
'Whatsoe'er you do,
Look out for the fierce Impoodle —
He would make a thin Cathoodle
Quickly out of you.'

Then the foolish little Oodle
Laughed and shook her head.
"Never mind, my gay Gamboodle
I fear not your fierce Impoodle,"
Thus the Oodle said.

"But, alas, a thin Cathoodle
She was doomed to be;
For, one day, the fierce Impoodle
Caught the gentle little Oodle —
Silly Oodle — poor Gamboodle —
Lonely now is he."

Johnny had grown very grave during this recital.

"Is that a true story?" he faltered, as the Gee-Whizz finished.

"Oh, yes," said Gee-Whizz.

"I have gobographs of all the characters in my pocket. I shall use them in my new book, which I intend to call 'Doo-daddles.'" Here he drew some pictures from his pocket and passed them over to Johnny. The gentle Oodle held his attention longest because of her sad fate, her no-



THE GAY GAMBOODLE.

table lack of arms, and the pathetic expression of her eyes. As Johnny handed the pictures back, the Great Gee-Whizz suddenly pointed to a high hill that just then appeared before them, down which Johnny saw swarms of ink-goblins coming to meet them.

"You call your book 'Doo-daddles'? What a funny name!" said Johnny. "And what are doo-daddles?"

"Oh, they are really only daddles, but we call them doo-daddles because almost anybody can do them. But we are now," said the Gee Whizz, "on the border of Gobolink land; and

those are the Noodle-inks. They are a quiet, inoffensive people; and if it were not for the fierce Impoodle that lies in wait forstragglers, and a band of Robbolinks that now and then make a raid on them for boodle—which is our regular Gobolink word for wealth—their happiness would be unalloyed."

They had by this time reached

the Noodle advance guards, who flocked around them, all eager to get near the little boy.

Johnny recognized the Great Kioodle, who seemed to be an officer of rank, as well as his brother, who was only of rank and file. But the Gee-Whizz was hurrying Johnny over the hill-top.

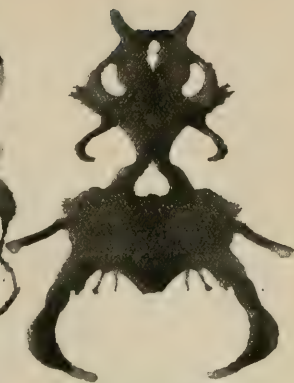
"I must take you at once to the Great Shampoodle," said he. "He governs the land of Noodle. After that introduction you can go about pretty much as

you please. Only be careful to avoid the Impoodle and the Robbolinks."

Johnny's fear had long since departed, and



THE GREAT SHAM-
POODLE.



THE FIERCE IMPOODLE.

he was enjoying everything immensely. He was very much interested just now in studying the queer houses and streets as they swept over them, and the great palace of the Shampoodle that was looming up just ahead. The streets



THE ROBBOLINK CHIEF.

below seemed full of people and queer animals and fowls. Suddenly, just as they landed on the steps of the palace, there was a wild cry



THE GENTLE OODLE.



THE THIN CATHOODLE.

and a sudden uproar. The Great Gee-Whizz grasped the little boy's arm very tightly.

"The Robbolinks!" he shrieked; and now for the first time Johnny saw his face, which was pale with fear. "You must fly at once. Here! this way—quick!"

A medley of wild shouts filled Johnny's ears. A troop of Noodolinks, headed by the great Kioodle, rushed by at full speed. A flock of queer geese ran hissing and squawking past. Johnny felt himself lifted bodily by the Great Gee-Whizz, and a second later he was dropped into what looked like a big bicycle tire. There was a rush of air, a roaring sound, a long slide, and a flash of light, and Johnny was suddenly sitting bolt upright again in his bed, with the morning sun shining in at the east window where he had seen the moon but a few hours before.

He rubbed his eyes, and felt himself to make sure that he was all there. "My!" he said at last, "but that was a narrow escape, *I tell you*.

I wonder what became of the Great Gee-Whizz. He sent me back with 'a ca-flappety-boodlesizz!'—sure enough!"

He reflected for some moments over the strange adventures of the night.



A FLOCK OF GEESSE FROM GOBOLINK LAND.

"Anyhow," he said, "I 'll have some pictures to show him *next* time he comes, and some poetry too—you see if I don't."

A FORTUNE.

ONE day a man was walking along the street, and he was sad at heart. Business was dull. He had set his desire upon a horse that cost a thousand dollars, and he had only eight hundred with which to buy it. There were other things, to be sure, that might be bought with eight hundred dollars, but he did not want those; so he was sorrowful, and thought the world a bad place.

As he walked, he saw a child running toward him. It was a strange child; but when he looked at it, its face lightened like sunshine and broke into smiles. The child held out its closed hand.

"Guess what I have!" it cried gleefully.

"Something fine, I am sure," said the man pleasantly.

The child nodded and drew nearer, then opened its hand.

"Look!" it said; and the street rang with its happy laughter.

The man looked, and in the child's hand lay a penny.

"Hurrah!" said the child.

"Hurrah!" said the man.

Then they parted, and the child went and bought a stick of candy, and saw all the world red and white in stripes.

The man went and put his eight hundred dollars in the savings-bank, all but fifty cents; and with the fifty cents he bought a brown hobbyhorse with white spots for his own little boy; and the little boy saw all the world brown with white spots.

"Is this the horse you wanted so to buy, father?" asked the little boy.

"It is the horse I have bought," said the man.

"Hurrah!" said the little boy.

"Hurrah!" said the man.

And he saw that the world was a good place, after all.

L. E. R.

THE TRUE STORY OF MARCO POLO.

By NOAH BROOKS.

[This story was begun in the June number.]

CHAPTER XVII.

THE POLO BROTHERS INTRODUCE WESTERN SIEGE ARTILLERY.



AFTER Marco had visited Yunnan, he made an excursion into Burmah and Bengal. Returning to Cathay, he next describes some of the cities of the southern part of that Empire, and proceeds to

relate a curious circumstance connected with the capture of the city of Saianfu, or Siangyang-fu, as it is now called, one of the cities of Manzi, the province lying south of the Yellow River. He says:

Now you must know that this city held out against the Great Khan for three years after the rest of Manzi had surrendered. The Great Khan's troops made incessant attempts to take it, but they could not succeed because of the great and deep waters that were round about it, so that they could approach from one side only, which was the north. And I tell you they never would have taken it, but for a circumstance that I am going to relate.

You must know that when the Great Khan's host had lain three years before the city without being able to take it, they were greatly chafed thereat. Then Messer Nicolo Polo and Messer Maffeo and Messer Marco said: "We could find you a way of forcing the city to surrender speedily"; whereupon those of the army replied, that they would be right glad to know how that should be. All this talk took place in the presence of the Great Khan. For messengers had been despatched from the camp to tell him that there was no taking the city by blockade, for it continually received supplies of victual from those sides which they were unable to invest: and the Great Khan had sent back word that take it they must, and find a way how. Then spoke up the two brothers and Messer Marco, the son, and said: "Great Prince, we have with us among our followers men who are able to construct mangonels which shall cast such

great stones that the garrison will never be able to stand them, but will surrender at once, as soon as the mangonels or trebuchets shall have shot into the town."

The Khan bade them with all his heart have such mangonels made as speedily as possible. Now, Messer Nicolo and his brother and his son immediately caused timber to be brought, as much as they desired, and fit for the work in hand. And they had two men among their followers, a German and a Nestorian Christian, who were masters of that business, and these they directed to construct two or three mangonels capable of casting stones of 300-pounds weight. Accordingly they made three fine mangonels, each of which cast stones of 300-pounds weight and more. And when they were complete and ready for use, the Emperor and the others were greatly pleased to see them, and caused several stones to be shot in their presence; whereat they marveled greatly and greatly praised the work. And the Khan ordered that the engines should be carried to his army which was at the leaguer of Saianfu.

And when the engines were got to the camp they were forthwith set up, to the great admiration of the Tartars. And what shall I tell you? When the engines were set up and put in gear, a stone was shot from each of them into the town. These took effect among the buildings, crashing and smashing through every thing with huge din and commotion. And when the townspeople witnessed this new and strange visitation they were so astonished and dismayed that they wist not what to do or say. They took counsel together, but no counsel could be suggested how to escape from these engines, for the thing seemed to them to be done by sorcery. They declared that they were all dead men if they yielded not, so they determined to surrender on such conditions as they could get.

So the men of the city surrendered, and were received to terms; and this all came about through the exertions of Messer Nicolo and Messer Maffeo and Messer Marco; and it was no small matter. For this city and province is one of the best that the Great Khan possesses, and brings him in great revenues.

There is some uncertainty about the story, as here told by Marco, for it is related in history that the city was reduced at a period earlier than the time of the visit of the Polos; but it is possible that there has been a mistake made in the dates, as recorded by the Chinese historians. But, in any case, the employment of

novel engines of war, by the advice of strangers from the West, was an actual fact; all histories agree as to that. A mangonel was an engine of timber designed to throw great stones a long distance with terrific force, exactly as described by Marco. In those ancient times, before the invention of gunpowder, it was customary to use these, and also arblasts, or bows of steel or horn, so tough and strong that the string had to be drawn back to the trigger by a lever, or a winch. Another contrivance for throwing bolts and stones was the catapult, and another was the ballista. It is related that

pass and repass on its waters a great number of vessels, and more wealth and merchandize than on all the rivers and all the seas of Christendom put together! It seems indeed more like a Sea than a River. Messer Marco Polo said that he once beheld at that city 15,000 vessels at one time. And you may judge, if this city, of no great size, has such a number, how many must there be altogether, considering that on the banks of this river there are more than sixteen provinces and more than 200 great cities, besides towns and villages, all possessing vessels?

Messer Marco Polo aforesaid tells us that he heard from the officer employed to collect the Great Khan's duties on this river that there passed upstream 200,000 vessels in the year, without counting those that passed down! Indeed as it has a course of such great length,



CATAPULTS, MANGONELS, AND OTHER ANCIENT MACHINES FOR THROWING STONES, ARROWS, AND VARIOUS MISSILES.
FROM ILLUSTRATIONS IN MARCO POLO'S BOOK.

burning stuff to corrupt the air was sometimes thrown into a city by the besiegers who used these machines. The machines used by the Saracens were called trebuchets; and that is a name sometimes applied to the mangonel.

The Yang-tse-Kiang river aroused the admiration of Marco, and he devotes much space to an account of its vastness and the volume of its commerce. The Chinese name for the stream is "Son of the Ocean," so great is its depth and width. Of it the traveler says:

And I assure you this river flows so far and traverses so many countries and cities that in good sooth there

and receives so many other navigable rivers, it is no wonder that the merchandize which is borne on it is of vast amount and value. And the article in largest quantity of all is salt, which is carried by this river and its branches to all the cities on their banks, and thence to the other cities in the interior.

The vessels which ply on this river are decked. They have but one mast, but they are of great burthen, for I can assure you they carry, reckoning by our weight, from 4000 to 12,000 cantars each. In going upstream they have to be hauled, for the current is so strong that they could not make head in any other manner. Now the tow-line, which is some 300 paces in length, is made of nothing but cane. 'T is in this way: they have those great canes of which I told you before that they are some fifteen paces in length; these they take and split from end

CHAPTER XVIII.

AMONG THE ISLES OF INDIA.



GOLD ISLAND.

to end into many slender strips, and then they twist these strips together so as to make a rope of any length they please. And the ropes so made are stronger than if they were made of hemp.

There are at many places on this river hills and rocky eminences on which the idol-monasteries and other edifices are built; and you find on its shores a constant succession of villages and inhabited places.

There is very little exaggeration in this account. By twelve thousand cantars we should understand that the traveler refers to a weight equal to a little more than five hundred tons, which is a large cargo. The "idol-monasteries" of Marco Polo still stand on the rocky islets of the Yang-tse-Kiang; they are Buddhist monasteries and are known as Orphan Rock, Golden Island, and Silver Island. And they are very picturesque features of the river scenery.



SILVER ISLAND.

WE have already said that the first accounts ever written of the countries lying to the south and east of China were the work of Marco Polo. It should not be understood that he visited all the islands of the Indian archipelago, but from others he learned what he has set down in his book concerning those regions of the world, then unknown to Europe except by very vague and misty report. And, considering that the information which he acquired is given us at second hand, it must be admitted that very few mistakes have been made in his narrative. Marco introduces his account of the isles



AN ISLAND MONASTERY.

of India with a description of Chinese sea-going vessels, which we shall not repeat.

The ships of the Great Khan were better for navigation in distant seas than those of Europe were in Marco's time. They were better than the vessels with which Columbus crossed the Atlantic and discovered the coast of America. But the Chinese have made no progress since that day. They build their junks, as they are called, just as they did one thousand years ago. Still, it is to be noted that the Mongols, or Chinese, invented and used water-tight com-

partments in ships; and our modern ship-builders have copied the Chinese in this respect, at least, even although the Chinese have not invented anything of importance to mariners since then.

Now let us see what Marco has to say about Japan; for that is the country which he names Chipangu, and which was variously known afterward in those days of spelling by sound, as Cipango, Zipangu, and Zumpango.

Marco is describing to us the countries subject to the Great Khan; and Cipango was interesting to him for the reason that Kublai Khan had lately sent an expedition against it. He says:

CHIPANGU is an Island towards the east in the high seas, 1500 miles distant from the Continent; and a very great Island it is.

The people are white, civilized, and well-favored. They are Idolaters, and are dependent on nobody. And I can tell you the quantity of gold they have is endless; for they find it in their own Islands, and the King does not allow it to be exported. Moreover, few merchants visit this country because it is so far from the main land, and thus it comes to pass that their gold is abundant beyond all measure.

I will tell you a wonderful thing about the Palace of the Lord of that Island. You must know that he hath a great Palace which is entirely roofed with fine gold, just as our churches are roofed with lead, inasmuch that it would scarcely be possible to estimate its value. Moreover, all the pavement of the Palace, and the floors of the chambers are entirely of gold, in plates like slabs of stone, a good two-fingers thick; and the windows also are of gold, so that altogether the richness of this Palace is past all bounds and all belief.

They have also pearls in abundance; which are of a rose color, but fine, big, and round, and quite as valuable as the white ones. In this Island some of the dead are buried, and others are burnt. When a body is burnt, they put one of these pearls in the mouth, for such is their custom. They have also quantities of other precious stones.

Kublai, the Grand Khan who now reigneth, having heard much of the immense wealth that was in this Island, formed a plan to get possession of it. For this purpose he sent two of his Barons with a great navy, and a great force of horse and foot. These Barons were able and valiant men, one of them called ABACAN and the other VONSAINCHIN, and they weighed with all their company from the ports of Zayton and Kinsay, and put out to sea.

They sailed until they reached the Island aforesaid, and there they landed, and occupied the open country and the villages, but did not succeed in getting possession of any city or castle. And so a disaster befell them, as I shall now relate.

It was this part of Marco's story that was greatly disbelieved in Europe when he returned to tell of the wonders he had seen in the far East. Possibly his account of the marvelous adventures of Khan's generals in Cipango threw doubt on his whole story. The expedition was a failure, and it is likely that each of the leaders attempted to put the blame upon the other; the result was a long and curious tale of adventure which, although you may some day like to read it for yourselves, need not be told here.

But the marvels of the fabled island of Cipango took strong hold of the European imagination, after a while. As we have already said, Columbus expected to reach India and Cathay by sailing westward, and one of the



THE THREE ASIATIC RHINOCEROSES. INDIAN (UPPER) SUMATRAN (LOWER) JAVANESE (MIDDLE).

objects of his search was the rich island of Cipango.

When he happened on those islands which he called mistakenly the West Indies, he was afraid that he had missed Cipango, and he asked the natives where the land of gold (Cipango) was situated; when they pointed to the south, he made up his mind that he had sailed by the northern point of Cipango and had fallen upon

one of the Indian islands. Later on, in 1498, after the discovery of America, John Cabot and his son Sebastian sailed on an expedition into the west, and they too were searching for the wealthy island of Cipango, which of course they never found.

Marco gives glowing accounts of the great maritime cities of Kinsay and Zayton, on the eastern and southeastern coast of China. The modern name of Kinsay is Hangchau, and it was in Marco's time a port of the very first importance. It is the capital of Chinkiang. Zayton was the port from which the Khan's fleets sailed for the capture of Japan, and from that port also sailed Marco Polo and his father and uncle on their final return to Europe, when they took with them the bride of the Persian Khan. Zayton was what is now known as Chinchau, or Tsienchau, south from Hangchau. The city was famous, among other things, for a peculiar, rich, and glossy silk which got its name, *satín*, from a change of the name of the city Zayton, or Zaituni, where it was made and exported. In the same way calico takes its name from the Indian city, Calicut, and cambric from Cambrai. Kinsay and Zayton were also objects of Columbus's search on his first and second voyages.

Another region in the eastern archipelago noted by Marco is Cochin China, which he calls Chamba. Cochin China was conquered by the Great Khan, and Marco visited the country in 1285, he says. At that time, according to Marco Polo, the King had a great many wives; and he also had, "between sons and daughters, 326 children, of whom at least 150 were men fit to carry arms." Of the productions of the country he says:

There are very great numbers of elephants in this kingdom, and they have lignaloes in great abundance. They have also extensive forests of the wood called *Bonús*, which is jet-black, and of which chessmen and pen-cases are made.

Elephants are still very numerous in Cochin China; and ebony, the jet-black wood of which

Marco speaks, is also brought from there. We are to understand that lignaloes is the antique name for aloes-wood—a vegetable product from which is prepared the drug known in medicine as aloes.

The other countries of which Marco speaks are Java, of which he gives a very meager account; Sumatra, which he calls "Java the Less," and divers other islands, which are difficult now for us to identify on the modern map. Concerning the strange things he saw in Sumatra, Marco says:

This also is an independent kingdom, and the people have a language of their own; but they are just like beasts, without laws or religion. They call themselves subjects of the Great Khan, but they pay him no tribute; indeed they are so far away that his men could not go thither. Still all these Islanders declare themselves to be his subjects, and sometimes they send him curiosities as presents. There are wild elephants in the country, and numerous unicorns, which are very nearly as big. They have hair like that of a buffalo, feet like those of an elephant, and a horn in the middle of the forehead, which is black and very thick. They do no mischief, however, with the horn, but with the tongue alone; for this is covered all over with long and strong prickles, and when savage with any one they crush him under their knees and then rasp him with their tongue. The head resembles that of a wild boar, and they carry it ever bent toward the ground. They delight much to abide in mire and mud. 'T is a passing ugly beast to look upon. There are also monkeys here in great numbers and of sundry kinds; and goshawks as black as crows. These are very large birds and capital for fowling.

Marco confounds the rhinoceros with the fabulous unicorn, as many other writers of the olden time have done. The unicorn, which was represented as "fighting for the crown" with the lion, was something like the horse with a single horn in his forehead. There was no such creature; but the rhinoceros, then very little known, was mistaken for the unicorn. But the Sumatra rhinoceros usually has two horns; it is the Indian beast of this family that has but one horn. If Marco Polo had with his own eyes seen the so-called unicorn of Sumatra, he doubtless would have been very much puzzled.

(To be continued.)

A CENTURY OF PRESIDENTS.

(*A Prime Puzzle.*)

By MARY SEYMOUR.

As a great many readers of ST. NICHOLAS cannot attend the inauguration ceremonies in Washington on March 4, I propose that we have a presidential pageant all to ourselves, and such a one as our beautiful capital has never seen. For I promise that there shall be, not the usual meager supply of two Presidents, one outgoing and one incoming, but a whole century full, and with them a goodly number of men who, as their cabinet advisers, have helped to guide our ship of state. There will be no order observed in our procession; in fact, the arrangement will be somewhat as it may happen; but the queerest thing about the procession will be that the time it will occupy in passing any given point will depend on the quickness of the lookers-on.

We secure the best possible point of view, and await the approach with a thrill of anticipation. There, in the carriage drawn by dapple-grays, are the self-styled "Old Public Functionary" (1) and the man said to be the author (2) of the expression so often quoted in part, "They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy." And there are the President (3) who received the famous "X. Y. Z. despatches" and the "Hero of the Tarontee" (4). The man (5) who said, "A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck," is by the side of the noble-minded statesman (6) who, after leaving the cabinet, declined an advantageous offer from a foreign financier, saying, "A man who has had the direction of the finances of his country so long as I have, should not die rich."

Do you know that President (7) now passing is the one for whose election mass-meetings and political processions were first brought into campaign use? As we look at the man beside him, we are reminded that Emerson described him as "the Master of Elegance" (8).

The weighty and absorbing questions of currency and finance are still fresh in our minds as

we see the President (9) in whose administration specie payments were resumed after the Civil War, the Secretary (10) who issued the currency called "greenbacks," and the Chief Executive (11) who announced with satisfaction in his last annual message that "the country was without a national bank and without a permanent national debt." Seated by the latter is the President of the United States (12) who became a member of the Confederate States Congress.

We look for a moment at the only Chief Magistrate (13), since Washington, who was elected a second time virtually without an opposing candidate. His companion is the soldier (14) who, at the head of the Mississippi Rifles, led his famous "V" movement at the battle of Buena Vista.

We remember that questions about lands and boundaries have ever been matters for wise statesmen, as we recall the time when our able and many-sided President (15) more than doubled the territory of the United States, and when a certain Secretary of State (16) arranged the purchase of Alaska. And it was while that scholarly Naval Secretary (17) was in office that our government made the treaty that quieted the war-cry, "Fifty-four forty, or fight!" A resolute man in war and in peace was that President (18) who was counseled by the "Kitchen Cabinet."

We wave a salute to "the Cincinnatus of the West" (19) and to the Chief Magistrate (20) during whose campaign was first used a political nickname, meaning "chief," taken from the extinct Massachusetts Indian language as found in Eliot's Bible. Behind those curveting bays you see the first "dark horse" (21) elected to the Presidency, and the man (22) who served seventeen years in Congress after leaving the White House. There come the Secretary (23) who negotiated the first treaty between the

United States and China, and the doughty general (24) who, in a well-fought battle, gave the characteristic order, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!"

Lowell said of the man (25) to whom we now turn our eyes, "He cannot let go the apron-string of the Past." He is with the last Chief Magistrate (26) belonging to the great Whig party. And now we see the President (27) who set in operation the civil-service reform act, and the one (28) who was privileged to have his life written for his campaign by the author of "The Wonder Book."

We look intently at the statesman (29) whom Sydney Smith called "a living lie, because no man on earth could be so great as he looked," and our eyes linger on "the kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man . . . the First American" (30). It was high praise that Bancroft bestowed on that able leader (31) when he referred to him as the "wisest civilian of Virginia." The author and orator (32) by his side received only the seven electoral votes of Vermont when nominated for the Presidency by the Anti-Masonic party.

The next carriage in line brings the President (33) who took the oath of office in his rooms at

the Kirkwood House in Washington, and the friend (34) of Lafayette against whom, as a cabinet official, false charges were made in the House of Representatives — the movement being known as the "A. B. Plot." Though we cannot hear his matchless voice, we see the face of the statesman (35) who named the protective-tariff policy "the American System," and with him we hail the President (36) in whose administration Oklahoma, the last new Territory, was created.

Both of the men who bring up the rear of the remarkable procession had military experience. One (37) directed a telling fire on the city of Mexico from a gun placed in the steeple of a village church; and the other (38) once commanded a company of minute-men of whom John Randolph said, "They were raised in a minute, armed in a minute, marched in a minute, fought in a minute, and vanquished in a minute!" That energetic youth became the profound jurist whose decisions best interpreted and greatly strengthened the Constitution under which we live.

The fanciful parade is over. As we turn from it, let us look with clearer sight at the men and things of to-day.

LIST OF PRIZES OFFERED FOR ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE PUZZLE
"A CENTURY OF PRESIDENTS."

FOR the best answers to the Presidential puzzle on page 430, according to the conditions of the competition, ST. NICHOLAS offers the following prizes:

One prize of Five Dollars.

Two prizes of Four Dollars each.

Five prizes of Three Dollars each.

Ten prizes of Two Dollars each.

Twelve prizes of One Dollar each.

These, amounting to sixty dollars, will be given in the form of brand-new one-dollar bills. Directions for preparing and forwarding answers are given below. The competition is open to all regular readers of ST. NICHOLAS before April 15, 1897, and no competitor may send more than one copy.

The Committee of Judges in awarding prizes will take into account not only the correctness of the answers, but the age of the sender and the neatness of the manuscript. All answers must be received at the office of ST. NICHOLAS before April 15, 1897, and no competitor may send more than one copy.

Do not write letters or notes that require a reply, as the Editor cannot undertake to answer questions concerning the competition. The conditions are fully stated here.

Each number represents a question to be answered by the name of a man of distinction in the history of the United States. Arrange the answers in the order of the questions, and number them on the left-hand margin.

Give your name, age, and address at the top of each page of the answers, leaving space enough above to fasten the pages together. Use sheets of note-paper size, and black ink, and write on only one side of the paper.

Address: Office of ST. NICHOLAS,

Union Square, New York City;

And write in left-hand lower corner of the envelop "Prize Puzzle."



BY GRACE WINTHROP.

My little love and I,—
 All in the winter weather,—
 Though winds may sob and sigh,
 Yet we are glad together,
 My little love and I.

Beside the fire, at home,—
 All in the winter weather,—
 Through fairyland we roam;
 O'er hill and dale and heather,
 And ocean's flying foam.

And there, within a wood,—
 All in the winter weather,—

We meet Red Riding Hood
And cruel Wolf together—
The evil and the good.

Oh, joy, to find anew,—
All in the winter wea-
ther,—

Sweet Cinder-
ella's shoe—

Clear glass:

No com-
mon leather

For *her* would
ever do.



Soft up the stairs we steal,—
All in the winter weather,—
To where, beside her wheel,
The Princess sleeps. Together
Her dreamy spell we feel.

Kind Beauty and her Beast,—
All in the winter weather,—
Invite us to a feast.
When, lo! in hat and feather,
He bows, a prince, at least.

When Bluebeard, fierce and glum,—
All in the winter weather,—
And Giant's "fee, fo, fum"
Draw near, then close together
We cling, as
near they
come.



And Pussy wise we meet,—
All in the winter weather,—
We marvel at his neat,
Fine boots, and wonder whether
They 'd fit our tabby's feet.

And so my love and I,—
All in the winter weather,—
Though cold and dark the sky,
Still we are glad together,
My little love and I.



REPORT UPON THE PRIZE PUZZLE "A THANKSGIVING-DAY PROBLEM."

A GREAT many solutions were received to the "Thanksgiving-day Problem," and it is pleasant to state that in no previous competition has the standard of excellence been so high. Besides the prize-winning answers, there were very many with only one or two mistakes. All competitors seem to have found both pleasure and profit in hunting for the correct answers, and to have entered upon the work in the same spirit as the contestant who wrote: "I wish good luck to all, and much happiness to the prize-winners."

Several solvers forwarded answers tastefully decorated with various devices suggesting the Puritans and the Thanksgiving season.

The sixteenth question was a difficult one to answer with accuracy. That a certain Captain Wadsworth hid the Connecticut charter in the famous "Charter Oak" of Hartford seems well established, but his Christian name is shrouded in mystery. "James" and "Joseph" and "William" were given on excellent authorities. Later, "Jeremiah" and "Peleg" Wadsworth put in a plea for recognition in connection with this famous event, but after due consideration they were ruled out. It seems probable that, if more time had been allowed, other members of this large and interesting family of boys might have been discovered. Bancroft, in his "History of the United States" (Vol. I, page 588), says:

"Tradition loves to relate that the charter lay on the table; that of a sudden the lights were extinguished, and, when they were rekindled, the charter had disappeared. It is certain that 'in this very troublesome season, when the Constitution of Connecticut was struck at, Captain Joseph Wadsworth, of Hartford, rendered fruitful and good service in securing the duplicate charter of the colony, and safely keeping and preserving the same' for nearly eight-and-twenty years."

The question that proved the most puzzling was number eighteen. The author of the puzzle quotes as authority Vol. I, page 158, of "The Cyclopædia of United States History," by Benson J. Lossing, LL. D. Writing of William Brewster, he says: "He took with him to the wilderness his wife and numerous children. It was upon the lid of his chest that the political compact was signed on board the 'Mayflower.'" One enterprising competitor, Miss Sally F. Dawes, wrote as follows concerning this question: "Number eighteen was the hardest, but at last I found the answer in the 'Genealogy of the White Family.' It reads as follows: 'Before they found a place to land and settle, those men of justice and sense, Carver, Bradford, White, Brewster, and Winslow, drew up, on the lid of Elder Brewster's chest, in the cabin of the 'Mayflower,' an instrument which established the principle of individual liberty as a right which has influenced the destiny of man.'"

Letters from several friendly correspondents, however, have convinced the Committee that there is grave doubt whether the Mayflower Compact was signed on the lid of any chest, and whether, if it were so signed, the chest belonged to Brewster, Carver, Winslow, Winthrop, or another.

In justice, therefore, to all contestants, the Committee in awarding prizes have not considered any reasonable answer to question No. 18 an error—a course that has not affected the standing of any prize-winner, since all the best lists agreed in assigning the chest to Elder Brewster or John Carver.

Many facts in the early history of our country are not clearly established, and often reputable historians differ. It was inevitable, therefore, that some of our correspondents should question certain of the facts stated. But the author of the puzzle has cited good authority for each answer, and the following list is believed to be correct.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, Ireland. | 18. Elder William Brewster (according to tradition). |
| 2. Rev. Jonathan Edwards. | 19. Nathaniel Bacon. |
| 3. John Eliot. | 20. Mrs. Mary Dyer (or Dyar). |
| 4. Captain John Smith. | 21. Gov. William Bradford. |
| 5. Captain William (or Robert) Kidd. | 22. Giles Corey (or Cory). |
| 6. Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle. | 23. Mrs. Anne Marbury Hutchinson. |
| 7. Père (or Father) Jacques (or James) Marquette
(and Joliet, his companion). | 24. Pocahontas (or Ma-ta-oka). |
| 8. Captain Henry (Hendrik or Heinrich) Hudson. | 25. John Alden. |
| 9. Rev. Cotton Mather. | 26. Captain Miles (or Myles) Standish. |
| 10. Virginia Dare. | 27. Rev. John Harvard. |
| 11. Gov. Peter (or Petrus) Stuyvesant (Peter the
Headstrong, or Testy). | 28. Massasoit. |
| 12. Sir Henry (or Harry) Vane the Younger. | 29. Samuel de Champlain. |
| 13. Gen. James Edward Oglethorpe of Georgia. | 30. Sir George Calvert (or Cecil Calvert), Lord Balti-
more. The grant was promised to one, and made to the
other. |
| 14. Sir Edmund Andros. | 31. William Penn. |
| 15. John Rolfe. | 32. Rev. John Davenport. |
| 16. Captain William (or James or Joseph) Wadsworth. | 33. Sir William Berkeley. |
| 17. Rev. George Whitefield. | 34. Elihu Yale. |
| | 35. Roger Williams. |

LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS.

(The figures after each name give the prize-winner's age.)

- First Prize, Five Dollars : Clara Louise Green, 17.
 Two Second Prizes, of Four Dollars each : Fannie Pitkin, 12 ; Henry Guy Carleton, 11.
 Five Third Prizes, of Three Dollars each : Marion R. Fenno, 12 ; Rachel Phipps, 10 ; Janet Dana, 10 ; Edward Eagle Brown, 11 ; James J. Forstall, 14.
 Ten Prizes, of Two Dollars each : Alice L. Perry, 12 ; Walter F. Furman, 10 ; Louise McDonald ; Cornelia Williams, 12 ; Helen M. Stott, 13 ; James L. Péquignot, 17 ; Lucy A. Maling, 13 ; Harry B. Gifford, 13 ; Susan Whitman Smith, 13 ; Harold W. Bynner, 15.
 Seventeen Prizes, of One Dollar each : Ruth M. Soule, 16 ; Charles Dana Harmon, 13 ; H. S. Whittemore, 15 ; Lucretia de Schweinitz, 16 ; Beth B. Gilchrist, 17 ; Margaret W. Stone, 16 ; Grace W. Goodwin, 13 ; Harry Dowling, 16 ; Abbot A. Thayer, 14 ; Elizabeth S. Sergeant, 15 ; Grace C. Norton, 11 ; Nellie Van Volkenburgh, 14 ; Lucia K. Dwight, 13 ; Helen E. Allis, 14 ; T. K. Wellington, 15 ; Bessie Bush, 13 ; Edward B. Wight, 11.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Lauren S. Fish, Edwin Balmer, Elsa Behr, Clara C. Mendenhall, Alice Evelyn Ozias, Richard R. Stanwood, Dudley B. Purington, Mabel Hancock, Mary Margaret Hanna, Charles Jarvis Harriman, Louise K. Ames, Dorothy Maris.

Henry M. Hathaway, Frances Eleanor Mason, Isabel Adair Lynde, George Roberts, Jr., Margaret Ropes, Hazel R. Hyde, Laurence R. Clapp, Suzette K. Grundy, Henry Girard Hollon, Katharine S. Doty, Mary R. Cecil, Ellie S. Gladding, Alex. Macomber, Theo. McC. Marsh, Ruth E. Richardson, Kenneth White, Ruth Mitchell, Margaret Lantz, Marion M. Vaughan, Hubert Birchby, Alletta V. Dodd, Marshall Cox, Gertrude Byrne, William Alexander Childs, Mansfield Ferry, Clara Munyan Lathrop, Francis R. Appleton, Jr., Alatheia Mountsier, Marion Miller, Margaret K. Stevens, Francis A. Joy, Olive Oburn, Emma Jennette Pratt, Charles S. Hanna, Bertha H. Lippincott, Marshall P. Cram, Katherine Stubbs, Martha Packard, Helen E. Searle, Mary Guest Smith, Deane Edwards, Frances C. Boardman, Katharine S. Craven, Joseph B. Eastman, Waldine Scratchley, Joseph V. Sloan, Ray Seaman, Marie L. Slack, Sam C. Welling, Robert C. Crowell, John Lawton, Donald A. Dunham, Helen A.

Boynton, Stanley C. Burton, Gladys Smith, Sarah Edmunds Bradford, Margaret Augur, Edward L. Lyon, Ellen B. Townsend, Bernice L. Wing, Fred W. Shear, Homer M. Clark, Mitchell Wilby, Edmund C. Johnston, Helen Emerson Childs, Arthur Bell, Elizabeth R. Bleecker.

One correspondent writes: "I have been studying colonial history at school, but while working on your puzzle I found out that there was yet a great deal to learn."

Another writes: "I never knew before that so many people had written about the early history of this country."

Still another says: "I used five different histories of the United States in looking up my answers. . . . I hope you will continue to publish these prize puzzles, as one has fun in trying to answer them, besides the chance of getting a prize. Of course I hope to get a prize, but if I don't I shall not find fault."

A little girl in the West writes: "We live on a farm, twenty miles from a railroad station, in a newly opened Indian reservation. There are, of course, no public libraries within reach, and we have but few books of reference."

A father writes: "Your 'Thanksgiving-day Problem' has aroused much enthusiasm for the study of colonial history in my little boy. He has worked most persistently, earnestly, and honestly to find all the answers."

A Massachusetts boy writes: "I have had a real good time looking up the answers, and feel sure of all excepting two — 18 and 34."

A Philadelphia boy says: "I suppose you will have a good bit of work to do, since there is so much competition; but I've worked a good deal myself over this puzzle."

And a New Jersey girl says: "Although there are five answers I cannot get, I want you to see that I am interested in the problem."

SCRANTON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think ST. NICHOLAS deserves thanks of parents and those interested in young people for all the good, wholesome things it supplies, and particularly for the historical puzzles. Without a prize, the reward is great in the amount of knowledge gleaned and interest excited in the search for the answers; and I, for one, thank you. I think the first number of the new volume particularly good. With best wishes, I am

Very truly yours, ADA M. PHILLIPS.

OMAHA, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We seniors are delighted with your removal of restrictions on assistance. Since *noblesse oblige*, this ST. NICHOLAS girl, as such, would of course do her work thoroughly and for herself. But it is pleasant to correspond with Cousin on the Pacific Coast as to the curiosities of churchyard literature; to discuss at table the adequacy of five grains of corn for a Thanksgiving feast; to have Big Brother turning over stacks of annals taller than himself, and Little Brother giving assurance that though Bancroft beat no drums for Captain Wadsworth, thousands of enthusiastic historians do.

Let me repeat, the work is Gracie's own, her family and friends having assisted in the French sense only.

With perennial love from seniors and juniors for immortal ST. NICHOLAS.

M. K. HARRIS.

THE "ST. NICHOLAS girl" won a first prize in the Fourth of July puzzle contest.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HONOLULU,

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is from the far-off Sandwich Islands that I send you my greeting.

We have a lovely place in a valley, which is approached by a long avenue of Royal palms, and from where we have a beautiful view toward the mountains. In front of the house is a lawn, and behind that stretches a long pasture — the playground for our horses as well as ourselves. We have a large rambling house, in which I and my three brothers and sisters were born. Our neighbors are Americans and Germans.

The Germans have three children, one little boy and two girls, the youngest of whom has long brown curls. Their parents intend to go to Germany next year, and as we may go at the same time we shall all travel together. But before that I shall write you once more.

Hoping to see this letter printed, I remain

Your interested reader, ELSIE S—.

CHERRYVALE, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old. I have a bicycle and enjoy riding a great deal. I want to tell your readers how to make an "artist" top. It can be made easily and will make as pretty figures as a boughten one. Take a cigar-box lid, and with a pair of

dividers mark out a circle about two and three-quarter inches in diameter. Cut this out and bore a hole in the center, in which force a short lead-pencil. Place a sheet of white paper on a level surface, and taking the top of the lead-pencil between the thumb and finger, spin it as you would a pin-top, or tectotum. The pencil, which should be a very soft one, will mark the most beautiful spirals and curves on the paper. I hope some of your readers will try it.

Your interested reader, WILLIE MITCHELL.

CANTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to have some black decoy ducks in a few weeks. There is a brook running through our land. As it runs through a ditch, when it is dammed up it will make a little pond. For my duck-house I am going to use a dog-house that I have, putting a window in the back of it.

I live near Blue Hill. Last summer I rode to Blue Hill on my bicycle, taking my bicycle up the hill and down, not being able to ride it. I saw a fine view of Boston Harbor, being a very pleasant day.

I have a brother in Harvard College who is twenty-one years of age, and he took the ST. NICHOLAS when he was a little boy. I am very fond of reading, and remain your faithful reader, NORMAN B. FRENCH.

COLLEGE HILL, CLINTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old. I have two goats, which I drive, and enjoy very much. I named them "Nancy Hanks" and "Martha Washington." Martha Washington is a very droll goat. The post to which she is tied is not more than two inches in diameter. She sometimes puts one of her front feet on top of this post and views the country; she looks so wise when she is doing this that Nancy Hanks looks as if she were smiling at her. I keep the goats in a stall. Martha jumps up into the manger and sleeps there, while Nancy sleeps under the manger.

One day when Martha's post was crooked she rubbed up against it just as if she wanted to straighten it.

Martha can also walk on her hind feet, and when she is free in the barn and wants an apple she just puts her front feet on top of the barrel, and puts her head over into the barrel, and gets one.

Nancy once had a fight with a cow; in so doing she lost one of her horns. This is all true.

Your interested reader, LLOYD PAUL STRYKER.

A WELL-KNOWN resident of Chicago recently sent us the following interesting and gratifying letter; and kindly consented that it should be shown to our readers.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It was some time in the seventies—your files will indicate the year—that in looking around for a Christmas present for a little boy with a very bright mind, I hit upon the first bound volume of the ST. NICHOLAS. It was an exceedingly attractive book, both on account of its illustrations and its reading-matter. For several years I repeated the gift, partly for the sake of the person who received it, and partly because of younger children in the family, to whom the annual volumes would be instructive and interesting. Then the magazine came regularly into the household, and at the end of each year the numbers were carefully bound and stored away for continued use. This went on till the elder son went to college.

The first volume of ST. NICHOLAS, you will remember, contained a good many interesting suggestions about birds, animals, flowers, and other natural objects. The little fellow who received this volume as his Christmas gift first of all exhausted, with the help of the illustrations, the natural history portion of it, then devoured the rest of it, then put his scientific information into practice—that is, became an observer, brought many of his specimens to his parents, expressed his thoughts about them, compared his ideas with what was said in ST. NICHOLAS, and in this way, before he himself or any one else was conscious of the fact, had found the work of his life.

Quite likely, to this day the young man has hardly thought of the ST. NICHOLAS as having had so decided an influence in directing his attention to that great field of study to which he has now devoted himself. Still, it may truthfully be said that it was the reading of this magazine, and talking over its contents with his parents, which gave him the impulse which he has so steadily followed.

While in the public schools he came into the possession of a poor microscope, I think one advertised in the ST. NICHOLAS, and furnished at a low rate. With this he did some very good work, and was still further led into the study of natural objects. But the chief value of it all was that he had now become an investigator on his own account, was doing, though without any suspicion of it, original work as a scientist. In a few years, his father, as a prize for a really excellent essay based on the boy's personal observations, furnished him a first-class microscope, and fitted up for him and the other

children in the family a room in the house, and encouraged them to use it as a workshop, and to invite into it such comrades as were interested in what it contained, and in the experiments which were there made. A description of some of these experiments would make very attractive reading. Two or three years before his preparatory course was over, an excellent second-hand telescope came into our young student's hands. Its use developed to the fullest extent a love for astronomy, which had already begun to show itself. This instrument was afterward attached to one of the instruments belonging to a great university, where, as a private student, its owner, outside his regular course of study, rapidly became master, before his graduation, of all that is popularly known in astronomical science. He had decided, with the approval of his parents, upon the work of his life. Upon the observatory which his father fitted up for him, many thousands of dollars have been expended, and with the equipment, which only private means have secured, many remarkable discoveries have been made. For these discoveries the Astronomical Society of France has seen fit to honor their author with its gold medal. Although less than thirty years old, he is now in charge of one of the most important scientific departments of a great university, and is in correspondence with many of the leading scientific bodies of the world, as well as with some of their most distinguished members. His name is known quite as well in Europe as in his own country. In fact, the importance of his discoveries is even better understood abroad than at home.

Conservative in all his notions, yet enthusiastic and untiring as an investigator, possessing mechanical ability of a high order, and well trained as a chemist, it is not too much to say that few young men in the wide world have prospects of a more brilliant future. That the foundations of this scientific career were in part laid by the work of those who made the ST. NICHOLAS it is not too much to assert.

Yours very truly, W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am seven years old, and I wrote these little verses about my baby sister. I am one of your little readers.

FRANCES CLEVELAND LAMONT.

BABY.

A little baby has come to town,
The sweetest little sister,
With little white socks and a little white gown,
And I was the first that kissed her.

She has hazel eyes and brownish hair,
And a dimple in her chin,
Her complexion it is very fair,
And her name is Katharine.

MARIN, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My home is in Egypt, but I am an American girl. I am eleven years old. We spent last summer in Switzerland.

It is a beautiful country, with its lakes, snow mountains, and flowers. When we came, in the end of May, the ground was covered with little pink-tinted daisies and forget-me-nots.

One day we walked to the end of a valley, right up under the Jungfrau, and gathered Alpine roses, gentians, anemones, and many other flowers. We snow-balled each other, although it was August; it was great fun.

I hope the United States will not choose the columbine for its national flower; it grows wild here and the people call it "Fool's-cap." They would laugh at us and say we were putting on the fool's-cap.

I am in a school now near Neuchâtel. I have to speak French all the time. If I speak a word of English I must pay a fine.

I like you very much. I hope I can have you as long as I live. I read you to my little brother and sister.

Your loving friend,
ETHEL FINNEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you now for two years, and I enjoy you immensely. I first got acquainted with you when I was going to Sacramento, the capital of our State, and to Chico, in Butte County. When I lived in Japan I took an English magazine; but it is not to be compared with you.

Two or three weeks ago I went on our new battleship, the "Oregon," and had a beautiful time. She is a wonderful piece of work. Everything is steel; even the decks are steel, covered with wood; and the Oregon has two steel bottoms.

I am very fond of Lieutenant Ellicott's stories that appear occasionally about our navy, as I am an Army officer's daughter.

Your true friend and interested reader,

HELEN I. B.—

WAVELAND, MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The pelican is a favorite bird down here, and is a great fisherman. It is quite amusing to watch them sit on the water and eat shrimps. There is a fish caught here called the flounder and it is white on one side and brown on the other. Strange to say, the eyes are on the brown side, for it is a flat and wide fish. They are caught with a torch and a spear, and at night. The great enemy of those who go floundering is the stingaree, as they are liable to step on one.

The grassie or bee-martin is very plentiful down here, and the people hunt them in great numbers. The partridge is very good eating, and very plentiful in the woods. While I was out walking once with my father, a pair flew up right at our feet.

Once a gentleman had a dozen goldfish and put them in a pond. A kingfisher flying about discovered them, and had breakfast every morning very freely. One of the family found it out, and called the owner's attention to the loss of the fish, and when people pass there now they can see a wire net over the pond with three lonely little goldfish in it.

Just before sunset great flocks of swallows come flying over the water, when it is very calm, toward the west. Just before sunrise every morning, the sky gets very red, and looks like a great fire illuminating the sky at night, and at a great distance.

I remain your interested reader,

HENRY P. DART, Jr.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for twenty-four years—long before I was born. If any one asks me what day of the month I like best, I always say the twenty-fifth, not because Christmas comes on that date, but because ST. NICHOLAS always comes on that day. I think it is the nicest magazine published; and I think that many other little girls agree with me.

Last night I came home from a trip which I want to describe to you. Mother and I started for Saucelito, a beautiful village not far from here, on Saturday morning,

and went to a private boarding-house. On Sunday morning we hired a team, and drove to Point Bonita lighthouse, about six miles distant from Saucelito. The lighthouse-keeper was very kind, and showed us all about the light. When we were in the lighthouse and had climbed up to the light, he told me to get inside the lamp. I don't think many little girls have been inside of a light. He let me take the cover off of the wicks. It was so very interesting. On Tuesday morning we were joined by my grandmother, my aunt, my father, and a friend, for an excursion up Mount Tamalpais, a beautiful mountain in California. There is a railway up the mountain, which we were all very anxious to take. When we arrived in Mill Valley, the point from which the train starts, we found it did not start till three o'clock. It was then only 12:15, so we had some time to wait. We had brought lunch with us, and so we took a carriage, and drove out into the hills, till we came to a little open spot under the trees beside a little brook. So we had lunch there under the trees; and it was lovely! and such fun! When it was time, we drove back again, and took the train to go up the mountains. All open cars, and it was simply magnificent! I never saw such a view! I only wish that every one could see it. When we got to the end (it does not go quite to the top) nearly every one got out to climb to the top. I did, and I stood on the highest peak—on the tip-top, and looked all around. Then coming down the mountain, we saw three deer. It was a beautiful trip, and I only wish all the boys and girls could take it.

With long love to ST. NICHOLAS, and three cheers from your everlasting friend and admirer,

EDNA O.—

DECORAH, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a welcome visitor in this home ever since you were joined by the "Wide Awake" subscribers. Although I have no brothers or sisters and papa is a traveling man, mama and I have enjoyed you very much. I think you ought to be congratulated upon the high grade of literature you publish for your young folks.

I am a boy sixteen years of age, and as you see by the heading, live in Decorah, Winneshiek county, Iowa, a beautiful little city of nearly five thousand inhabitants. About three-fourths of a mile from the business part of town is situated the famous Ice Cave, in which ice is found in summer, but disappears in winter.

As to education, Decorah ranks high, being the seat of Luther College, also of two private schools, and a good high school, the latter of which I attend.

Music is my "hobby." I think I may call it that, for I enjoy it very much. I have studied the cornet under a teacher of this city, and have a beautiful, perfect instrument.

By looking through your Letter-box one may see letters from all parts of the world, which certainly speaks loudly to the praise of ST. NICHOLAS as a good and enjoyable magazine for old and young.

With best wishes for a long life, I remain

Yours respectfully,
ARTHUR B. WILSON.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Estelle Pierce, Agnes Marcy, Jennie T. Ford, Andrew Drew, Lillie Edwards, Elizabeth Stevens, D. D., Gladys Keay, Helen J. White, T. H. A., Jr., James S. Proctor, Alice Marquis, Lida Edna Johnson, Fiffine M., "Buttercup," Fannie D. English, Mae Newton, Ruth Sammis, Helen Goodrich, Willis C. Noble, Jr., Mildred C. Dickson, Rachel Trask, Florence R. Pond, "St. Nicholas Girl," Eloise S. Howe.

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Cape Horn. 1. Caucasus. 2. Andes. 3. Patmos. 4. Erie. 5. Hayre. 6. Orinoco. 7. Rome. 8. Nile. — **CROSSWORD ENIGMA.** Longfellow. **NOVEL ZIGZAG.** Zigzag and initials. Conjunction. 1. Cringe. 2. Oolong. 3. Nonage. 4. Jiglog. 5. Unique. 6. Noggin. 7. Capoch. 8. Tattle. 9. Icicle. 10. Oomai. 11. Nimble.

PI. The cold winds rave on the icy river,
The leafless branches complain and shiver,
The snowclouds sweep on, to a dreary tune,—
Can these be the earth and the heavens of June?

CURIOSUS ZOOLOGICAL CHANGES. 1. Lemur. 2. Au-roc-hs. 3. Alpaca. 4. Beagle. 5. Fowl. 6. Crow. 7. Chat. 8. Ray. 9. Elk-e. 10. Rat-el.

DIAMOND. 1. U. 2. Ass. 3. Arena. 4. Useless. 5. Sneak. 6. Ask. 7. S. — **NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** A distinguished singer.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Charles; finals, Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Coated. 2. Hawaii. 3. Arctic. 4. Remark. 5. Little. 6. Etymon. 7. Stoops. — **CHARADE.** Ruin.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from M. McG., — Paul Reese — L. O. E. — Niesse and Freddie — Marguerite Sturdy — Jo and L. — "Dondy Small" — G. B. Dyer — Josephine Sherwood — "Buffalo Quartette" — "Four Weeks in Kane" — "Jersey Quartette" — "Edgewater Two" — Ruth Bowie — Hubert L. Bingay — Roger Hale Wellington — Paul Rowley — Walter and Eleanor Furman — "Camp Lake" — F. Miles Greenleaf — Grace Edith Thallon — "Two Little Brothers" — Sigourney Fay Nininger.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from S. Randall Williams, 1 — "Armado," 2 — Kathryn Jordan, 4 — Mary H. Pusey, 1 — "Kearsarge," 3 — Elsie Hoxie, 5 — Mariette Starr Hough, 10 — Jack Cady, 10 — Kent Shaffer, 1 — Alice M. K. Mayer, 4 — Grace Colyer, 9 — Helen Harman, 2 — Mary F. Stone, 7 — George Barnes, 1 — "Thinker," 1 — Mary K. Rake, 2 — Beatrice E. Yoell, 2 — "St. Nicholas Girl," 6 — Marguerite Kinder, 5 — Van Nest and Franklin, 11 — Ralph Owen, 5 — Marguerite Maple, 2 — Madeleine B. Schweig, 4 — Miriam Dent, 2 — Arthur N. Copperthwait, 3 — Arthur Standerman, 1 — Emma Schweitzer, 5 — Effie K. Talboys, 10 — Fred. Hallock, 1 — Herbert S. Gelpcke, 1 — Sreten Stankowitch, 7 — Daniel Hardin and Co., 7 — Charles P. Mills, 2 — H. A. R., 12 — Wm. A. Lochren, 11 — C. Piper, 1 — Lucile Cavender, 5 — J. Howard Payne, 1 — "Arcoo," 3 — M. F. and E. F., 8 — Leonard Bates Moore, 1 — No name, Brooklyn, 4 — A. E. and H. G. E., 12 — Frederick T. Kelsey, 5 — C. D. Lauer and Co., 12 — Irving and Mamma, 11 — Horace P. Cooper, 2 — Allan P. Bender, 7 — Belle M. Waddell, 12 — "Merry and Co.," 11 — Belle A. Goldman, 9.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

The diagonal beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter will spell the first name; and the diagonal beginning at the lower left-hand letter and ending at the upper right-hand letter will spell the surname, of a celebrated Scotch freebooter.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A beam. 2. To court. 3. A bone. SIGOURNEY FAY NININGER.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described are of equal length. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous warrior.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. That which gives strength. 2. A famous warrior. 3. To make use of. 4. An East Indian porter or carrier. 5. Very cold. 6. To collect with patient labor. 7. A tailor's utensil. 8. A sweet substance. BLANCHE BUCK.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A MASS of bread. 2. An imaginary monster. 3. A tract of land. 4. An exploit. GLADYS JOHNSON.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described are of the same length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, in

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Hunt (Leigh). 1. Hare. 2. Duck. 3. Hind. 4. Goat.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Crop. 2. Rope. 3. Open. 4. Pens. II. 1. Bard. 2. Amoy. 3. Rôle. 4. Dyes. III. 1. Sold. 2. Over. 3. Levi. 4. Drip. IV. 1. Shod. 2. Hare. 3. Ores. 4. Desk. V. 1. Pane. 2. Apes. 3. Neap. 4. Espy.

TRANSPOSED TREES. 1. Lime. 2. Thorn. 3. Vew. 4. Elm. 5. Balm. 6. Locust. 7. Caper. 8. Aspen. 9. Plane. 10. Maple. 11. Ash. 12. Cedar. 13. Almond. 14. Peach. 15. Gum. 16. Pear. 17. Lemon. 18. Teak. 19. Palm. 20. Laurel. 21. Teal. 22. Plum. 23. Cork.

RIDDLE. 1. Drums (ear-drums). 2. Ribs. 3. Chest. 4. Muscles. 5. Soles. 6. Lashes. 7. Hart. 8. Arms. 9. Lids (eyelids). 10. Knee-caps. 11. Pupils. 12. Calves. 13. Veins. 14. Insteps. 15. Tulips. 16. Temples. 17. Palms. 18. Column (spinal-column).

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Scrape. 2. Craven. 3. Raters. 4. Avenue. 5. Peruse. 6. Enseal.

the order here given, the first and third rows of letters will each spell the name of a European country.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The national god of the Philistines. 2. To choose. 3. A point of the compass. 4. Infectious parotitis. 5. To adjust. 6. Bursts. 7. An Eskimo canoe. F. C. T.

AN OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.

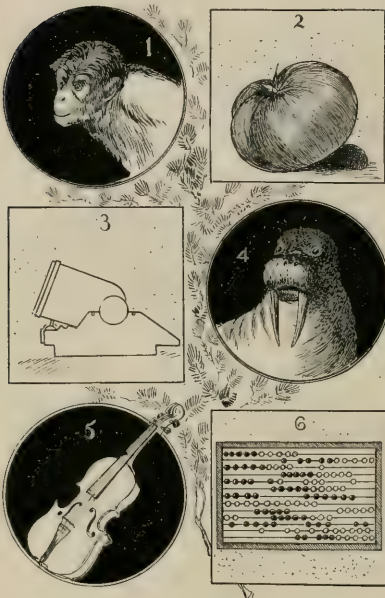
1. IN Paris. 2. To rub. 3. Applied force. 4. A masculine name. 5. A kind of fortification. 6. Appraises. 7. A Roman historian and the friend of Cicero. 8. Orthodox. 9. To deride. 10. An evil spirit. 11. Stout cords. 12. An ancient musical instrument. 13. The common European cuttlefish. 14. A cover. 15. In Paris. M. N. MACDONALD.

RIDDLE.

A WORD of but one syllable am I;
From my dread presence men of old did fly;
Behead me twice, a syllable I gain,
I lose my deadly aspect — yet a bairn
To poor humanity you 'll find me still,
And e'en the strongest, meeting me, grow chill.

E. T. CORBETT.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of an English poet.

HIDDEN NAMES.

THE names of a number of illustrious persons are concealed in the following sentences. All were famous in the same way.

Mrs. Brown was washing Tony's face, and scolding him because he had not come in sooner, to get ready for school, when the door suddenly opened, and a damsel clad in velvet and fur and nodding plumes stood before her. Seeing no sign of recognition in Mrs. Brown's amazed face, the new-comer exclaimed: "You have not forgotten Mary Jeffers! Only a few years ago my brother Adison and I were your daily visitors." "Indeed, I have not," Mrs. Brown replied, and she made the young lady very welcome. Many were the questions asked and answered. At last Mary Jeffers said

laughingly: "And do you still make that delicious strawberry jam Adison and I were so fond of? I remember we helped you pick berries for that jam on Roe's Hill one lovely summer day, Adison, John Quin, Cy Adams, Celia Quin and I. The Quins are all in Chicago now. I met Le Roy Deane, a great friend of Jack's, on the train coming here, and he told me all about them. He says the Quins are always in the van. Buren and Co., of Chicago, have just published Jack's latest novel, and it is a great success. And Celia, now Mrs. William H. Harris, only last year sold one of her paintings for a thousand dollars. Her husband is very handsome, but neither wise nor witty. Le Roy thinks he must feel out of place in such a bright family as the Quins. George Quin is a rising young lawyer, and will soon be at the top. O. L. King, the millionaire, is his father-in-law. Lorenzo Quin and his wife went to Brazil, but did not stay. Lorenzo is engaged in the manufacture of cutlery, and this year he will fill more orders than any other maker. Do you remember his keen face and eyes that seemed to pierce you through and through? If his knives are as sharp as he is himself, they will cut anything. He married Miss Lizzie Buchan, and her father gave him his first start in business. John Quin will soon wed Isabel Franklin, Col. Northrup's niece. But John's only true mate was Esmé Deane. She would not listen to his suit, because her dying father had asked her to grant a last request, and marry Ben Shay. Esmé was not Ben's first choice, either. He was for a long time engaged to Edgar Field's daughter, but for some reason it was broken off. She went to Scotland and became the bride of Lord Arthur Cleve." "Lands sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, "married a lord! I wonder if he is as handsome as Ben?" "Harris Onslow saw him in London, and he says he is a fine-looking man," Mary answered; "but I see by the clock that I have overstayed my time, and perhaps wearied you with all my gossip." So, with hasty adieux, Miss Jeffers took leave of Mrs. Brown. J. M. JONES.

CHARADE.

LET others seek a warrior's grave
Or perish at the frozen pole;
In my old second let me die,
Upon my first, within my whole.

CHARLES G. BUCK.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty letters and form a quotation from Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship."

My 44-16-30 11 is to please. My 37-22-41-48 is one of the United States. My 13-35-6-18 are parts of a table. My 27-40-33-47-3 is a thin cake. My 50-34-23-49-29 is a hard, black wood. My 46-9-7-21-1-10 are fine banquets. My 10-36-2-45-12-25 is to train. My 31-8-43-26-20-42-24-39 is diligent. My 14-17-28-4-5-15-38-32 is atrocious.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

SOME "INTENTIONS."

EXAMPLES: Meant to defend; armament. Meant to wear; raiment.

1. Meant to sadden. 2. Meant to adorn. 3. Meant to try. 4. Meant to fasten. 5. Meant to hide. 6. Meant to cure. 7. Meant to live in. 8. Also meant to live in. 9. Meant to ensnare. 10. Meant to charm. 11. Meant to please. 12. Meant to bestow. 13. Meant to commemorate. 14. Meant to annoy. 15. Meant to notify. 16. Meant to gladden. 17. Meant to be a warlike game. 18. Meant to warn. 19. Meant to settle. 20. Meant to heal. 21. Meant to decide. 22. Meant to confess.

M. E. FLOYD.



FROM A PAINTING BY J. M. DOUGLAS.

CHUMS.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIV.

APRIL, 1897.

NO. 6.

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A FIVE-O'CLOCK TEA.

BY S. J. BRIGHAM.

LITTLE maiden Marie Gold,
In her dainty gown,
Skipped across the street one day
To call on Pugsy Brown.

"Pugsy, can you come to tea
This afternoon at five?"
Said little maiden Marie Gold;
"And when you do arrive,

"Say 'bow-wow-ow,' and I shall know
That you are at the door.
Come as early as you can—
At least by half-past four."

Little Pugsy-wugsy came,
His eager eyes a-shine.
His hair was brushed, his tail was curled,
And he was looking fine.

He kissed her hand and bustled in,
Nodding his courtly head,
"Oh, Pugsy Brown, I am so glad
That you are here!" she said.

"Come to the tea-room, Pugsy dear;
And if you like," said she,
"I'll call your chum the kitten in,
And then I'll pour the tea.

"And you are fond of lots of cream
And sugar, I suppose?"
He would not answer, only growled,
And wrinkled up his nose.

"Well, if you do not care," said she,
"For tea, just wait a minute;
I'll bring a tender chicken-bone,
With all the marrow in it."

"Bow-wow!" said he, and kissed her hand;
"To wait will be a pleasure;
For surely a fine chicken-bone
Would please me beyond measure."

Just then a ribboned, fluffy thing
Called Kitty, joined the two.
"Shall I, dear Pugsy?" asked Marie;
And Pugsy said: "Oh, do!"

"You are so kind," he shyly said,
"To send for Kitty's bowl."
While Kitty glanced up eagerly,
But kept her self-control.

So Kitty purred, and settled down,
And fluffed her snowy fur;
And side by side they waited there,
And did not even stir.

Lightly she lapped that bowl of milk,
And not a drop was lost;
And so the feast sped merrily,
Without regard to cost.

The cracking of the chicken-bone,
The sipping of the tea,
Were something to remember
In days that are to be.



MOSES A TAME EAGLE

BY WOLCOTT LE CLEAR BEARD.

His curiosity was the cause of our first meeting. It was in this way.

I was serving at the time as a civil-engineer in building a system for bringing water to some of the arid plains of southern Arizona, the region where Moses first opened his eyes.

Early one June morning our little band started out to make some surveys across the sandy desert of which that country is so largely made up. Along the trail, a foot deep with alkali dust, the four-horse wagon containing my nine men and their instruments slowly plodded, now and then hidden by the choking cloud which surrounded it; while by its side, trying to avoid the worst of it, I rode on horseback. Although the sun had not long risen, it was already burning hot, and we were all feeling particularly cross and uncomfortable in consequence, when suddenly our driver spoke:

"What-fer kind er bird is that?" he said.

Following the line of the whip with which he pointed, I saw, on the rounded top of one of the giant cacti with which these deserts are thickly studded, an eagle the like of which, though familiar with the fowls of that region, I had never before seen; and I may here add that we never did with any certainty discover the species to which she belonged. I rode near to get a better view, but she desired no closer acquaintance; for, after unfolding her wings once or twice in a hesitating sort of manner as I approached, she finally spread them and flew heavily away, a couple of pistol-shots from the wagon having only the effect of increasing her speed. The cactus on which she had been resting was a very fair sample of the largest

variety in the world of that interesting plant. Of the thickness of a man's body, it rose straight from the ground, a beautiful fluted column of vivid apple-green, to a height of twenty-five feet, where a cluster of branches nearly as thick as the parent stem grew out from it and turned upward, while the main trunk, without a bend, rose several feet higher.

Between two of these branches and the trunk there was built a nest of good-sized sticks, about twice as large as a bushel-basket; and on this my eyes happened to be resting when the noise of the shots brought above its edge a little head covered with grayish-yellow fuzz, out of which peered two big round eyes with an air of anxious inquiry.

"A young one!" cried a rod-man who had seen the head at the same moment. The team was stopped, and the cactus was surrounded by all, eager for a sight of the bird; but though we waited in silence for some minutes, its head did not again appear.

In that desert country, far from railways and towns, we led rather dull lives; so the several pets we possessed in the big permanent camp miles away served in no small measure to amuse us; and to these we wished to add our young friend of the cactus. But how to get him down was a problem.

Somebody suggested that a volunteer climb the cactus, but no one thrust himself forward to do so. The Spanish name by which it is known is *sajuarro*, which, put into English, means "that which scratches"; and as the spines which thickly cover the outer edges of the ridges are from one to four inches long, and as sharp as needles, it will be seen that the name gives a good idea of the plant.

We did not like to cut it down, for fear the fall might injure the fledgling; but after some debate no better method presented itself, so the two axmen set to work. As the first blows made the green shaft tremble, the head appeared once more, trying, with an expression of concern, to see what was going on below; but this the thick sides of the nest prevented. Then it looked at me and said, "Jark!" This was the first remark "Moses" ever made to us, and there was no time for more then; for the axes had eaten through the pulpy mass, which now began to bend to its fall.

As the nest tilted we could see the thick body belonging to the head, with two big claws clutching wildly, while the weak, featherless wings flapped madly in an instinctive effort to support their owner.

The cactus came down with a crash, and running up, we looked for our bird; but only a little gray down was visible, with one leg helplessly extended from under a big branch which, broken by the shock, had fallen across and almost hid him. We feared he was killed; but when, by means of an ax-head hooked around the prickly stuff, it was pulled aside, he gathered himself together, quite unhurt, and then, surveying the strange beings who surrounded him, made up his mind to them with that philosophy we later learned to be one of his traits, and opening his great mouth to its fullest extent, hinted that he was hungry and wanted something to eat.

Here was another puzzle. Eagles are meat-eaters, and fresh meat we had not; so what to give him we could not think, until at length one of the rodmen, a silent youth, said: "B'iled eggs might go. Moses could surely eat them things all right enough." This is how he got his name. The reasons for thus christening him, given some days later, were that a sujuarro looked as much like a bulrush as anything in that desert would be expected to; and, further, because the Oriental cast of countenance caused by the hooked beak seemed to warrant it.

However, the name and the "b'iled" eggs both "went"; for, selecting one of the latter from our luncheon, it was placed, bit by bit, in the cavity yawning to receive it. When it was

nearly all gone, the cavern closed, and, filled to the brim, the youngster showed a desire to sleep. In a barley-sack carefully placed in the wagon this privilege was given to him, while we went about our work. On gathering for the noonday meal, however, harsh shrieks from the bag proved that further provisions would be acceptable. Another egg followed the first, and this lasted him until, the day's task being finished, we started to return to camp. Then he woke up and from his barley-sack loudly demanded more; but we had no more to give him then: we had eaten it all ourselves. When we arrived at the home camp some fresh beef was at once procured, but Moses was asleep then; he did n't want to be disturbed, and when we tried to feed him, behaved so like a cross child that we put him in an old soap-box in which we had arranged a nest of straw, and left him until morning.

The half-breed in whose charge he had been left told us that he was far better than an alarm-clock, for no one could sleep through the cries with which he greeted the rising sun and his notion of breakfast-time; and while an alarm would ring for only half a minute, Moses was wound up to go all day, or until he got something to eat. But his guardian treated him kindly, and Moses grew and thrived, soon putting on a handsome suit of brown and gray feathers, which he was very proud of, and spent most of his spare time in preening; and he was beginning to think seriously of trying his wings when an accident put off his flying for a long time. Having known, thus far, nothing but kindness from man, he was absolutely without fear, and, as it turned out, rather too much so.

A rock which jutted out from the high cliff on which our camp was built was a favorite seat for the half-grown bird; and one morning, as he was enjoying the view from this place, a Mexican stranger to the camp, thinking he saw a wild bird, stole up as close as he dared, and, being without firearms, began throwing stones. Moses turned and looked after each rock as it whizzed past, until one struck him fairly, and sent him fluttering over the cliff. A couple of our men approaching at that moment, the Mexican narrowly escaped following Moses; but his frantic statements that he did n't know

that the eagle was a tame one finally convinced them, and he climbed down to where Moses was lying on a ledge forty feet below, and brought him to the top again. The poor bird was found to be quite badly hurt. The sight of one eye was gone forever, and a wing drooped.

This last we thought was broken, but a careful examination showed no fracture; and though for many weeks it could not be extended without pain, it at length began to heal, and even to be of use on the few occasions when rapid locomotion was, in the opinion of Moses, desirable. These were chiefly when he was taken "coursing," as we used to call it. He was very fond of the lizards with which these plains abounded, and one large variety, called "swifts" from their remarkable speed in running, seemed to be especially coveted.

Whenever one of these was caught, which was not often, Moses would be brought out, and after the swift had taken ten feet start, would be set free. The lizard would promptly resolve itself into a white streak across the desert, and screaming with excitement, half running, half flying, Moses would pursue, followed by the laughing crowd, of which only those on horseback had much chance of keeping up. It was in no sense a cruel sport: it amused Moses and us, and did n't hurt the swift, for he got away every time; and if the feelings of our pet were a trifle injured, as he returned, perched on some one's wrist or saddle-horn, from his fruitless hunt, these were speedily soothed by the prompt gift of a nice bit of fresh beef, so no one was the worse. The lizards, however, he seemed to view as a sort of dessert, and, as he could absorb an unlimited quantity, they were always in demand.

A certain stick kept on the veranda of our office was generally under his eye; and when any one picked this up and started for a walk across the desert, Moses would hop gravely along behind, sure that some of his favorite dainties would soon be forthcoming.

Of course, Moses was perfectly well able to catch the smaller kinds of lizards for himself, but there was less exertion in allowing some one else to do it for him; and exertion, at this period of his life, was a thing to which Moses was violently opposed. These occasions were

almost the only ones when he would be silent for any length of time; for he seemed to understand perfectly that at the first note of his voice every lizard within hearing would run for its life to the nearest refuge; and only when a blow of the stick failed for the second or third time to reach its mark would he give utterance to his deep disgust at such clumsiness.

The big red *ollas* (porous earthenware jars) swinging under the eaves of the veranda, in which our drinking-water was kept cool by evaporation, were also objects of his closest attention; and when any one took down the dipper for a drink, he would go, with his peculiar racking run, and post himself directly under the jar, all the while uttering his harsh cry of entreaty. Every one knew what this meant; so the first dipperful would be poured slowly between his wings, while he wriggled his body and stuck each feather in a different direction, in order that the cool water might reach every part. This was the only kind of bath he ever would take; but as it was a thirsty country, the thermometer often registering above a hundred degrees the twenty-four hours round, his opportunities were so frequent as to enable him to keep himself in a more or less soaked condition for a good part of the time.

Moses had a language of his own, which, by the constant practice he gave us, we soon learned to understand. It consisted of a series of cries, all harsh and nerve-rasping, but perfectly distinct, each one expressing a different emotion. Thus, rage, entreaty, excitement, and pleasure were each easily distinguished by those who knew him well. His one syllable note of greeting was more explosive and perhaps a shade less disagreeable than the rest: and he had also a low, crooning sort of murmur: but this he used only in soliloquy, so to us it expressed only the fact that Moses was talking over things with himself.

We never knew when he learned to fly. If he practised as most young birds do, it must have been in private, for the first hint to us of his having acquired this new accomplishment was one day when we were sitting on the veranda of the corps barracks. Moses had been playing in his peculiar way, which consisted in fighting a handkerchief that one of us would

flap at him. He had reduced this to shreds, and grown tired of the sport, when suddenly, spreading his wings, he shot away over the plain as if he had been flying for years. Two hundred yards or more away, across the plaza formed by the camp buildings, stood the canvas office of a contractor. The door was open, and through it sailed Moses, and alighting on the edge of the high desk where the proprietor was engaged in adding up a column of figures, greeted him with his cry of salutation, which I have tried to render by the word "jark." The man was startled, but thinking that our bird had escaped, picked him up and carried him back to us. This made Moses furious. He did n't like this person, to start with; for on one occasion, when asked for a bath, the man had poured over the bird the whole eight gallons the olla held, with a force which nearly flattened him. Then, only members of the engineer corps were entitled to take liberties with Moses; and finally he would allow no one to carry him save when perched on the wrist. So when he was brought across the plaza hugged in the contractor's arms, though he never thought of trying to escape, he objected to the indignity in his own way, as the man's bleeding hands and torn shirt testified.

His new power of flying opened to Moses a whole range of new amusements. There was the cook-house, down under the cliff, where the laborers ate. Formerly this had been quite outside of his ken, but now he soon discovered that meat was kept there. Fresh beef, such as Moses loved, was in the charge of Chinese cooks whose nerves were rendered sensitive through excessive opium-smoking; so all Moses had to do in order to procure a meal was to perch himself on top of one of the poles which supported the thatched roof, and begin his rasping cry. His voice would soon bring him the coveted morsel! This, if he really was hungry, would be torn in pieces by his strong bill and claws, and eaten at once; but if he only feared he might become faint, as was frequently the case, he would reject with scorn the offered dainty until somebody had cut the meat into small bits for him; then, after eating these very small one by one, he would leave the cooks in peace for a while.

One day, however, Moses shrieked in vain. The fresh meat was out, and salted flesh he could not eat. It was in winter, and though not what we would consider cold, it was sufficiently so to drive all the lizards underground; so the poor bird, accustomed to regular food, must really have become very faint. All the morning he yelled industriously, but finding that it would bring him nothing, finally ceased, and sat on the ridge-pole of the office, apparently wrapped in thought. Two half-grown kittens playing on a plank-walk leading to the office door finally attracted his attention, and Moses "pricked up his ears," so to speak, directing his keen gaze upon them for some time. Then, evidently saying to himself, "They'll do," he swooped down, pouncing on the spot; but the



"TO SAY THAT THE MAN WAS STARTLED WOULD BE TO PUT IT VERY MILDLY." (SEE PAGE 448.)

cats, guessing his hostile errand, had scampered under the walk. Still, nothing daunted, he paced over the surface in his funny way, his one eye turned down to the wide cracks

between the sunken planks to sight his prey. Discovering their whereabouts, he hopped down to the ground, lay on his side, and straining his leg to its utmost, reached to where he had last seen them; but at the approach of the big sharp open claw they prudently retreated to the opposite side of the walk. Thus foiled, Moses mounted the planks for a second attempt, found the cats, and descended on that side with a suddenness that he hoped would win; but of course they, seeing this flank movement, returned again to their first place. Then he tried to tear up a plank with his beak, and finding that this would n't do, returned to his old tactics; and so the game went on until, weary and disgusted, Moses flew to the wheel of a lumber-wagon standing hard by, determined to have them when they came out. He waited for hours, but the cats seemed very well contented where they were, and so remained still until the advent of the butcher, with his beef-laden donkeys, set them once more free, with assured safety.

The calm belief of Moses that everything he could see about our camp existed only for his pleasure was sometimes productive of amusing results.

From the top to the bottom of the cliff a staircase, perhaps two hundred feet long, extended. It was a weary climb, and one day, as the eagle was wheeling about in the air overhead, it happened that one of the laborers from below was slowly ascending the long stairs.

He had nearly reached the top, and was bending well forward, helping himself along by the hand-rail, when Moses suddenly took it into his head to rest himself. The climber's neck happened to be the first object suited to his purpose which met his eye, and upon it he accordingly settled. To say that the man was startled would be to put it very mildly. With a terrified yell he straightened up, and, somewhat thrown off his balance by this, Moses naturally, in order to keep his place, tightened the hold of his big claws.

This completed the fright of his unwilling perch, who, with another and still wilder yell, plunged under the banisters, landing on a ledge of rock some ten feet below. He rose, save for a few bruises and his scratched neck, none the worse; while Moses, perched on the railing, regarded him with an expression of grieved surprise.

Another time it was a horse, wandering with a sad air over the arid plains in his search for a stray bit of bunch-grass, that Moses selected for a resting-place.

It was a cow-pony, and a vicious one,—a confirmed "bucker," which few cared to mount; but now he had met one who could ride him with ease. Startled by the alighting of the

big bird, and spurred by the claws, the bronco began to pitch in a manner that threw his former exploits of this kind into the shade.

This was delightful, and with one claw entwined in the mane of his steed, the other closely gripping his withers, and gracefully balanced by his extended wings, Moses shrieked with joy. Twice round the plaza he rode,



"GRACEFULLY BALANCED BY HIS EXTENDED WINGS, MOSES SHRIEKED WITH JOY."

and then, flying to the top of a cactus near by, he watched the horse, frightened almost to madness, galloping away over the plain at a speed attained by him only on one other occasion, and that was on the following day, when Moses repeated the performance.

His flights about this time began to be longer, sometimes keeping him away for several days, and so his fame spread. The scattered settlers for many miles up and down the sluggish Gila recognized his cry for food, and readily answered it by the offer of the best they had.

He was always perfectly tame, and if a bit of beef or a lizard was held up in the air and a whistle sounded to attract attention, a speck far up in the ever-blue sky, would soon resolve

itself into Moses, who, descending like a bullet, but landing gently as a feather on the extended wrist, would take his provender, and, retiring to his old perch on the ridge-pole, would devour it as of yore.

But at last the spring came; and once when he presented himself for his rations, we noticed that he was accompanied by one of his own kind, who waited for him while he ate.

It never seemed to occur to him to offer his companion any share in his repast, but the other eagle apparently did not notice this omission; and when he had finished, they flew away together, disappearing in the direction of old Mexico; and from that time on, his former haunts knew Moses no more.



THE GOUTY WIZARD FINDS IT DIFFICULT TO MOVE ON.



BUT HE SEES A SNAKE AND SOON WORKS A CHARM.



THE INCANTATION IS SUCCESSFUL.



"HOW IS THIS," HE SAYS IN TRIUMPH, "FOR A CANE!"

THE LAST THREE SOLDIERS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER X.

THE PRISONERS.

THE ledge up which the ladders led from the direction of the gorge, it will be remembered, formed the northern support of the plateau. The unscalable cliff terminated its extent to the south; and of the two longer sides the one on the west overlooked Whiteside Cove, and that on the east, Cashiers Valley. The view into the Cove over the boulder side of the mountain, after the trees which grew on the edge were reached, was broad and unobstructed. On the eastern side there was but one gap in the timber which covered the mountain-side from the end of the ledge to the cliff, through which a perfect view could be had of the settlement in the valley. Before Andy Zachary left the plateau, Lieutenant Coleman had sketched a rude plot of the mountains overlooking the valley, and at the guide's dictation had written down the name of each peak. Yellow Mountain was the nearest, and showed a dark, timbered ridge beyond the gorge. At the northern end of the valley rose the mass of Sheep Cliff, and joined to it were the lesser ridges of Big and Little Terrapin. Hog's Back showed its blue top ten miles away to the east, beyond the nearer wooded ridges that shut in the valley on that side, down to Rock Mountain and Chimney Top, which reared their sharp peaks to the right of the plateau. Directly below this eastern outlook lay the one white road which ran through the valley, the same road along which the cavalcade had picked its silent way in the small hours of the morning, five months before, when they had come full of hope to establish the station.

Our exiles up to this time had been so busy with their preparations for winter that they had

given but little attention to their neighbors below. They had noticed on frosty mornings columns of white smoke rising straight into the air from half a dozen cabins in the valley, most of which had been hidden from view by the thick foliage during the summer months. Now that the November winds had stripped the trees of their leaves, two cabins appeared in the direction of Sheep Cliff, standing side by side among the bare oaks on a knoll which sloped gently to the road. The two seemed to be precisely alike, with rude verandas in front, and at no great distance back of these, in an open clearing, surrounded with orchards and stacks, was a long house with a heavy stone chimney at each end. Scattered to the right of the plateau were several cabins, and close on the road a square brown building which looked to be a store. Just below this point of rocks where the three soldiers looked down on the valley, stood the largest house in the settlement, old and rambling in construction, with lurching chimneys and roofs extending to left and rear. The woodpile was at the opposite side of the road, and comfortable log barns stood on the hillside above. All these details were to be seen with the naked eye, but the powerful telescope of the station revealed much more, even showing the faces and forms of the people who lived in the cabins.

As the three exiles were lounging together one afternoon at this very point of rocks, studying their neighbors through the telescope as if they had been the inhabitants of another planet, Philip broke the silence with quite an original speech,—one only he could make.

"See here, fellows," he said with that new familiarity they had begun to show toward each other, "as we are likely to take considerable interest in these people down below, it will be mighty inconvenient when we talk about them to say, 'The man in the big house across the

road from the log barn did this,' or 'The man in the farthest twin cabin did that,' or 'The old chap in the long house flanked by orchards and stacks did something else,'—so I say let 's give them family names."

The others laughingly admitted that the idea was not a bad one, and Bromley suggested at random the names Smith, Jones, and Brown.

"As good as any others," said Philip.

"Very well," said Bromley, "then we will call this first neighbor 'Smith.'"

"No, you don't," cried Philip with much spirit. "I've taken a prejudice against that old fellow, because he sits on the woodpile and smokes his pipe every afternoon while his wife does the milking. Smith is too respectable a name for him."

"I did n't know," said Coleman, laughing, "that there was any particular virtue in the name of Smith."

"I did n't say there was," said Philip, "but if this first old loafer should turn out half as bad as I fear he will, the name would be a slur on too many families, you know. Now, if it's all the same to you gentlemen, we will begin at the other end and call the man of the orchard 'Smith.' 'Jones' naturally falls to the owner of the second twin-cabin, and this fellow below becomes—say, 'Shifless,' whether he likes it or not."

As no one of the three had even heard of any one of the name of Shifless, Philip's arrangement was agreed to, and from time to time they settled other names on the dwellers in every cabin in sight, and one column of smoke which rose from behind an intervening ridge was spoken of as "Thompson's smoke."

On the morning of December 23 in that first year on the mountain, the three soldiers were thrown into a great state of excitement by a remarkable discovery. Coleman and Bromley were clearing off the snow from a stack of peavines preparatory to beating them out on the floor of the house, when Philip came running toward them, holding up the telescope and beckoning them to meet him. He said he had seen three United States officers at the long cabin under Sheep Cliff, which was known as Smith's. The others needed no urging to follow Philip. Indeed, they ran so rapidly over

the frozen ground in the rare upper air that they scarcely had breath for speaking when they arrived on the point of rocks. Philip directed the glass on the house again, and then, with a cry of delight, he passed it to Coleman.

"There they are! There they are! See? By the end of the house!"

As soon as the lieutenant had adjusted the powerful glass to his eye, he had the men before him almost as distinctly as if they had been standing within hailing distance. There was no mistaking the evidence that two of them were officers of what the three soldiers considered the beaten and disbanded army, while, although the third was in citizen's dress, it was unlike the dress of the mountaineers.

"Heaven help them!" exclaimed Lieutenant Coleman, as he gazed in amazement on the scene at the end of the log house. "How ragged they are! They must have been hunted through the woods like wild animals. Both of the two in uniform wear jackets of the mounted service, and—stop—as sure as you are born, the taller of the two is a lieutenant of artillery. He has but one shoulder-strap left, and that has too dark a ground for either Cavalry or Infantry. They may be from the Staff. There is something about their uniforms in spite of rags and dirt that makes me think so. The other carries a roll of blankets over his shoulder—he must be a soldier—and they have just come in, too, for their haversacks are mighty lean."

It looked as if the poor fellows had found friends at last; for while they stood talking with two women at the end of the house, Smith himself, who was a lank mountaineer with a red beard, was lounging by the gate with his gun on his shoulder, as if watching against surprise from the road. Bromley, who had been patiently waiting, now took the glass.

"By Jove!" he cried, "there are four girts there now, and the short officer is going into the house. You are right, Fred, the old man is on guard, with a sharp eye in his head, too. They are all going into the house, now, by Neighbor Smith's advice, I fancy. I'll tell you who they are, Fred. They are escaped prisoners from Charleston. They must have been hiding in the woods and swamps for months. If that is the condition of the officers of the

United States, that were, a thousand times better is our lot on this free mountain-top." And returning the glass, Bromley ventured some bitter reflections on the Congress and the high officials who had conducted the war to a disastrous end.

"We must not lose sight of these unhappy men while they remain in the valley," said Coleman; and it then being ten o'clock, he settled himself behind the glass, and gave his

kept his post at the gate, and the officers were never once seen outside the cabin. Judging by the volume of smoke from both chimneys, it would appear that they were faring pretty well inside.

Shortly before noon one of the girls ran through the bare woods to the two cottages overlooking the road, and brought back Jones, who relieved Smith at the gate. It was evident that Jones was friendly to the officers, for when

he was relieved in turn, he went into the house; and it was a long time before he came out.

Whoever was on watch was seldom alone, so keen was the interest of the exiles in the movements of their fellow-soldiers, and in any other happening which might concern them. According to Philip, who took the post of observation at four o'clock, old Shiftless bossed the milking from the woodpile as usual. It was plain that he had not been taken into the confidence of the Smiths or the Joneses, and this fact was laid up against him.

After supper all three gathered on the rocky lookout, and remained observing the lights at the cabin of the Smiths, long after it was too dark to use the tele-



"THERE THEY ARE! SEE? BY THE END OF THE HOUSE!" EXCLAIMED PHILIP.

watch to Bromley, who was to relieve him at twelve.

Philip was too much excited by the presence of the fugitive officers to leave the rocks of his own accord; but Coleman presently sent him to the house for a loaded carbine, which was laid by in a dry niche of granite, to be fired as a signal to the others in case of any movement of importance at the cabin below. For the rest of the morning, Smith with his gun

scope. There were no signs of departure below, and after they returned to the house, chilled by exposure and inaction, they sat until a late hour by the warm fire discussing the events of the day, and laying plans for the morrow.

At the first indication of dawn Bromley dressed and set out for the rocks, while his comrades turned over for another nap, which was taken with one eye open, so excited were

they in view of what might happen during the day. In their drowsy, half-wakeful state it seemed to Coleman and Philip as if no time at all had passed since the departure of Bromley, when they were startled by the echoing report of the carbine. Hurrying on their clothing, they scampered across the hard snow to the rocks, where they found Bromley with the telescope fixed on the house of Shifless.

"There the old rogue is," said Bromley, handing the spy-glass to Coleman, "leading his mule out of the stable. He must have got some information during the night, for after going to the stable with a lantern, he climbed up onto that ridge beyond, and looked over at Smith's clearing as if he wanted to satisfy himself that all was quiet there. I suspected he was up to some deviltry, as soon as I got out here, for I saw a light in the house, showing first from one window and then from another. Drat his picture!" Bromley continued. "As soon as he began climbing the hill I fired the alarm."

"I never knew him to turn out before eight o'clock," said Philip.

"He certainly means mischief," said Coleman, "for he is saddling the mule. Now he has blown out the lantern and hung it on the bar-post. Now he is mounting, the treacherous old villain! Confound him!—there he goes trotting down the road toward the store."

Philip and Bromley took a look at the man, hurrying along in the gray of the morning before another soul was awake in the settlement, and then they saw him turn on to the road which would lead him around the mountain into the cove.

"If I were only down in his neighborhood now," said Coleman, following Shifless with the telescope, "with a good rifle, I'd tumble him off that mule. I should be serving my country."

"What country?" sneered Bromley.

To this Coleman made no reply, and the three walked slowly across the mountain to the boulder side. They had not long to wait there before the man on the mule appeared on the road below, and they followed him with scowling eyes until he drew up in front of the Cove Post-office, dismounted, and went in.

"Of course," exclaimed Bromley, "the postmaster is a creature of the Confederacy."

In half an hour the two men trotted away together, and soon disappeared among the mountains.

Our heroes turned back, certain in their minds that this stealthy journey of Shifless had been undertaken with hostile intentions toward the three officers who still remained in the cabin under the shadow of Sheep Cliff. They felt keenly their inability to warn them of the danger which hung over them, and hoped that during the day they might see the visitors leaving the valley.

Their anxiety now made it necessary to watch for developments in the Cove as well as in the valley, and they scarcely found time to prepare their meals, which they ate as they moved about. All day the telescope was in transit from one side of the mountain to the other until there was a deep path trodden in the snow. From time to time one or another of the officers was seen near the cabin, and even if they had not been seen at all, the presence of Smith or one of the girls watching at the gate would have been sufficient evidence that the officers were still there. They might be waiting for a guide or the cover of night before going on. The day was unusually cold, and beyond the smoke from the chimneys and here and there a woman in a doorway, there was no movement in the quiet valley.

Late in the afternoon of this December 24, for it was Christmas Eve,—and not a very cheerful one on the mountain,—Bromley, who was watching on the Cove side, spied a body of men at that very point in the road where the two horsemen had disappeared in the morning. He shouted so lustily for the telescope that both Philip and Coleman joined him with all haste.

What they saw through the glass was a straggling column of mountaineers advancing in single file along the winding road, their steel rifle barrels catching the last rays of the setting sun. There were thirteen men in the party, of whom about half were some part of a Confederate uniform; but neither Shifless nor the Cove postmaster was with them. They had scarcely time to pass the glass from one to an-

other in their excitement before the men left the road, and turned up the mountain side with a stealthy movement that made it plain they were going into temporary concealment.

A few extracts from Lieutenant Coleman's diary at this point give a vivid picture of what was happening during the night on the mountain and about it.

I am writing by the light of the fire in our house on this Christmas Eve, at 10:30 o'clock by my watch, powerless to warn our friends at the cabin of the impending calamity. Soon after dark, fire appeared on mountain-side; and it is now burning brightly as reported by Philip, who has just returned to the lookout.

12, midnight. Have just come in—fire still visible.

12:35. Philip reports that fire has just been extinguished on mountain side. Sparks indicated fire was put out by beating and scattering the brands. We are all about to go to Point of Rocks—shall probably be up all night.

It seems that as soon as day began to dawn faintly on the mountain tops, and while it was still dark in the valley, the three soldiers were crouching on the rocks eagerly awaiting light in the clearing. First the whitewashed walls of the cabin came into view, and then, in the gray dawn, as they fully expected, they began to distinguish motionless figures stationed at regular intervals in the clearing, and forming an armed cordon about the house. There was no sign of smoke from the stone chimneys, nor any other evidence that the inmates had been disturbed by the soldiers, or had awakened of their own accord.

There was one hope left. The officers might have gone away during the night. They should soon know; and meanwhile the snowy mountains reared their dark ridges against the slowly reddening eastern sky, and a great silence lay on the valley.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH THE SOLDIERS MAKE A MAP.

THE forbearance of the captors to disturb their prisoners was puzzling to the three soldiers huddled together on the Point of Rocks. Through the telescope the men could now be plainly seen in their rough mountain dress, moving to and fro on their stations, and apparently keeping under cover where trees or out-

houses were available as a mask. At one point several men were grouped together behind a fodder-stack, as if in consultation, and on the road could be seen one who seemed to be watching impatiently for some expected arrival.

Holding the telescope soon grew tiresome, and they passed it from one to another that no movement in the gruesome pantomime might escape their observation; and the observer for the time being broke the silence at intervals with details of what he saw.

"There!" cried Philip at last, "the men are getting lively behind the fodder-stack. Now the fellow in the road is waving his hat. Hold on! There comes a man—two men—on horseback. Now the sentinels are moving in toward the cabin."

Thus the cordon was drawn close about the house, in which the inmates still showed no signs of life. The horsemen dismounted and tied their horses to the fence, and then with an armed guard advanced to the door. Lieutenant Coleman looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes after seven. At seven twenty-eight, the old mountaineer appeared, and was passed down the line to the road. Next came the three officers one after the other, and they were removed to one side under guard. Then the four women seemed to be driven out of the house by the soldiers, and forced along by violence into the road. Some of the men appeared to be breaking the windows of the cabin, and others were running out of the open door, appropriating some objects and ruthlessly destroying others. For the first time the soldier exiles realized how far they were removed, by their own will, from a world in which they had no part. The sufferers were their friends whom they knew not, and to help whom they had no power. They were like spirits looking down from a world above on the passions of mortals, as helpless to interfere as the motionless rocks.

After a brief consultation the mounted men rode away to the north, while the prisoners with their guards advanced in the opposite direction, and soon disappeared behind that ridge up which Shifless had climbed to look over, in the gray of the morning of the day before. A puff of smoke burst from the deserted

cabin and rose like a tower into the frosty air. Fire gleamed through the broken windows, and red tongues of flame licked about the dry logs, and lashed and forked under the eaves and about the edges of the shingled roof. The reflection from the flames reddened the snow in the little clearing. The stacks caught fire. The boughs of the orchard withered and crisped in the fierce heat.

Now, as if satisfied with their work of destruction, the men who had remained at the house joined the others behind the ridge, and the armed guards with their miserable prisoners soon reappeared, moving over the snow under the bare trees. The three soldiers lay out on the rocks above to watch the poor captives picking their way down a stony, winding trail, forming one straggling file between two flanking columns of mountaineers. Knowing something of the stoical ways of these people, they could feel the silence of that gloomy progress. They even fancied they could hear the crunching of the snow, the rolling of displaced stones on the frosty hillside, the crackling of brittle twigs under foot, and the subdued sobbing of the women.

Steadily the procession of ill omen moved along over the snow, under the thin trees, disappearing and reappearing and dwindling in the distance, until it was lost behind the spurs of the mountain called Chimney Top. By this time the roof of the house had fallen into the burning mass between the two stone chimneys; the sun had risen, and the dense column of smoke cast a writhing shadow against the snowy face of Sheep Cliff.

When the glass was brought to bear on the house and road below, it revealed Shiftless and the Cove postmaster riding quietly home on their mules, doubtless well satisfied with the evil deed their heads had planned.

As the three soldiers turned back in the direction of their house, Bromley was in a rage, and Philip could no longer command himself. All three were worn and haggard with loss of sleep, and depressed by the outcome of the affair in the valley.

In fact, the disheartening effect of the experiences connected with this first Christmas continued to oppress our exiles well into the next year. If in the narrow valley on which they

were privileged to look down, three officers of the old armies had been thus hunted and dragged off before their eyes, they had reason to believe that fragments of those armies were receiving similar or worse treatment wherever they might be found. Time and their daily work gradually calmed their minds and helped them to forget the pain of what they had seen. They missed the company of the bear, too;

for even before this great disturbance of their tranquillity that amusing companion of their solitary



"THE FOWLS HUNG ABOUT THE DOOR."

tude had burrowed himself away to consume his own fat where not even their telescope could discover him for several months.

Presently the winter snows became deeper on the mountain, and they were confined more and more to the house. The Slow John was frozen up in the branch, and the fowls which could no longer forage for their own living hung about the door for the scraps from the table and an occasional handful of corn. They roosted in the cabin of the Old Man of the

Mountain, and now and then, in return for their keep, laid an egg, which was often frozen before it was found.

The soft, clean husks of the corn, added to the pine boughs, made comfortable beds, and the tents spread over the blankets provided

discussed until theology and the art of clothing and feeding an army were worn threadbare. Philip, who was blessed with a vivid imagination and great originality, made up the most marvelous ghost-stories and the most heartrending and finally soul-satisfying romances which were

recited in the evenings before the fire, to the huge enjoyment of his companions. If it was romance, a fat pine-knot thrust between the logs illumined the interior, and searched the farthest corners and crannies of the room with a flood of light; and in case it was a ghost-story, the logs were left to burn low and fall piecemeal into the red coals before the eyes of the three figures sitting half-revealed in sympathetic obscurity.

One of the most interesting incidents of the first winter was the construction, by Lieutenant Coleman, of a map of the "old United States," and the plotting thereon of the Confederacy as they supposed it to be. When it is remembered that the map was drawn entirely from memory, the clear topographical knowledge of the officer was, to say the least, surprising.

The first reference to

abundant covering. Great bunches of catnip and pennyroyal for tea hung from the rafters, and even the wild gentian, potent to cure all ailments, was not forgotten in the winter outfit.

The Prayer Book and Army Regulations which formed their library were read and re-read and

the map is found in Lieutenant Coleman's entry in the diary for the 24th of January, 1865:

As we were sitting before the fire last night, George introduced a subject which, by common consent, we have rather avoided any reference to or conversation upon. This related to the probable boundaries of the new na-

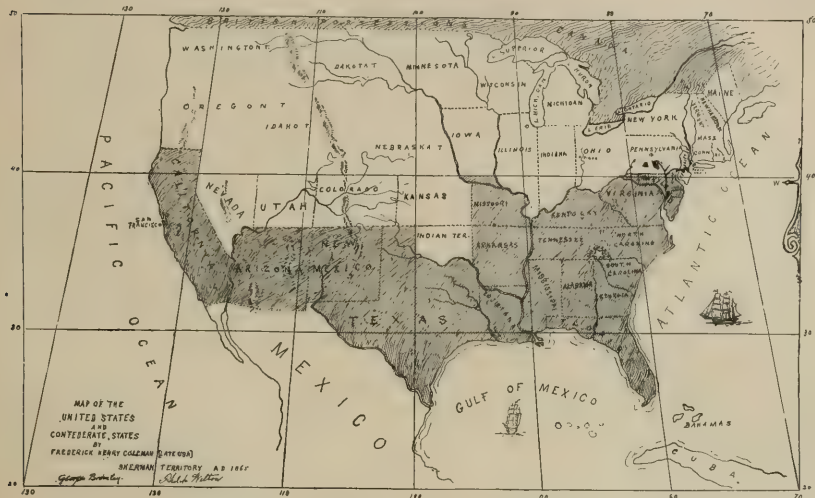


"PHILIP MADE UP THE MOST MARVELOUS STORIES, WHICH WERE RECITED BEFORE THE FIRE."

tion established by the triumphant Confederates. We had no doubt that the Confederacy embraced all the States which were slave-holding States at the outbreak of the Rebellion; and as they doubtless had made Washington their capital, it was more than probable that they had added little Delaware to Maryland on their northern border. We assumed that so long as there were two governments in the old territory, the Ohio River would be accepted as a natural boundary as far as to the Mis-

sissippi, and thus provided a clean white canvas five feet square on which to draw the map.

If Lieutenant Coleman and his companions had known that General Sherman, after whom they had named their island in the sky and whom they mourned as dead, was that very morning marching into the city of Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, with all his



issippi; but we were of widely different opinions as to the line of separation thence.

George, who is inclined to the darker view, is of the opinion that the Southern Republic, if it be a republic at all, would certainly demand an opening to the Pacific Ocean, and therefore must embrace a part, if not the whole, of California.

February 16. We have been confined to the house two days by a driving snow-storm, and the territorial extent of the Confederacy has come up again, not, however, for the first time since the discussion on the 23d of January. As we still have one stormy month before the opening of spring, I have determined to enter upon the construction of a map which shall lay down the probable boundaries of the two nations. When George and I are unable to agree, the point in dispute will be argued before Philip, and settled by the votes of the three.

On February 17, then, this map was begun on the inner side of one of the rubber ponchos after buttoning down and gluing with pitch the opening in the center. It was stretched on a

bands playing and flags flying, the map would never have been made, and the life on the mountain would have come to a sudden end. Fortunately for the continuance of this history, they were ignorant of that fact, and Lieutenant Coleman on this very day began plotting his map with charcoal. After going over the coasts and watercourses and establishing the boundaries of States, and that greatest and most difficult of all boundaries, the one between "the two countries," he would blow off the charcoal and complete the details with ink. Of this necessary fluid there was a canteen full, which had been made in the fall from oak-galls (lumps or balls produced on the oak-leaves by tiny insects) and the purple pokeberries which had been gathered from the field below the ledge. The oak-leaves had been steeped in warm water, and this mixture, together with the berries,

had been strained through a cloth and bottled up in the canteen.

While at West Point, Cadet Coleman of the class of '63 had devoted himself to mapping, and he believed he was tolerably familiar with his subject until, at the very outset, difficulties began to arise. He found that his knowledge about the Northwestern Territories was shaky, and it was difficult to convince Bromley that Arkansas was not west of Kansas.

They finally gave little Delaware to the Confederacy, accepting the bay and river as a natural geographical separation. Thence they followed the southern boundary of Pennsylvania to the Ohio River, the Ohio and Mississippi to the southern boundary of Iowa, and thence west and south on the northern and western frontiers of Missouri. The Indian Territory became the first point of disagreement.

Under date of March 1, 1865, Lieutenant Coleman says:

With the aid of Philip, I pressed the boundary line south to the Red River. We all conceded Texas to the Confederacy. I was disposed to establish the extreme western boundary of the Confederacy as identical with the western frontier of Texas. George allowed this so far as the Rio Grande formed a natural boundary along the frontier of Mexico, but stoutly insisted that the successful Southerners would never consent to a settlement which did not extend their borders to the Pacific Ocean. To this claim on the part of the South he contended that the imbecility of Congress and the timidity of Northern leaders would offer little or no opposition. He held that if they took part of California, they might as well take the whole; and in either case they would take New Mexico and Arizona as the natural connection with their Pacific territory.

I contended that California had never been a Slave State, and would never consent to such an arrangement. To this George replied that California was without troops, and that her wishes would not be a factor in the solution of the problem; that the South, flushed with victory, could not be logically expected to content itself with less; that it would be a matter to be settled between the two governments, and that for his part he saw no reason to believe that the North, in view of its blunders civil and its failures military, would have the power or the courage to prevent such seizure by the enemy. Philip leaned to this view, and was even willing to throw in Utah for sentimental reasons.

Bromley showed great skill and cleverness in advocating his peculiar views. When he had a point to gain, with the natural cunning

of a legal mind he took care to begin his argument by claiming much more than he expected to establish. Thus, not content with the concession of California and the southern tier of Territories leading thereto, he called the attention of the others to the great Rocky Mountain range, offering itself, from the northwestern extremity of Texas to the British possessions, as a natural geographical wall between nations. He admitted that the Western men had been the bone and sinew of the late fruitless struggle; but they were the hardy soldiers of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Kansas, still far to the east of the great mountain-range, with vast uncivilized Territories between.

To this view Lieutenant Coleman opposed the jealousy of the great ally of the South, as not likely to favor an unequal partition; he said that England would certainly not lend her aid to bringing the more aggressive of the two nations up to her own colonial borders. Besides, he contended, the South was without a navy, and at the outset could never defend such a great addition to her already vastly superior coast-line.

This long argument resulted in a compromise; and by the decision of Philip, California, Arizona, and New Mexico were given to the Confederacy, and half the Pacific coast was saved to the old government.

Bromley's matter-of-fact character had no sentimental side. He was a worker, and no dreamer. He threw himself with all the weight of his convictions and the force of his well-trained mind into the discussion of the extent of the Confederate victory; but the moment the boundary was settled he seemed to forget the existence of the map and to lose himself in the next piece of work.

After completing the outlines of the map in ink, Lieutenant Coleman began laying a tone of lines over the whole Confederacy. As the work progressed, the three soldiers watched the new power creeping like an ominous shadow over the map. The one break in the expanse of gloom was the white star at the northwestern corner of North Carolina, which marked the location of Sherman Territory. When the map was finished and hung on the logs, the Confederacy looked like nothing so much as a huge

dragon crouching on the Gulf of Mexico, with the neck and head elevated along the Pacific, and the tail brushing Cuba.

Although they accepted the map without further discussion, its white face, looking down on them from the wall as they sat about the evening fire, provoked many a talk about affairs in the world below. The time for the election of a new President had passed since they had been on the mountain. After the complete and pitiful collapse of Lincoln's administration, they had no doubt that McClellan had been elected. Philip thought the new capital should be located at Piqua, Ohio (which was where his uncle lived), as it was near the center of population!

But Bromley favored the city of Cleveland. Ohio, he pointed out, extended entirely across the Union, and as the State which linked the two parts together, it would need to be strongly guarded, and the capital with its troops and fortifications would strengthen that weak link in the chain. Cincinnati was too close to the enemy's territory to be thought of as a capital.

Shortly before undertaking the map, Lieutenant Coleman had the good fortune to bring down a large gray eagle which, although soaring high above the valleys, was but just skimming the mountain-top. This was a fortunate event, because the very last steel pen had become very worn and corroded. Lieutenant Coleman had been longing above all things for quills, and now that he wrote again with an easy and flowing hand he seems to have forgotten that his supply of paper was limited. In the controversy over the map the entries are of unusual length, and then suddenly they become brief and cramped, and are written in so small a hand that there can be no doubt the writer took sudden alarm on discovering how few blank pages were left in the book.

Since Christmas the telescope had rarely been taken from its place on the chimney, and if they looked over into the Cove or the valley without it, those snow-covered regions below were far-off countries where the houses showed only as rounded forms, and the human ants who lived in them were scarcely visible.

(To be continued.)

KITTY AND POLLY.

WHEN Kitty had driven "pug" from
the chairs,
And draped the curtains with dainty
airs,
Her work she admireð, but said she
was tired
Of having so many household cares.

Polly had washed the dishes all,
Had dusted the furniture, cleaned the
hall,
And baked the bread. She was glad,
she said,
She could do a little, although she
was small.

Delia Hart Stone.



THE LEPRECAWN.

By **Winthrop Packard.**



Harmon

IN County Kerry, minding cows
One day in early spring,
I chanced to see a Leprecawn
Quite busy hammering.
He sat behind the meadow hedge,
A-mending one old shoe,
As older folk had always said
A Leprecawn would do.

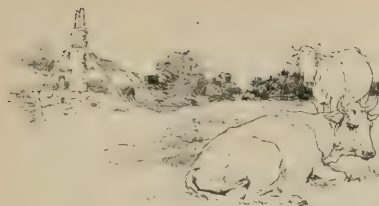
"Ho, Leprecawn! ho, Leprecawn!
See! now I have you fast;
I've looked for you for many a day,
And you are mine at last.
Where do you keep your money, sir?
That's what I want to know;
Now tell me where it's hidden, or
I will not let you go."

The Leprecawn looked by me straight
Down to the meadow's edge:
"Look there!" said he; "your father's cows
Have broken through the hedge."
But never once I looked away,
For everybody knows
Unless you watch the Leprecawn,—
Whisht! out of sight he goes.

"And hark!" said he; "what is that noise
That sounds along the track!
The Squire is galloping this way;
He's here just at your back."
But never once I looked away,
For often I've been told
That you must watch the Leprecawn
Until you get his gold.

"Ho, Leprecawn! ho, Leprecawn!
Where may it hidden be—
This gold of yours? Now tell me, or
You never shall go free.
I will not take my eye from you—
That same you need not fear;
For well I know that if I do
You'll quickly disappear."

"Good Master, ho! good Master, now,
Come down this way with me;
A mighty field of boliauns
We both can plainly see;



And underneath this very bush
My gold is placed with care.
Go, fetch a spade and dig, and you
Shall surely find it there."

"Ho, Leprecawn! ho, Leprecawn!
You think to trick me well!
This bush from any other bush
How, surely, shall I tell?
A mile this field of boliauns
Doth stretch each way, alack!
How shall I know this single bush
When spade and I come back?"



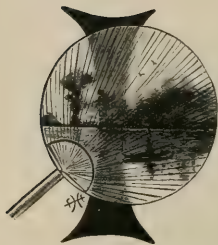
"Good Master, ho! good Master, now—
My garter, russet red,
I fasten to this single bush,"
The Leprecawn then said;
"And when to dig you shall come back,
You still shall find it there.
I will not touch that same again,
Good Master, I declare!"

A Leprecawn ne'er broke his word
To any living man;
And so I set the rascal free,
And to my cabin ran.
But when, with spade in willing hand,
Back to the place I sped,
The whole broad field of boliauns
Was blushing russet red

With garters here and garters there,
Hung on each bush and tree!
Sure, all the hose in Fairyland
Down at the heel must be!
And underneath the boliaun
The fairy gold still lies,
Until again a Leprecawn
I happen to surprise.

SEEING AND BELIEVING.

BY HAROLD WILSON, M. D.



T is an old and a wise saying that "seeing is believing," yet everybody knows that very often what we see, and therefore believe, proves to be not really true at all. As we grow older, finding that our eyes have so frequently deceived us, we are often not satisfied with the evidence they give us until we have verified it by touch or smell or hearing or taste, or by looking at some doubtful thing from different points of view, or under a different lighting.

We are not willing to believe that a conjurer actually draws rabbits from a man's ear or coins from the tip of his nose just because our eyes tell us such tales. Sometimes our deceptions are so lasting that things must be made wrong in order to look right, which seems rather contradictory. If we look at the letter S or the figure 8 as carefully as we can, the upper and lower halves seem to be almost exactly the same size. If we turn them upside down, thus, S, 8, the difference in the size of the loops is quite astonishing, and we wonder how we could have been so mistaken; yet perhaps the truth is that the loops are neither so different nor so much alike as they seem to be, as we see when we look at them turned upon their sides, thus, S, 8, ∞.

The eye is such a delicate bit of machinery, it has so many parts, and so many different kinds of work to do, and such long hours of labor, that it is not surprising, after all, if in the capacity of receiving-office for so many millions of light-waves every minute, it should

occasionally send wrong messages to the central station in the brain. Nor is it to be wondered at if the mind itself, having so many other things to attend to at the same time, sometimes fails to understand what certain messages from the eye may mean. These mistakes on the part of the mind in interpreting the communications which the eye sends to it, are called *illusions of sight*.

Moreover, in the eye itself certain things may go on which give us wrong sensations, which, although not truly illusions, are very much like them. Thus, when we suddenly strike our heads or faces against something in the dark, we see "stars," or bright sparks, which we know are not real lights, though they are quite as bright and sparkling as if they were. When we close one eye and look straight ahead at some word or letter in the middle of this page, for example, we seem to see not only the thing we are looking at, but everything else immediately about it and for a long way on each side. But the truth is, there is a large round spot, somewhere near the point at which we are looking, in which we see nothing. Curiously enough, the existence of this blind spot was not discovered by accident, and nobody ever suspected it until Mariotte reasoned from the construction of the



FIG. 1. THE VANISHING DISK.

eyeball that it must exist, and proceeded to find it. Now we can all find it very easily. If you will hold Fig. 1 straight in front of the right eye, and about ten and a half inches away from it, the left eye being kept closed, then look sharply at the center of the little cross, every-

thing being properly adjusted, the round black spot will disappear completely from view.

Some of our most delightful sensations are those of color. Nature has given us a great profusion of them, but the eye is not satisfied with what it gets legitimately, as it were, but creates for itself a lot of imaginary colors, which are often very hard to distinguish from the real ones which the light makes. If we take a sheet of gray or white paper and place upon it a small piece of orange-red paper, look intently at the

greatly deceived. We all know how large the full moon looks when it has just risen, and how much smaller it appears when it rides higher in the sky; and those of you who have ever

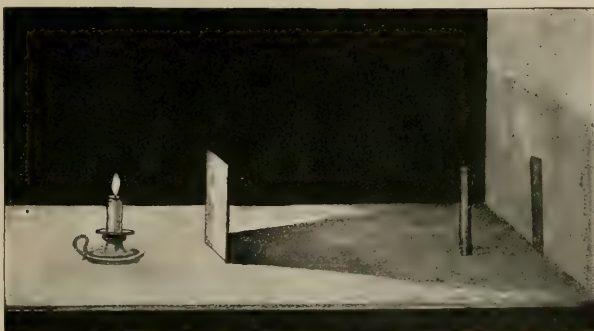


FIG. 2. THE COLORED SHADOWS.

red paper for a few seconds and then suddenly take it away, we will see a patch of a light-green color, which moves about as we move our eyes, and soon fades away. A bit of yellow paper gives us a blue patch, green a violet red, and with a package of kindergarten color-papers to experiment with, the reader will find that each one has its own unchanging and especial successor when tried in the same fashion. These after-colors are the creations of our eyes, and are not really where they seem to be. They are quite as unreal as are other sorts of ghosts. With a candle or lamp, a few pieces of colored glass, and a lead pencil, we can display some other curious fancies of the eyes by making what are called colored shadows. Fig. 2 shows how it is done. Using red glass, the shadow of the pencil upon the wall (a piece of white paper is better) looks blue-green; with blue glass, yellow; with green glass, rose; and so on. It is hard to convince ourselves that the shadow is not actually of the color it seems to be, and if I did not tell you that it was an illusion, you might never discover the fact.

When we come to study the shapes and sizes of things, we find that the eyes are often

looked at it through a telescope or a pair of opera-glasses know that although it is then magnified, it actually looks smaller than with the naked eye. Those who know tell us that the big moon we see at the horizon is an illusion, and that while it actually is magnified by refraction, it looks much larger because we see it a long way off, through the trees, or over houses, or down the street, and comparing it with those objects of which we know the size, fancy it must be very large because it is so far away; and that when up in the sky, or when seen through an opera-glass, it seems nearer; and therefore looks smaller.

In Fig. 3, the row of dots between *a* and *b* makes that distance seem greater than the distance between *b* and *c*, although upon measurement you will find it to be just equal. Fig. 4 does not look exactly square: the horizontal lines make it seem too tall. The artist was instructed to make the horizontal lines in Figs. 5 and 6 parallel to each other, and no doubt he has done so, although those in Fig. 5 seem very far from it, and it is perfectly plain to the eye that the upper ones in Fig. 6 separate more at the middle

● *c*
● *b*
●
●
●
●
● *a*

FIG. 3.

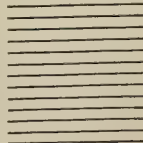


FIG. 4.

and that the lower ones come closer together there than at the ends; and if the top of the page is tipped away from you so that you look obliquely down at it, these appearances are all the more striking. Yet if we turn the page about and look at the drawings from the side, we see at once that the artist has done his work truly, and that it is our eyes that have been at fault. So, in Fig. 7, the circle seems to dip in or flatten at the corners of the square, yet it is positively a true and uniform curve. In Fig. 8 the line running upward on the right-hand side of the black rectangle is the direct continuation of one of the two lower lines on the left. Everybody says that it

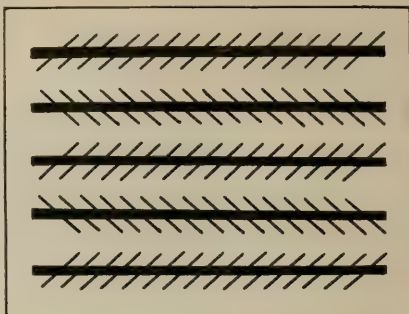


FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.

is with the upper one of these lines; and as we examine it carefully, running the eye back and forth so as to be sure, this certainly seems to be true. But hold the figure so as to look along the line as a carpenter looks along the edge of a board, and it is surprising to see how much we have been mistaken.

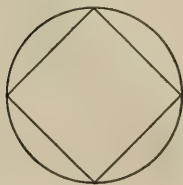


FIG. 7.

If I were to ask what Fig. 11 represented, most persons would say that it was a picture of a transparent

cube, — as is shown in Fig. 10. Some other person looking on might say, however, that it was a cube showing the *lower* and the *right-hand* faces, as shown in Fig. 9; and upon looking at it again, sure enough, this seems to be so; and yet, while we still look at it, it suddenly changes, and once more looks like Fig. 10. With a little

practice, we discover that we can make it look either way at pleasure, though it has an uncomfortable fashion of turning about of its own accord. Generally we can see it like Fig. 10 more easily, perhaps because that

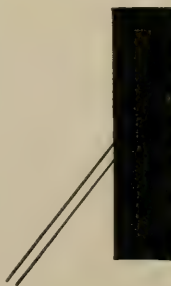


FIG. 8.

is the way most real cubes appear as we look at them usually from above. So Fig. 12 we can see either as a flight of steps leading up to the left, or as an overhanging or upside-down

ference in length between the upper and lower pair. After the guesses have been made, measure them; it will be instructive.

Now, we all want to know, of course, how

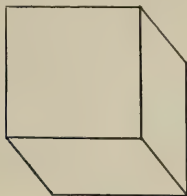


FIG. 9.

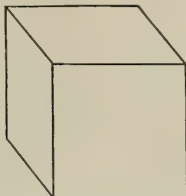


FIG. 10.

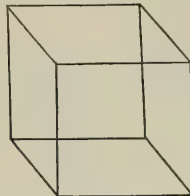


FIG. 11.

stairway which we could climb only by standing upon our heads. It is a little hard to see these two stairways, and you may succeed better by turning the page around while looking at the drawing. It is easy, sometimes, to see objects that do not exist: thus, in Fig. 13, if the page is tipped a little and held so that the right eye looks along the line *a b*, and the

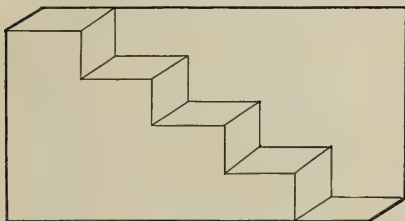


FIG. 12.

left along the line *c d*, both eyes being open and looking at the point where the two lines cross, a third line is seen standing right up from the paper like a little rod or pin. Fig. 14, when looked at with one eye from a point where it can look along all of the lines without moving the head,—that is, at a point where all the lines would meet if they were drawn long enough,—shows a lot of black pins standing upright as if stuck into the page.

In the picture at the end of this article, it will be found interesting to let the spectators guess which of the stones in the Magic Bridge is longest, and also to estimate the precise dif-

ference in length between the upper and lower pair. After the guesses have been made, measure them; it will be instructive. Now, we all want to know, of course, how these curious illusions come about, and whether there are others than those we have just seen. Yes, there are many others, and men have known them from very early times. In *ST. NICHOLAS* for October, 1885, Mr. Arlo Bates told how the Greek architects took advantage of these illusions to improve the appearance of the temples; and it has lately been found that the cathedral builders of the Middle Ages also so arranged their lines and curves as to deceive the eye. On the next page, Figs. 15 and 16, copied from the article by Mr. Bates, show how two lines of the same length may be by branching lines made to look quite unequal; but it is a great deal easier to see that they are



FIG. 13.

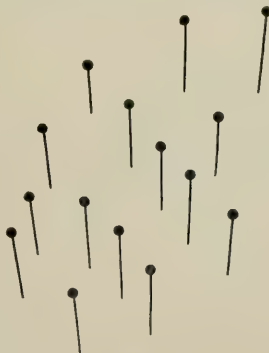


FIG. 14.

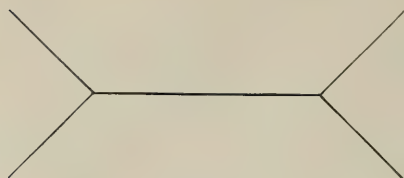


FIG. 15.

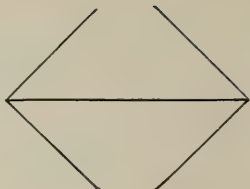
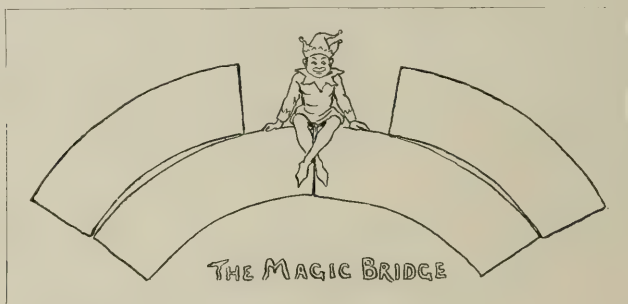


FIG. 16.

illusions than to explain why we are deceived in them. Even the wise men who have studied them do not always agree in their explanations. And then, to understand these explanations, we have to know a great many things that are not so interesting. Besides, what we need most of all to know about them is the fact that they

exist, and that often "things are not what they seem," and that seeing ought not always to be believing. Our eyes must be trained to beware of tricks that may be played upon them, and where our eyes deceive, our brains must help us to find out the truth, even in the midst of apparent error.



THE NEW UMBRELLA.

BY AGNES LEE.

Oh, Ella!

With her first umbrella!

She walked abroad like any queen.

She held it proudly for display,

Admired its handle, stroked its sheen,

And never little girl more gay.

Dear Ella!

Such a wee umbrella!

One day upon the market-place

I met her; dripping were her curls.

She looked, despite her sunny face,

The most forlorn of little girls.

"Why, Ella!

Where 's your new umbrella?"

Said I; "the storm has drenched your hair!

Just see your frock! just see your hat!

And what is this you hug with care? —

A broom, a fiddle, or a cat?"

Oh, Ella!

With her first umbrella!

She looked at me and shyly spoke,

The rain-drops pelted on her yet:

"I have it here beneath my cloak,

Because, you see, it might get wet!"



SILK & CEDARS

A scramble in the LEBANONS

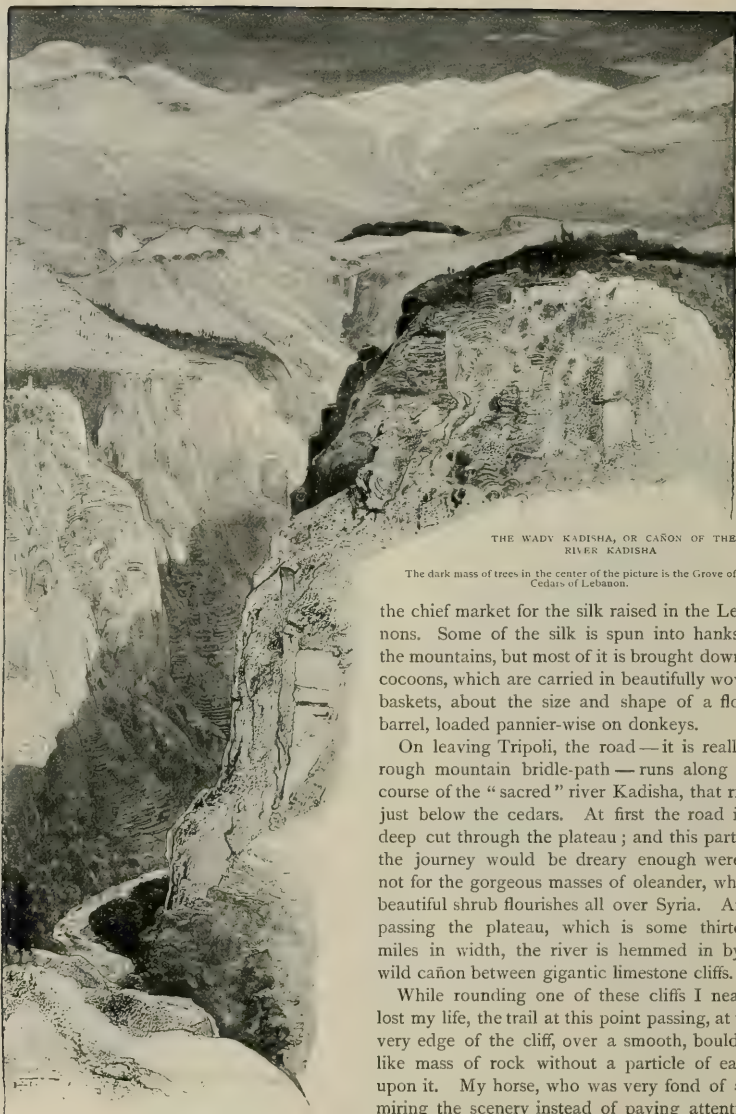
By Harry Fenn.

WHEN I was a boy it used to be a fad among the young folks to raise silkworms, and in the town in which I was born nearly every boy in the parish kept them, much to the annoyance of the women-folk of the household, I fear. They found caterpillars in their drawing-rooms, and caterpillars weaving their cocoons in every place where they should not be. I suppose the caterpillars and the boys were nuisances; but it was great fun for the boys.

Years later, when I was journeying in the mountains of Lebanon, making sketches for a book called "Picturesque Palestine," almost the first thing that attracted my attention was my old friend the silkworm. In fact, he was in evidence long before we landed from the steamer; for far away on the mountain-side those step-like lines climbing almost to the eternal snows are the silkworms' pastures — terraces of mulberry plants.

But why, you will ask, "Silk and Cedars"? The only satisfactory reply I can give you is that after all these years, when the weary marches and dangerous passes of those mountains are forgotten, the silk-culture and the cedars of Lebanon are the two pictures still fresh in the memory.

I will try to tell you about it. To begin at the beginning, we must go back to the quaint old city of Tripoli, situated in the northwest corner of Syria, where the foothills of the Lebanons come tumbling down into the sea. Though its palmy days are over, its great age should command our respect; for Tripoli was founded seven hundred years before the time of Christ. The history of the city we will not go into. Its chief industry seems always to have been connected with the silkworm. As far back as 1289 A. D. there were four thousand looms kept busy; and Tripoli is still



THE WADY KADISHA, OR CAÑON OF THE
RIVER KADISHA

The dark mass of trees in the center of the picture is the Grove of the Cedars of Lebanon.

the chief market for the silk raised in the Lebanons. Some of the silk is spun into hanks in the mountains, but most of it is brought down in cocoons, which are carried in beautifully woven baskets, about the size and shape of a flour-barrel, loaded pannier-wise on donkeys.

On leaving Tripoli, the road—it is really a rough mountain bridle-path—runs along the course of the “sacred” river Kadisha, that rises just below the cedars. At first the road is a deep cut through the plateau; and this part of the journey would be dreary enough were it not for the gorgeous masses of oleander, which beautiful shrub flourishes all over Syria. After passing the plateau, which is some thirteen miles in width, the river is hemmed in by a wild cañon between gigantic limestone cliffs.

While rounding one of these cliffs I nearly lost my life, the trail at this point passing, at the very edge of the cliff, over a smooth, boulder-like mass of rock without a particle of earth upon it. My horse, who was very fond of admiring the scenery instead of paying attention to his business, slipped just at this bad point,

partly owing to the idiotic horseshoes used in that country, which are simply flat plates of iron put on cold. One, if not both, of his hind legs went over the edge, and there was nothing more substantial than air for a thousand feet below. However, the wiry little beast scrambled cat-like up on the shelving ledge again; but it was a narrow escape.

We are now approaching the region of the silk-culture; and those step-like lines which we saw from the ship's deck turn out to be little hanging gardens. Wherever a handful of earth

get ready to spin their cocoons; but a second crop comes on later, and a curious use is made of that. The tree-owner purchases one of those queer, big-tailed Syrian sheep, the tail of which weighs twenty pounds when at the full maturity of its fatness; and then a strange stuffing process begins, not unlike the fattening of the Strasburg geese. When the sheep can eat no more, the women of the house feed it; and it is no uncommon sight to see a woman going out to make an afternoon call, leading her sheep by a string, and carrying a basket of mulberry



THE GROVE OF CEDARS OF LEBANON.

can be made to rest upon a ledge, there a mulberry plant grows. It is a picturesque and thrilling sight to see a boy lowered by a rope over the precipice, carrying a big basket of earth and cuttings of mulberry twigs to plant in his hanging garden. The crop of leaves, fodder for the worms, is gathered in the same way. By such patient and dangerous industry have these hardy mountaineers been able to make their wilderness of rock blossom into brightly-colored silks. Not a single leaf is left on the trees by the time the voracious worms

leaves on her arm. Having arrived at her friend's house, she squats on the ground, rolls a ball of mulberry leaves in her right hand, and slips it into the sheep's mouth, then works the sheep's jaw up and down with the other hand till she thinks the mouthful has been chewed enough, when she thrusts it down the throat of the unfortunate animal. The funny part of the business is that probably half a dozen gossips of the village are seated around the yard, all engaged at the same operation. Of course the sheep get immensely fat, and that is

the object; for at the killing-time the fat is tried out and put into jars, as meat for the winter.

As the time approaches for the silkworm to hatch out of the egg, the family move out of the house, and camp under the trees, giving up the entire establishment to the worms, after having placed the eggs on shelves made of a reed like bamboo. At first the young worms are fed on finely chopped leaves; but as they grow larger the leaves need only be broken in two. The people have to feed and watch the worms night and day, or they wander in search of food and be lost; and in the silence of the night the sound of the worms feeding is like a gently falling rain.

The worms fast three or four times during this period, and about twenty-four hours is the length of each fast. A curious feature about their fast is their posture; they assume the attitude of a cobra snake about to strike, and remain rigidly fixed in that position for the entire period. When they are ready to spin, small branches are placed on the shelves, and as the cocoons are formed upon them the dead twigs seem to bear golden fruit. When the worms get through that part of the business the neighbors are called in—something as to an old-fashioned New England apple-paring bee. They call it "qtâf" in Arabic—that is "picking"; and soon you see piles of pale-green, pure-white, and golden-yellow cocoons heaped upon the floor. Later they may be spun into hanks; but usually the cocoons are sent down the mountains to Tripoli or Damascus, and after their thirty or forty days of toil, they too often have to sell the produce for next to nothing, as the Chinese are always ready to undersell them.

Another curious use Mr. Silkworm is put to is to soak him in vinegar for some hours, after which he is drawn out into so-called "catgut" to make snells or leaders for fish-hooks.

Although from our camping-ground in this village of silk-spinners the grove of cedars looked as if it were within an hour's ride, there was a long, weary day's journey before we reached them. Every girl and boy of the Christian world has heard and read, over and over again, of the "Cedars of Lebanon"; but very few have any idea of the locality and surroundings of the famous grove. It is a popu-

lar error, by the way, to suppose that there are no other cedars remaining besides this group at the head of the "Wady" (valley or cañon) Kadisha. There are, to my knowledge, ten other groves, some numbering thousands of trees. This particular group that we are about to visit is called by the Arabs by a name which means, "Cedars of the Lord." They number about four hundred trees, among them a circle of gigantic fellows that are called by the natives "The Twelve Apostles," upon the strength of an old tradition that Jesus and his disciples having come to this spot and left their staves standing in the ground, these staves sprouted into cedar-trees.

There is every reason to suppose that in the time of King Solomon these scattered groves were part of an enormous unbroken forest, extending the entire length of the Lebanon range of mountains, about one hundred miles, running nearly parallel with the Mediterranean shore from a little below Beirut. The summits of the range are from fifteen to twenty miles from the coast.

The Lebanon—that is, the "White"—does not derive its name from glittering snow-peaks, but from the white limestone cliffs of its summits. The first historical mention of the trees is in the Bible (2 Sam. v. 11): "And Hiram king of Tyre sent messengers to David, and cedar trees, and carpenters, and masons: and they built David an house."

From that day to this the people have been almost as reckless and wasteful of these noble giants of the mountains as our own people are of these cedars' first cousins, the redwood trees of the California coast-range. As we approach the grove, which stands upon the top of a small hill, the foliage is almost black against the snow-covered crags of Dahr-el-Kadib, which rears its highest peak over ten thousand feet above the sea.

There is a Maronite chapel in the grove, its patriarch claiming the sole right to the sacred trees; and, luckily, the superstition with which the trees have been surrounded has been their salvation. All the cedars of Lebanon would have been demolished for firewood years ago were not the people threatened with dire calamity should they take a single stick.

From the few noble trees that remain struggling for existence in these snow-clad mountains, it is very hard to picture the great unbroken forest David and Solomon knew. But even this small grove, remaining hidden away in their barren mountain-tops, figures prominently in history, poetry, art, and romance. There is probably not in the world another group of trees that has the same rare interest.

The cones of the Lebanon cedar are unlike anything I know in this country. They are

about the size and form of a well-grown Spitzenberg apple, and almost as smooth. The full-grown one that I have drawn on page 467 is as smooth and hard as it was the day I gathered it, fifteen years ago.

Those wonderfully beautiful trees will bear transplanting into any mild climate. Indeed, I have seen much finer specimens in England than in Syria. There is one in Richmond Park, the great branches of which cover the better part of a half-acre of ground.

ON THE FERRY.

BY M. L. VAN VORST.

MOONLIGHT, starlight—
 How many lights there be!
 Little swinging lanterns
 On the ships at sea.
 Green lights, yellow lights,
 Crimson lights aglow—
 I see them shine on winter nights
 In mist and snow.

Big boats, little boats—
 How many boats there be!
 Little swinging life-boats
 On the ships at sea.
 I go on the ferry-boat,
 Mother goes with me;
 I wish some day that we would float
 Far out to sea!

MASTER SKYLARK.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XVII.

CAREW'S OFFER.

NEXT morning Carew donned his plum-colored cloak, and with Nick's hand held tightly in his own went out of the door and down the steps into a drifting fog which filled the street, the bandy-legged man with the ribbon in his ear following close upon their heels.

People passed them like shadows in the mist, and all the houses were a blur until they came into a wide, open place where the wind blew free above a wall with many great gates.

In the middle of this open place a huge gray building stood, staring out over the housetops—

a great cathedral, wonderful and old. Its walls were dark with time and smoke and damp, and the lofty tower that rose above it was in part but a hollow shell split by lightning and blackened by fire. But crowded between its massive buttresses were booths and chapmen's stalls; against its hoary side a small church leaned like a child against a mother's breast; and in and around about it eddied a throng of men like ants upon a busy hill.

All around the outer square were shops with gilded fronts and most amazing signs: golden angels with outstretched wings, tiger heads, bears, brazen serpents, and silver cranes; and in and out of the shop-doors darted apprentices with new-bound books and fresh-printed slips; for this was old St. Paul's, the meeting-place of

London town, and in Paul's Yard the printers and the bookmen dealt.

With a deal of elbowing the master-player came up the broad steps into the cathedral, and down the aisle to the pillars where the merchant-tailors stood with table-books in hand, and there ordered a brand-new suit of clothes for Nick of old Roger Shearman, the best cloth-cutter in Threadneedle street.

While they were deep in silk and silver thread, Haerlem linen, and Leyden camelot, Nick stared about him half aghast; for it was to him little less than monstrous to see a church so thronged with merchants plying their trades as if the place were no more sacred than a booth in the public square.

The long nave of the cathedral was crowded with mercers from Cheapside, drapers from Throgmorton street, stationers from Ludgate Hill, and goldsmiths from Foster Lane, hats on, loud-voiced, and using the very font itself for a counter. By the columns beyond, sly, foxy-faced lawyers hobnobbed; and on long benches by the wall, cast-off serving-men, varlets, grooms, pastry-bakers, and pages sat, waiting to be hired by some new master. Besides these who came on business there was a host of gallants in gold-laced silk and velvet promenading up and down the aisle, with no business there at all but to show their faces and their clothes. And all about were solemn shrines and monuments and tombs, and overhead a splendid window burned like a wheel of fire in the eastern wall.

While Nick stared, speechless, a party of the Admiral's players came strolling by, their heads half hidden in their huge starched ruffs, and with prodigious swords that would have dragged along the ground had they not been cocked up behind so fiercely in the air. Seeing Master Carew and the boy, they stopped in passing to greet them gaily.

Master Heywood was there, and bowed to Nick with a kindly smile. His companion was a handsome, proud-mouthed man with a blue, smooth-shaven face and a jet-black periwig. Him Carew drew aside and spoke with in an earnest undertone. As he talked, the other began to stare at Nick as if he were some curious thing in a cage.

"Upon my soul," said Carew, "ye never heard the like of it. He hath a voice as sweet and clear as if Puck had burst a honey-bag in his throat."

"No doubt," replied the other carelessly; "and all the birds will hide their heads when he begins to sing. But we don't want him, Carew—not if he had a voice like Miriam the Jew. Henslowe has just bought little Jem Bristow of Will Augusten for eight pound sterling, and business is too bad to warrant any more."

"Who spoke of selling?" said Carew, sharply. "Don't flatter your chances so, Master Alleyn. I would n't sell the boy for a world full of Jem Bristows. Why, his mouth is a mint where common words are coined into gold! Sell him? I think I see myself in Bedlam for a fool! Nay, Master Alleyn, what I am coming at is this: I'll place him at the Rose, to do his turn in the play with the rest of us, or out of it alone, as ye choose, for one fourth of the whole receipts over and above my old share in the venture. Do ye take me?"

"Take you? One fourth the whole receipts? Zounds, man, do ye think we have a spigot in El Dorado?"

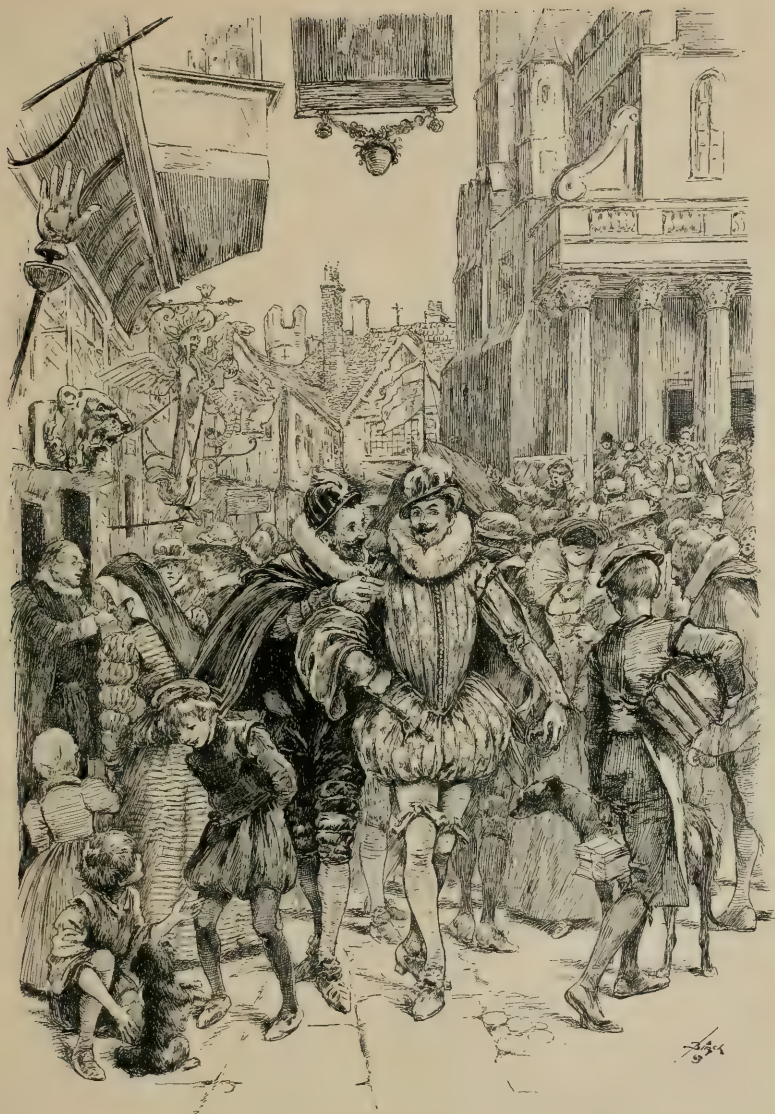
"Tush! Master Alleyn, don't make a poor mouth; you're none so needy. You and Henslowe have made a heap of money out of us all."

"And what of that? Yesterday's butter won't smooth to-day's bread. 'Tis absurd of you, Carew, to ask one fourth and leave all the risk on us, with the outlook as it is! Here's that fellow Langley has built a new play-house in Paris Garden, nearer to the landing than we are, and is stealing our business most scurvily!"

Carew shrugged his shoulders.

"And what's more, the very comedy for which Ben Jonson left us, because we would not put it on, has been taken up by the Burbages on Will Shakspeare's say-so, and is running famously at the Curtain."

"I told you so, Master Alleyn, when the fellow was fresh from the Netherlands," said Carew; "but your ears were plugged with your own conceit. Young Jonson is no flatfish, if he did lay brick; he's a plum worth anybody's picking."



"THIS WAS OLD ST. PAUL'S, THE MEETING-PLACE OF LONDON TOWN."

"But, plague take it, Carew, those Burbages have all the plums! Since they weaned Will Shakspeare from us everything has gone wrong. Kemp has left us; old John Lowin, too; and now the Lord Mayor and Privy Council have soured on the play again and forbidden all playing on the Bankside, outside the City or no."

Carew whistled softly to himself.

"And since my Lord Chamberlain has been patron of the Burbages he will not so much as turn a hand to revive the old game of bull- and bear-baiting, and Phil and I have kept the Queen's bulldogs going on a twelvemonth now at our own expense—a pretty canker on our profits! Why, Carew, as Will Shakspeare used to say, 'One woe doth tread the other's heels, so fast they follow!' And what 's to do?"

"What 's to do?" said Carew. "Why, I 've told ye what 's to do. Ye 've heard Will say, 'There is a tide leads on to fortune if ye take it at the flood'? Well, Master Alleyn, here 's the tide, and at the flood. I have offered you an argosy. Will ye sail or stick in the mud? Ye 'll never have such a chance again. Come, one fourth over my old share, and I will fill your purse so full of gold that it will gape like a stuffed toad. His is the sweetest skylark voice that ever sugared ears!"

"But, man, man, one fourth!"

"Better one fourth than lose it all," said Carew. "But, pshaw! Master Ned Alleyn, I 'll not beg a man to swim that 's bent on drowning! We will be at the play-house this afternoon; mayhap thou 'lt have thought better of it by then." With a curt bow he was off through the crowd, Nick's hand in his own clenched very tight.

They had hard work getting down the steps,

for two hot-headed gallants were quarreling there as to who should come up first, and there was a great press. But Carew scowled and showed his teeth, and clenched his poniard-hilt so fiercely that the commoners fell away and let them down.

Nick's eyes were hungry for the printers' stalls where ballad-sheets were sold for a penny,



"DICCON HAD OFTEN MADE NICK WHISTLES FROM THE WILLOWS ALONG THE AVON, WHEN NICK WAS A TODDLER."

and where the books were piled along the shelves until he wondered if all London were turned printer. He looked about to see if he might chance upon Diccon Field; but Carew came so quickly through the crowd that Nick had not time to recognize Diccon if he had

been there. Diccon had often made Nick whistles from the pollard willows along the Avon below the tannery when Nick was a toddler in smocks, and the lad thought he would like to see him before going back to Stratford. Then, too, his mother had always liked Diccon Field, and would be glad to hear from him. At thought of his mother he gave a happy little skip; and as they turned into Paternoster Row, "Master Carew," said he, "how soon shall I go home?"

Carew walked a little faster.

There had arisen a sound of shouting and a trampling of feet. The constables had taken a purse-cutting thief, and were coming up to the Newgate prison with a great rabble behind them. The fellow's head was broken, and his haggard face was all screwed up with pain; but that did not stop the boys from hooting at him, and asking in mockery how he thought he would like to be hanged and to dance on nothing at Tyburn Hill.

"Did ye hear me, Master Carew?" asked Nick.

The master-player stepped aside a moment into a doorway to let the mob go by, and then strode on.

Nick tried again: "I pray thee, sir—"

"Do not pray me," said Carew sharply; "I am no Indian idol."

"But, good Master Carew—"

"Nor call me good—I am not good."

"But, Master Carew," faltered Nick, with a sinking sensation around his heart, "when will ye leave me go home?"

The master-player did not reply, but strode on rapidly, gnawing his mustache.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MASTER HEYWOOD PROTESTS.

It was a cold, raw day. All morning long the sun had shone through the choking fog as the candle-flame through the dingy yellow horn of an old stable-lantern. But at noon a wind sprang up that drove the mist through London streets in streaks and strings mixed with smoke and the reek of steaming roofs. Now and then the blue gleamed through in ragged patches overhead; so that all the town turned out on

pleasure bent, not minding if it rained stewed turnips, so they saw the sky.

But the fog still sifted through the streets, and all was damp and sticky to the touch, so Cicely was left behind to loneliness and disappointment.

Nick and the master-player came down Ludgate Hill to Blackfriars landing in a stream of merry-makers, high and low, rich and poor, faring forth to London's greatest thoroughfare, the Thames; and as the river and the noble mansions along the Strand came into view, Nick's heart beat fast. It was a sight to stir the pulse.

Far down the stream, the grim old Tower loomed above the drifting mist; and, higher up, old London Bridge, lined with tall houses, stretched from shore to shore. There were towers on it with domes and gilded vanes, and the river foamed and roared under it, strangled by the piers. From the dock at St. Mary Aweries by the Bridge to Barge-house stairs, the landing-stages all along the river-bank were thronged with boats; and to and fro across the stream, wherries, punts, barges, and water-craft of every kind were plying busily. In middle stream sail-boats tugged along with creaking sweeps, or brown-sailed trading-vessels slipped away to sea, with costly freight for Russia, Turkey, and the Levant. And amid the countless water-craft a multitude of stately swans swept here and there like snowflakes on the dusky river.

Nick sniffed at the air, for it was full of strange odors—the smell of breweries, of pitchy oakum, Norway tar, spices from hot countries, resinous woods, and chilly whiffs from the water; and as they came out along the wharf, there were brown-faced, hard-eyed sailors there, who had been to the New World—wild fellows with silver rings in their ears and a swaggering stagger in their petticoated legs. Some of them held short, crooked brown tubes between their lips, and puffed great clouds of pale brown smoke from their noses in a most amazing way.

Broad-beamed Dutchmen, too, were there, and swarthy Spanish renegades, with sturdy craftsmen of the City guilds and stalwart yeomen of the guard in the Queen's rich livery.

But ere Nick had fairly begun to stare, confused by such a rout, Carew had hailed a wherry, and they were half-way over to the Southwark side.

Landing amid a deafening din of watermen bawling hoarsely for a place along the Paris Garden stairs, the master-player hurried up the lane through the noisy crowd. Some were

at their head, frolicking and cantering along like so many overgrown school-boys.

"So we are to have thee with us awhile?" said Heywood, and put his arm around Nick's shoulders as they trooped along.

"Awhile, sir, yes," replied Nick, nodding; "but I am going home soon, Master Carew says."

"Carew," said Heywood, suddenly turning, "how can ye have the heart?"

"Come, Heywood," quoth the master-



NICK AND MASTER CAREW AT BLACKFRIARS LANDING.

faring afoot into Surrey, and some to green St. George's Fields to buy fresh fruit and milk from the farm-houses and to picnic on the grass. Some turned aside to the Falcon Inn for a bit of cheese and ale, and others to the play-houses beyond the trees and fishing-ponds. And coming down from the inn they met a crowd of players, with Master Tom Heywood

player curtly, though his whole face colored up, "I have heard enough of this. Will ye please to mind your own affairs?"

The writer of comedies lifted his brows. "Very well," he answered quietly; "but, lad, this much for thee," said he, turning to Nick, "if ever thou dost need a friend, Tom Heywood's one will never speak thee false."

"Sir!" cried Carew, clapping his hand upon his poniard.

Heywood looked up steadily. "How? Will thou quarrel with me, Carew? What ugly poison hath been filtered through thy wits? Why, thou art even falser than I thought! Quarrel with me, who took thy new-born child from her dying mother's arms when thou wert fast in Newgate gaol?"

Carew's angry face turned sickly gray. He made as if to speak, but no sound came. He shut his eyes and pushed out his hand in the air as if to stop the voice of the writer of comedies.

"Come," said Heywood, with deep feeling; "thou canst not quarrel with me yet—nay, though thou dost try thy very worst. It would be a sorry story for my soul or thine to tell to hers."

Carew groaned. The rest of the players had passed on, and the three stood there alone. "Don't, Tom, don't!" he cried.

"Then how can ye have the heart?" the other asked again.

The master-player lifted up his head, and his lips were trembling. "T is not the heart, Tom," he cried bitterly, "upon my word and on the remnant of mine honour! 'T is the head which doeth this. For, Tom, I cannot leave him go. Why, Tom, hast thou not heard him sing? A voice which would call back the very dead that we have loved if they might only hear. Why, Tom, 't is worth a thousand pound! How can I leave him go?"

"Oh, fie for shame upon the man I took thee for!" cried Heywood.

"But, Tom," cried Carew brokenly, "look it straightly in the face; I am no such player as I was,—this reckless life hath done the trick for me, Tom,—and here is ruin staring Henslowe and Alleyn in the eye. They cannot keep me master if their luck doth not change soon; and Burbage would not have me as a gift. So, Tom, what is there left to do? How can I shift without the boy? Nay, Tom, it will not serve. There 's Cicely—not one penny laid by for her against a rainy day; and I 'll be gone, Tom, I 'll be gone—it is not morning all day long—we cannot last forever. Nay, I cannot leave him go!"

"But, sir," broke in Nick wretchedly, hold-

ing fast to Heywood's arm, "ye said that I should go!"

"Said!" cried the master-player, with a bitter smile; "why, Nick, I 'd say ten times more in one little minute just to hear thee sing than I would stand to in a month of Easters afterward. Come, Nick, be fair. I 'll feed thee full and dress thee well and treat thee true—all for that song of thine."

"But, sir, my mother—"

"Why, Carew, hath the boy a mother, too?" cried the writer of comedies.

"Now, Heywood, on thy soul, no more of this!" cried the master-player with quivering lips. "Ye will make me out no man, or else a fiend. I cannot let the fellow go—I will not let him go." His hands were twitching, and his face was pale, but his lips were set determinedly. "And, Tom, there 's that within me will not abide even *thy* pestering. So come, no more of it! Upon my soul, I sour over soon!"

So they came on gloomily past the bear-houses and the Queen's kennels. The river wind was full of the wild smell of the bears; but what were bears to poor Nick, whose last faint hope that the master-player meant to keep his word and send him home again was gone?

They passed the Paris Gardens and the tall round play-house that Francis Langley had just built. A blood-red banner flaunted overhead, with a large white swan painted thereon; but Nick saw neither the play-house nor the swan; he saw only, deep in his heart, a little gable-roof among old elms, with blue smoke curling softly up among the rippling leaves; an open door with tall pink hollyhocks beside it; and in the door, watching for him till he came again, his own mother's face. He began to cry silently.

"Nay, Nick, my lad, don't cry," said Heywood gently; "'t will only make bad matters worse. *Never* is a weary while; but the longest lane will turn at last: some day thou 'lt find thine home again all in the twinkling of an eye. Why, Nick, 't is England still, and thou an Englishman. Come, give the world as good as it can send."

Nick raised his head again, and throwing the hair back from his eyes, walked stoutly along, though the tears still trickled down his cheeks.

"Sing thou my songs," said Heywood heart-

ily, "and I will be thy friend—let this be thine earnest." As he spoke he slipped upon the boy's finger a gold ring with a green stone in it cut with a tall tree: this was his seal.

They had now come through the garden to the Rose Theatre where the Lord Admiral's company played; and Carew was himself again. "Come, Nicholas," said he half jestingly, "be done with thy doleful dumps—care killed a cat, they say, lad. Why, if thy hateful looks could stab, I'd be a dead man forty times. Come, cheer up, lad, that I may know thou lovest me."

"But I do na love thee!" cried Nick indignantly.

"Tut! Do not be so dour. Thou 'lt soon be envied by ten thousand men. Come, don't make a face at thy good fortune as though it were a tripe fried in tar. Come, lad, be pleased; thou 'lt be the pet of every high-born dame in London town."

"I'd rather be my mother's boy," Nick answered simply.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ROSE PLAY-HOUSE.

THE play-house was an eight-sided, three-storied, tower-like building of oak and plastered lath, upon a low foundation of yellow brick. Two outside stairways ran around the wall, and the roof was of bright red English tiles with a blue lead gutter at the eaves. There was a little turret, from the top of which a tall ash stave went up; and on the stave, whenever there was to be a play, there floated a great white flag on which was a crimson rose with a golden heart, just like the one that Nick with such delight had seen come up the Oxford road a few short days before.

Under the stairway was a narrow door, marked "For the Playeres Onelie"; and in the doorway stood a shrewd-faced, common-looking man, writing upon a tablet which he held in his hand. There was a case of quills at his side, with one of which he was scratching busily, now and then prodding the ink-horn at his girdle. He held his tongue in his cheek, and moved his head about as the pen formed the letters: he was no expert penman, this Phil Henslowe, the stager of plays.

He looked up as they came to the step.

"A poor trip, Carew," said he, running his finger down the column of figures he was adding. "The play was hardly worth the candle—cleared but five pound; and then, after I had paid the carman three shilling fip to bring the stuff down from the City, 't was lost in the river from the barge at Paul's wharf! A good two pound."

"Hard luck!" said Carew.

"Hard? Adamantine, I say! Why, 't is very stones for luck, and the whole road rocky! Here 's Burbage, Condell, and Will Shakspeare ha' rebuilt Blackfriars playhouse in famous shape; and, marry, where are we?"

Nick started. An idea came creeping into his head. Will Shakspeare had married his mother's own cousin, Anne Hathaway of Shottory; and he had often heard his mother say that Master Shakspeare had ever been her own good friend when they were young.

"He and Jonson be thick as thieves," said Henslowe; "and Chettle says that Will hath near done the book of a new play for the autumn—a master fine thing!—'Romulus and Juliana,' or something of that Italian sort, to follow Ben Jonson's comedy. Ned Alleyn played a sweet fool about Ben's comedy. Called it monstrous bad; and now it has taken the money out of our mouths to the tune of nine pound six the day—and here, while ye were gone, I ha' played my Lord of Pembroke's men in your 'Robin Hood,' Heywood, to scant twelve shilling in the house!"

Heywood flushed.

"Nay, Tom, don't be nettled; 't is not the fault of thy play. There 's naught will serve. We 've tried old Marlowe and Robin Greene, Peele, Nash, and all the rest; but, what! they will not do—'t is Shakspeare, Shakspeare; our City flat-caps will ha' nothing but Shakspeare!"

Nick listened eagerly. Master Will Shakspeare must indeed be somebody in London town! He stared across into the drifting cloud of mist and smoke which hid the city like a pall, and wondered how and where, in that terrible hive of more than a hundred thousand men, he could find one man.

"I tell thee, Tom Heywood, there 's some

magic in the fellow, or my name 's not Henslowe!" cried the manager. "His very words bewitch one's wits as nothing else can do. Why, I 've tried them with 'Pierce Penniless,' 'Groat's Worth of Wit,' 'Friar Bacon,' 'Orlando,' and the 'Battle of Alcazar.' Why, tush! they will not even listen! And here I 've put Martin Gosset into purple and gold, and Jemmy Donstall into a peach-colored gown laid down with silver-gilt, for 'Volteger'; and what? Why, we play to empty stools; and the rascals owe me for those costumes yet — sixty shillings full! A murrain on Burbage and Will Shakspeare too! — but I wish we had him back again. We 'd make their old Blackfriars sick!" He shook his fist at a great gray pile of buildings that rose above the rest out of the fog by the landing-place beyond the river.

Nick stared. *That* the play-house of Master Shakspeare and the Burbages? Will Shakspeare playing there, just across the river? Oh, if Nick could only find him, he would not let the son of his wife's own cousin be stolen away!

Nick looked around quickly.

The play-house stood a bowshot from the river, in the open fields. There was a moated manor-house near by, and beyond it a little stream with some men fishing. Between the play-house and the Thames were gardens and trees and a thin fringe of buildings along the bank by the landings. It was not far, and there were places where one could get a boat every fifty yards or so at the Bankside.

But — "Come in, come in," said Henslowe. "Growling never fed a dog; and we must be doing."

"Go ahead, Nick," said Carew, pushing him by the shoulder, and they all went in. The door opened on a flight of stairs leading to the lowest gallery at the right of the stage, where the orchestra sat. A man was tuning up a viol as they came in.

"I want you to hear this boy sing," said Carew to Henslowe. "T is the best thing ye ever lent ear to."

"Oh, this is the boy?" said the manager, staring at Nick. "Why, Alleyn told me he was a country gawk!"

"He lied, then," said Carew very shortly. "T was cheaper than the truth at my price.

There, Nick, go look about the place — we have business."

Nick went slowly along the gallery. His hands were beginning to tremble as he put them out touching the stools. Along the rail were ornamental columns which supported the upper galleries and looked like beautiful blue-veined white marble; but when he took hold of them to steady himself he found they were only painted wood.

There were two galleries above. They ran all around the inside of the building, like the porches of the inn at Coventry, and he could see them across the house. There were no windows in the gallery where he was, but there were some in the second one. They looked high. He went on around the gallery until he came to some steps going down into the open space in the center of the building. The stage was already set up on the trestles, and the carpenters were putting a shelter-roof over it on copper-gilt pillars; for it was beginning to drizzle, and the middle of the play-house was open to the sky.

The spectators were already coming into the pit at a penny apiece, although the play would not begin until early evening. Those for the galleries paid another penny to a man in a red cloak at the foot of the stairs where Nick was standing. There was a great uproar at the entrance. Some apprentices had caught a cut-purse in the crowd, and were beating him unmercifully. Every one pushed and shoved about, cursing the thief, and those near enough kicked and struck him.

Nick looked back. Carew and the manager had gone into the tiring-room behind the stage. He took hold of the side-rail and started down the steps. The man in the red cloak looked up. "Go back there," said he sharply; "there's enough down here now." Nick went on around the gallery.

At the back of the stage were two doors for the players, and between them hung a painted cloth or arras behind which the prompter stood. Over these doors were two plastered rooms, twopenny private boxes for gentlefolk. In one of them were three young men and a beautiful girl, wonderfully dressed. The men were speaking to her, but she looked down at Nick in-

stead. "What a pretty boy!" she said, and tossed him a flower that one of the men had just given her. It fell at Nick's feet. He started back, looking up. The girl smiled, so

to it, some one thrust out a staff and barred the way. It was the bandy-legged man with the ribbon in his ear. Nick looked out longingly; it seemed so near!

"Master Carew saith thou art not to stir outside — dost hear?" said the bandy-legged man.

"Ay," said Nick, and turned back.

There was a narrow stairway leading to the second gallery. He went up softly. There was no one in the gallery, and there was a window on the side next to the river; he had seen it from below. He went toward it slowly that he might not arouse suspicion. It was above his head.

There were stools for hire standing near. He brought one and set it under the window. It stood unevenly upon the floor, and made a wabbling noise. He was afraid some one would hear him; but the apprentices in the pit were rattling dice, and two or three gentlemen's pages were wrangling for the best places on the platform; while, to add to the general riot, two young gallants had brought gamecocks and were fighting them in one corner, amid such a whooping and swashing that one could hardly have heard the skies fall.

A printer's man was bawling, "Will ye buy a new book?" and the fruit-sellers, too, were raising such a cry of "Apples, pears, nuts, cakes, and ale!" that the little noise Nick might make would be lost in the wild confusion.

Master Carew and the manager had not come out of the tiring-room. Nick got up on the stool and looked out. It was not very far to the ground — not so far as from the top of the big hay-cock in Master John Combe's field from which he had often jumped.

The sill was just breast-high when he stood upon the stool. Putting his hands upon it, he gave a little spring, and balanced on his arms a moment. Then he put one leg over the window-sill and looked back. No one was paying the slightest attention to him. Over all the noise he could hear the man tuning the viol. Swinging himself out slowly and silently, with his toes against the wall to steady him, he hung down as far as he could, gave a little push away from the house with his feet, caught a quick breath, and dropped.

"NICK PUT ONE LEG OVER THE SILL AND LOOKED BACK."

he took off his cap and bowed; but the men looked sour.

At the side of the stage was a screen with long leather fire-buckets and a pole-ax hanging upon it, and behind it was a door through which Nick saw the river and the gray walls of the old Dominican friary. As he came down

(To be continued.)



THE LIGHTS THAT GUIDE IN THE NIGHT.

BY LIEUTENANT JOHN M. ELLICOTT, U. S. N.

WHEN ships are sailing upon the ocean the lights of heaven are their guides. Even in the dark ages, when the compass and sextant were unknown instruments, the seemingly motionless pole-star hung like a beacon light in the northern heavens, and the rising and setting of the sun and stars distinguished the east from the west. When, however, ships come near the land the lights of heaven are not sufficient safely to guide them. Rocks lie in their paths unseen in the night; reefs and shoals spread under the water; while unsuspected currents sweep the frail craft all blindly upon these dangers.

Nevertheless, ships were sailed along dangerous coasts for centuries before a plain system of marking dangerous places was invented. The early mariners were bold and reckless rovers, more than half pirates, who seldom owned a rood of the coasts along which they sailed, and could not have established lights and landmarks on them had they cared to do so. The rude beginning, then, of a system of lighthouses was when the merchants with whom the reckless mariners traded in those dark ages built beacons near the harbor mouths to guide the ships into port by day, and lighted fires for their guidance at night. As such a harbor-guide had to be a sure landmark in the daytime and a light by night, it soon took on a settled shape—a tower on which could be built a fire; and such a tower was usually built of stone.

This method of guiding ships into the ports which they sought was scarcely established before human wickedness used it as a means for their destruction. Bands of robbers, or, as they came to be called, "wreckers," would hide themselves somewhere near the haven sought by a richly laden vessel, and after overpowering the fire-keepers would extinguish the beacon-fire on the night on which the ship was

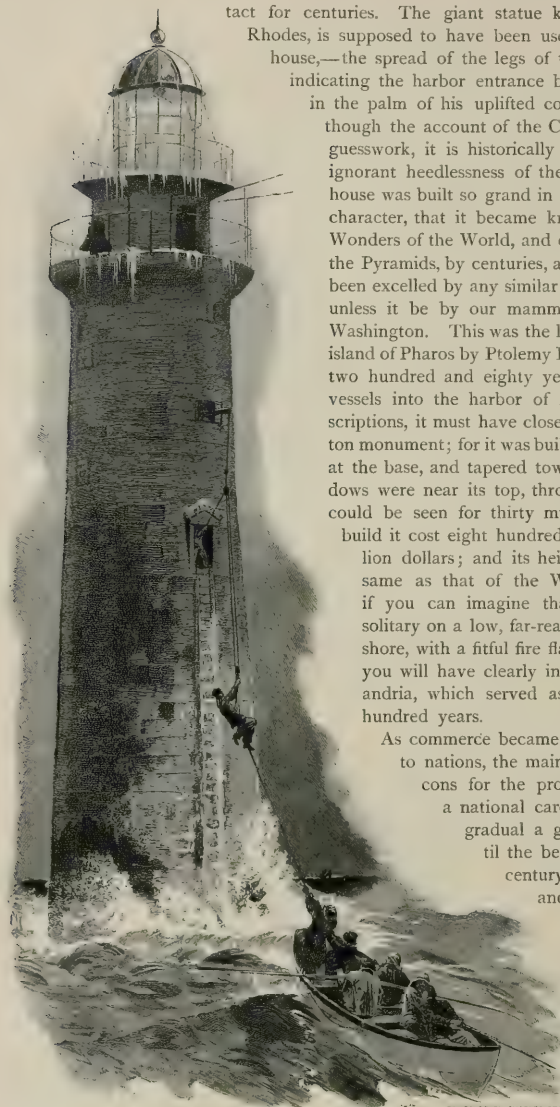
expected. Then they would light another fire near some treacherous reef. The mariner, sailing boldly toward the false light, would dash his vessel to destruction on the reef, whereupon



A SCREW-PILE OCEAN LIGHTHOUSE ON FOWEY ROCK, FLORIDA.

the robber band would plunder the wreck and make off with the booty.

The Mediterranean Sea was the great cradle of commerce, and some of the ancient beacon-towers at the entrance to its harbors stood in-



A WINTER LANDING AT THE MINOT LEDGE LIGHT.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

tact for centuries. The giant statue known as the Colossus, at Rhodes, is supposed to have been used as a beacon and lighthouse,—the spread of the legs of that great figure of Apollo indicating the harbor entrance by day, while a fire burned in the palm of his uplifted colossal hand at night. Although the account of the Colossus is only a matter of guesswork, it is historically true that in those ages of ignorant heedlessness of the need of beacons a lighthouse was built so grand in proportions, so enduring in character, that it became known as one of the Seven Wonders of the World, and outlived all the others, save the Pyramids, by centuries, and in some ways has never been excelled by any similar structure in modern times, unless it be by our mammoth marble monument to Washington. This was the lighthouse built on the little island of Pharos by Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, two hundred and eighty years before Christ, to guide vessels into the harbor of Alexandria. From all descriptions, it must have closely resembled our Washington monument; for it was built of white stone, was square at the base, and tapered toward the apex. Open windows were near its top, through which the fire within could be seen for thirty miles by vessels at sea. To build it cost eight hundred talents, or nearly one million dollars; and its height was almost exactly the same as that of the Washington monument; so if you can imagine that great column standing solitary on a low, far-reaching, yellow, sandy desert shore, with a fitful fire flaring from its top at night, you will have clearly in mind the Pharos at Alexandria, which served as a lighthouse for sixteen hundred years.

As commerce became a source of great revenue to nations, the maintenance of lights and beacons for the protection of vessels became a national care; but this was of so very gradual a growth that it was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that the building, lighting, and maintaining of lighthouses was looked after with regularity by all governments. The best proof of the slowness of nations to see the necessity of properly lighting their coasts is afforded by Great Britain, as a rule the most advanced commercial

nation. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth a religious brotherhood known as "the Brotherhood of the Most Glorious and Undivided Trinity" was directed by an act of Parliament to preserve ancient sea-marks, and to erect beacons and "signs of the sea." For more than a hundred years this brotherhood kept up the ancient sea-marks, but erected nothing new; then they began to purchase and operate lights owned by private individuals or by societies; and still later they commenced to build lighthouses and beacons. Finally, in 1856, Parliament gave Trinity House the entire control of the lighthouses of England.

Meantime the means of lighting was being steadily improved. The open fire gave place to the oil-lamp; then a curved mirror, called a parabolic mirror, was placed behind the lamp to bring the rays together; next, many lamps with mirrors were grouped about a central spindle and some such lights are still in operation. The greatest stride came when an arrangement of lenses, known as the Fresnel lens, in front of a lamp replaced the mirror behind it. This lens was rapidly improved for lighthouse purposes, until now a cylindrical glass house surrounds the lamp-flame. This house has lens-shaped walls which bend all the rays to form a horizontal zone of strong light which pierces the darkness to a great distance.

The rapid increase in the number of lighthouses has made it necessary to have some means of telling one from another, or, as it is termed, of giving to each light its "characteristic." Coloring the glass made the light dimmer, but as red comes most nearly to white light in brightness, some lights have red lenses. The latest and best plan, however, is to set upright prisms at intervals in a circular framework around the lens, and to revolve this frame by clockwork. Thus the light is made to flash every time a prism passes between it and an observer. By changing the number and places of the prisms, or the speed of the clockwork, the flashes for any one light can be made to occur at intervals of so many seconds for that

light. Putting in red prisms gives still other changes. Thus each light has its "characteristic," and this is written down in signs on the charts, and fully stated in the light-lists carried by vessels. Thus, on a chart you may note that the light you want to sight is marked "F. W., v. W. Fl., 10-sec.," which means that it is "fixed white varied by white flashes every ten seconds." When a light is sighted you see if those are its characteristics; and, if so, you have found the right one.

Another scheme is used on the coasts of France, in addition to those I have told you. It is a means for swinging a vertical beam of light across the sky at regular times. Thus the

SECTION OF A
FRESNEL
LENS.



THE LIGHTHOUSE AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

whereabouts of a light can be discovered by the appearance of its beam long before the light itself shows above the horizon.

Lighthouse buildings are variously painted

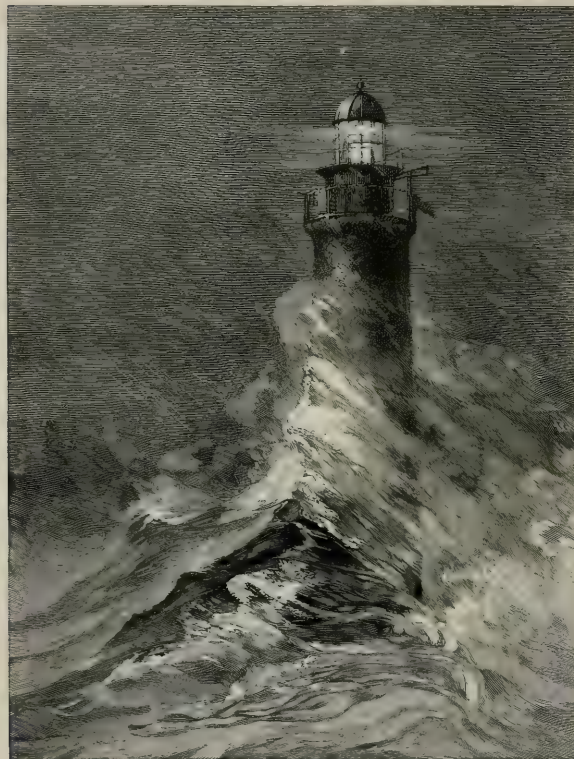
so that they will have a "characteristic" by day. Thus some towers are red, some black, some white and black in horizontal or vertical stripes, some checkerboarded, and some painted in spiral bands like those on a barber's pole as in the picture on page 483.

One seldom thinks, when he watches the

comfortably situated lighthouses are generally on lonely headlands, with no human dwelling near. Others are on outlying rocks, or islands swept by the sea, and wholly cut off from the land except in fair weather. There are even a few which, built upon sunken reefs, seem to rise from the very bed of the ocean, and against

which storm-driven seas break with shocks which shake them to their foundations. Such are the Eddystone Lighthouse, off the coast of England at the entrance to the English Channel, and our own Minot's Ledge Light, near the entrance to Boston Harbor. These two are the most isolated and exposed lighthouses in the world. They were built at the utmost peril to human life. Each was swept away by storms after completion, and had to be rebuilt.

The first lighthouse on Minot's Ledge was built in 1848. It was an octagonal tower resting on the tops of eight wrought-iron piles eight inches in diameter and sixty feet high, with their bases sunk five feet in the rock. These piles were braced together in many ways; and, as they offered less surface to the waves than a solid structure.



IN A NORTHEASTER.

brightly cheering and safely guiding light of a lighthouse, what ceaseless watching and patient heroism it takes to keep the light burning year in and year out through all weathers. Generally there is for each light only a keeper with two assistants, and often the keeper is assisted only by his wife, sons, or daughters. Even the most

this lighthouse was considered by all authorities upon the subject to be exceptionally strong.

Its great test came in April, 1851. On the 14th of that month, two keepers being in the lighthouse, an easterly gale set in, steadily increasing in force. People on shore, and no doubt the keepers themselves, watched the heavy seas



THE WRECK OF THE FIRST MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHTHOUSE.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

sweep harmlessly through the network of piles beneath the house, and feared no harm. On the 15th, however, the wind and sea had greatly increased, and the waves were flung higher and higher toward that tower in the air. Yet, all thought they surely could not reach sixty feet above the ledge!

That night was one of keen anxiety, for the gale still increased; and all through that dreadful driving storm and darkness, the faithful keepers were at their posts, for the light burned brightly. On Wednesday, the 16th, the gale had become a hurricane; and when at times the tower could be seen through the mists and sea-drift, it seemed to bend to the shock of the waves. At four o'clock that afternoon an ominous proof of the fury of the waves on Minot's Ledge reached the shore—a platform which had been built between the piles only seven feet below the floor of the keepers' room. The raging seas, then, were leaping fifty feet in the air. Would they reach ten feet higher?—for if so the house and the keepers were doomed. Nevertheless, when darkness set in the light shone out as brilliantly as ever; but the gale seemed, if possible, then to increase. What

agony those two men must have suffered! How that dreadful abode must have swayed in the irresistible hurricane, and trembled at each crashing sea! The poor unfortunates must have known that if those seas, leaping always higher and higher, ever reached their house, it would be flung down into the ocean, and they would be buried with it beneath the waves.

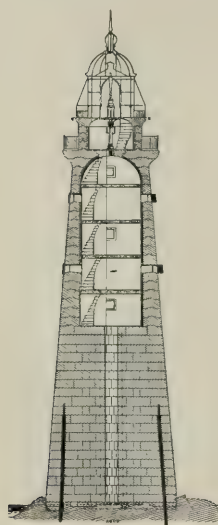
To those hopeless, terrified watchers the entombing sea came at last. At one o'clock in the morning the lighthouse bell was heard by those on shore to give a mournful clang, and the light was extinguished. It was the funeral knell of two patient heroes.

Next day there remained on the rock only eight jagged iron stumps.

During this same gale another lighthouse, twenty-five miles out at sea on that New England coast, was sore beset. It was on a barren rock of considerable area, known as Matinicus Rock; and besides the tower there were substantial stone buildings for the keeper's family and for storing supplies. The keeper had gone away for provisions, leaving an invalid wife and four daughters in the station. The eldest daughter, a girl of seventeen, was in charge of the

light. During the first day's gale the seas began to sweep entirely over the rocks, washing away everything movable, and flooding the lower rooms of the dwelling. The roar of the surf and the wind was so great that the poor women could not hear one another's voices. At this stage of the storm the young girl remembered her chickens, and determined to save them. Taking a large basket, she stood at an upper window watching the sea. When there came a quiet

spell she rushed out of the dwelling, dashed ankle-deep through the sea-water draining from the rocks, dragged the poor drenched hens from the perches where they had taken refuge from the waves, placed them in the basket, and dashed back into the house again, with all saved — all but one, which was out of her reach, and for which she could not linger; for hardly had she secured the door and retreated again to the upper floor, when a most ter-



SECTION OF THE PRESENT MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHT.

rific sea broke over the rocks, sweeping away every house except the stone dwelling and its light-tower. As the storm grew worse, the dwelling had to be abandoned, and all lived in the light-tower for three days and nights, dur-



MINOT'S LEDGE AFTER THE STORM OF 1851.

ing which the little light-keeper never lost her nerve, but kept the light burning as regularly as clockwork.

Lighthouse-keepers do not seem to feel their lonely life. I once spent a week on Scotland Lightship, near the entrance to New York harbor. The assistant keeper was in charge, and he was nearly stone deaf. He had not been ashore for three months, and even a newspaper



Sketch of the screw at the end of the pile.

SCREW-PILE RIVER LIGHTHOUSE.

came to him only by chance from time to time, when a pilot-boat stopped by on her way out of the harbor. From sunrise until nine o'clock at night he did little else but sit on a hatchway



THE SOUTH SHOAL LIGHT-SHIP, OFF NANTUCKET.

smoking an old pipe and gazing reflectively at the great harbor receiving and dismissing its thousands of vessels. One day he asked me to use my influence to get him transferred to Cape Cod. I asked him why he wished the change.

"Well," said he, very seriously, "I want a quieter station; it's too lively here; I want to be where there is less going on!"

Light-ships take the place of lighthouses on shoals which are too much exposed, or where sands are too shifting to allow lighthouses to be built on them. These vessels are very securely moored, and newer ones have auxiliary steam-power, so that if they should break adrift in a storm they could steam into the nearest port for shelter, or lie to until the gale abated. Their light and lenses surround one or both of their masts, and in the daytime are lowered down into a little house at the foot of the mast. At night the lamps are lighted, and the lights hoisted up again to the mastheads. On some shoals, usually in rivers and bays, where the water is not too deep and the sea is never violent, lighthouses are built on a trestlework supported by iron piles screwed into the sand.

The entire lighthouse system of the United States is in charge of a board consisting of two army engineer officers and two naval officers of high rank, and two civilians. This board is under the Treasury Department, and the Secretary of the Treasury is *ex officio* president. Its meetings are held in the Treasury Building in Washington. The country is divided into sixteen lighthouse districts, as follows: first to sixth districts, Atlantic coast; seventh and eighth districts, Gulf Coast; ninth to eleventh districts, the Great Lakes; twelfth and thirteenth districts, Pacific coast; and the remaining three districts include the Ohio, Mississippi, Missouri, and Red rivers. Each district is in charge of a naval officer who is termed an inspector. The headquarters of the third district, on Staten



THE FOG-BELL.

Island, is the principal depot of supplies. Lamps and lanterns are made there; all oil is tested there; and all lighting apparatus is set up and worked there before being sent to its destination. Light-keepers are paid from \$600 to \$1000, while the assistant keepers receive from \$400 to \$600 a year.



ON A QUIET DAY.



ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

AN INTRUDER.

BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM SCHMIDT.

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE WEATHER.

(A ditty for springtime or any other time of year.)

IN the morning, when our eyes pop open
early, very early,
And we creep and peep to watch the
sun arise;
If he 's hiding, and a cloudy sky a-glow-
ering, grim and surly,
Has no streaming golden beaming for
our eyes,—
Why, then, lightly as a feather,
Must our spirits dance together,
And our faces must be sunny all day long;
For as fresh as Highland heather
We can make the inside weather
When the outside seems to be so very
wrong.

But if with the outdoor sunshine all the
happy birds are singing,
And the trees are budding in the glad,
warm light;
And the arbutus is peeping from its brown
leaves' tender keeping,
And the face of day is fresh and sweet
and bright,—
Why, then, why not all together
Make our faces match the weather? —
Fresh and sweet and bright and sunny all
day long!
For as fragrant as the heather
Is the charming outside weather,
And the inside cannot be so *very* wrong.

Jessie Macmillan Anderson.

THE BOYLESS TOWN.

A CROSS old woman of long ago
Declared that she hated noise:
"The town would be so pleasant, you know,
If only there were no boys."
She scolded and fretted about it till
Her eyes grew heavy as lead,
And then, of a sudden, the town grew still,
For all the boys had fled.

And all through the long and dusty street
There was n't a boy in view;
The base-ball lot where they used to meet
Was a sight to make one blue.
The grass was growing on every base,
And the paths that the runners made;
For there was n't a soul in all the place
Who knew how the game was played.

The dogs were sleeping the livelong day —
Why should they bark or leap?
There was n't a whistle or call to play,
And so they could only sleep.

The pony neighed from his lonely stall,
And longed for saddle and rein;
And even the birds on the garden wall
Chirped only a dull refrain.

The cherries rotted and went to waste —
There was no one to climb the trees;
And nobody had a single taste,
Save only the birds and bees.
There was n't a messenger-boy — not one
To speed as such messengers can:
If people wanted their errands done,
They sent for a messenger-man.

There was little, I ween, of frolic and noise;
There was less of cheer and mirth:
The sad old town, since it lacked its boys,
Was the dreariest place on earth.

The poor old woman began to weep,
Then woke with a sudden scream:
"Dear me!" she cried; "I have been asleep;
And oh, what a horrid dream!"

Robert Clarkson Tongue.

MISS NINA BARROW.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

[This story was begun in the February number.]

CHAPTER V.

NINA AT SEA.

"TAKE her up, Jobson! Here, Thomas, help Jobson put Miss Nina into the carriage," said Marian by way of putting an end to a most painful scene on the morning of the 20th, the day they were to sail for England.

It almost consoled Claudine for the three days and nights in which she had walked the floor with her poor face puffed out beyond recognition in consequence of Nina's selfish exposure of her to the rain, and for all the consequent suffering. She said to Marian, who had been very kind to her: "Mademoiselle, she will be so furious as not was, never, since I am with Madame!"

Nina dimly divined that there was something in the air; and when the truth could no longer be concealed there was a scene. She and her Grandy had what the Spanish expressively call "Moors and Christians," meaning a tremendous dispute—a good deal of "Moor" and very little "Christian," indeed; and I grieve to say that Mrs. Andrews, being old and feeble, got much the worse of the disgraceful dispute, and would certainly have fared still worse had she not enlisted Claudine on her side. That active young person buzzed about them, and, honestly shocked and indignant, cried out from time to time: "*Oh! Oh! Quelle honte! —méchante, détestable!*"—and seizing Nina, dragged her away, and was holding her firmly by the wrists when Marian entered. Nina, on seeing Marian, rushed into her own room, banged the door, locked it, and continued to shriek like a demented thing.

As soon as Mrs. Andrews could speak she said: "She is furious with me for keeping it from her. She says she will never forgive me, and that she

simply will not go. Oh, dear! what am I to do with her, Marian? I would have told her, only I knew she would be so opposed to it, and do just as she has done; and so I thought it best to get everything done quietly and all ready. Could n't *you* go to her and coax her round, and reconcile her to the idea, Marian, and get her in a good humor by to-morrow? We *must* go; our passage is taken, and everything."

"I am afraid I am in no humor to do any coaxing, cousin," said Marian. "I don't like to trust myself to speak to Nina at all, at present, I am so indignant with her for her behavior to you. I never knew anything so painful, so shocking, as her conduct this afternoon. I have no words to express—"

"Now, Marian, I'll not have fault found with Nina. We all have our faults. Oh, if she only would stop her crying!"

Nina cried until the door had actually to be burst open, and there she was on the bed crying herself into hysterics. Marian, who was one of those calm, sensible women to whom people always look in an emergency, without a word stooped down, picked Nina up in her arms, walked rapidly down the passage to the bath-room, and putting her head under the shower-bath, turned on the water. It was only for an instant, but Nina gave a startled gasp and came back to her "seven senses" with a rush. Marian then carried her back, all wet and dripping, and not heeding Claudine's fussy suggestions, undressed the child, rubbed her off briskly, popped her into her gown, cleared the room, opened the windows, turned out the gas, and stayed on guard till Nina slept.

Next morning she took a light breakfast to her patient.

"I don't want anything," whimpered Nina, pettishly. Marian calmly poured out the tea, buttered the bread, and bade her eat it; and

she was doing so when Mrs. Andrews came to the door.

"Cousin," said Marian, "you have not much time; won't you leave Nina to me? However, we will talk of that another time. We shall have to bestir ourselves this morning. Here, Claudine!"

She gave Claudine directions rapidly in French about helping Nina to dress and finishing the packing. Then, going to her room, she made herself ready, spent an hour in helping Mrs. Andrews to do the thousand and one last things, rang for the porters, gave her arm to her cousin, and called to Claudine and Nina to follow.

"Take no notice of Nina, Cousin," she urged. "It is much better so."

Mrs. Andrews was borne off downstairs, and after about five minutes Nina came rushing out from the elevator and down the hall.

"I won't go to England," she called; "I tell you, I *won't!*" and running into the parlor adjoining, she threw herself on the sofa, rolled off, drummed with her heels, and banged her head about on the floor, for all the world like an enraged baby.

It was then that Marian called the waiters and bade them put Nina, willy-nilly, into the carriage at once, having previously seen that mistress and maid took their places.

Jobson and Thomas bore Nina off screaming, her legs and arms flapping like a mill-wheel. Marian jumped in at a bound, Jobson and Thomas fell back panting from their recent exertions, the horses plunged forward. The deed was done, and they were off. There was nothing for Nina to do except to sit still and submit and gradually subside, for Marian took no notice of her whatever. Marian engaged the grandmother in conversation, busied herself with the packages, or discussed their plans, until she had her party safely at the landing. Then the carriage was dismissed, steamer-chairs were bought, and the passengers and their effects were transferred to the "Arabia" before Nina could recover from the state of amazement into which she had been plunged. This capable, composed, resolute Cousin Marian was not "Grandy," and somehow had the advantage of her; but though Nina submitted, she

decided she would "show her a thing or two some day!"

Meanwhile the novelty of the scene, the fine ship, the crowds thronging it, the leave-takings, the long cabin filled with people, the tables heaped all their length with flowers sent the passengers by their friends, swept all unpleasant thoughts out of Nina's mind, and set her to staring and chattering. Besides, she stumbled almost immediately upon Louise Compton, who was "going, too"; so before long she was laughing joyously.

Marian arranged everything most comfortably for Mrs. Andrews in her cabin, and it was settled that Claudine should occupy the transverse sofa-bed there, Nina and her grandmother the two berths, Marian herself being in another state-room some distance from them.

By the time this was done, Nina had roamed all over the ship in her usual restless fashion; she had penetrated even to the cook's galley; and had been challenged by the captain with a good-natured "Hello! young un, what are you doing in my cabin? Come out of there!" Louise Compton had refused to enter, remained outside, and begged Nina not to go in. Nina was pushed hither and thither by the crowd; and, finally, having sat down on a bonnet-box and crushed it in, had been soundly berated by the lady to whom it belonged—a woman whose appearance suggested a British grenadier in petticoats. She had been for thirty years the principal of a "Young Ladies' Educational Establishment" in Montreal, and was very severe, not to say awful, in appearance.

"May I ask, little girl, if you are aware that that is *my* box upon which you are sitting?" She had first said to Nina austere; "my *cap-box!* Get up immediately!"

"Well, I did n't say it was n't," retorted Nina, with the utmost coolness, turning her pert face up toward the imposing countenance looming above her.

The "grenadier" could scarcely believe her senses. She, Miss Gregory, before whom generations of pupils and parents and teachers and servants and tradesmen had bowed in all humility and submission, to be spoken to in such a way by a little girl—a mere child!

The tiers of gray curls packed above and

around her forehead seemed to blanch with the horror of the situation, and her handsome features took on an expression that would have shaken the "Educational Establishment" from garret to cellar, could it have been seen there; but Nina was not in the least awed.

"Is that your idea of the proper way in

"Oh, Nina! See! You have crushed it all in," said Louise, with concern. "Shall I carry it for you anywhere?" she asked Miss Gregory.

"Well, I did n't mean to squash it. I just sat down, and first thing I knew it sort of squelched," explained Nina to Louise.

"I am so sorry it happened," said Louise, by way of apology. "Nina did n't intend to, of course. You are very sorry, too, are n't you, Nina?" And she said to Nina aside: "Why don't you beg her pardon, Nina?"

"Did n't mean to, indeed!" sniffed Miss Gregory, with scornful indignation. "By whose permission — what authority has she had for presuming to lay so much as a finger upon a piece of private property — *my* property? A more unmannerly, ill-bred, impudent performance it has never been my lot to witness; and I shall take care to seek out your guardians on board, and inform them of the fact. Upon that you may depend."

Nina knew that this was meant for a threat, and her imperious and fearless temper, unused to any control, at once flamed high. Only tenderness and patient correction can reach



"MAY I ASK, LITTLE GIRL, IF YOU ARE AWARE THAT THAT IS MY BOX UPON WHICH YOU ARE SITTING?"

which to address *me*, a woman of *my* position, in reply to a deserved rebuke — in that manner?" she demanded.

"Well, you ordered me around pretty sharply yourself," replied Nina pertly. "Here, you can have your old box, if you want it; I don't." She rose as she spoke, revealing that the trim bonnet-box was a sadly collapsed structure.

such natures. Age and authority were mere names to Nina; as we know, she had never learned to respect the first, to yield any sort of obedience to the second. Yet she was capable of reverence, of passionate attachment, and unselfish devotion, though her respect, like her love, must be given, in true American fashion, only where she felt it to be due and deserved,

not merely because it was demanded; and reverence in her was as yet dormant, unawakened. She had, indeed, a capacity for all noble feeling; but it would not have been suspected by any one who had heard her angry and impertinent reply to Miss Gregory's last unwise speech.

Miss Gregory certainly had not been polite, and she soon became even abusive. The signal for departure being given just then, however, a general commotion ensued, and the scene ended by Nina's running to stare over the side of the ship, which glided gently out of the dock into the river, swung her sharp bow around, and started off bravely and cheerfully on her long, invisible path across the ocean, followed by faint cheers, waving handkerchiefs, and the lingering, fixed gaze of the relatives and friends on shore.

Nina and Louise Compton naturally drifted together to the same places, and were much interested in all that was going on. They pointed out this or that to each other, and made merry, very merry, over the odd costumes and the baskets, parcels, bags, and big bundles of the steerage passengers; while Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Compton, and Marian made acquaintance with one another. Miss Gregory, in walking past them, chanced to drop her cane. Louise darted forward to pick it up, but was not allowed to do so. Miss Gregory waved her away, and with considerable difficulty stooped and regained possession of it, saying acidly: "No, thank you. I have had quite enough of forward children for one afternoon"; and then she resumed her majestic course, her voluminous skirts catching the evening breeze, an inverted mushroom of a hat tied formally under her square, set jaw, a plaid shawl drawn tightly about her stately figure.

Louise colored, and running back, caught her mother's eye and her gentle smile, and her words, "Never mind, dear. You did what was kind. What has so vexed the lady?"

There was no answer from Louise, who only looked in an embarrassed way at Nina; and presently they all went below, Nina holding her grandmother's elbow and saying as she skipped along: "It's great fun, Grandy, and I was a big goose to make a fuss about coming."

At table the members of the party were

placed by or opposite one another, but Miss Gregory happened to sit next to Marian. The latter was much amused when Miss Gregory, having twice recommended stewed mushrooms, which Marian twice declined, said to the steward not ten minutes later: "Stewed mushrooms for this lady, steward!"

"But I don't care for them, thank you; I don't eat them," said Marian.

"But you *should* eat them; it is a foolish prejudice; there is nothing more wholesome, more delicious," insisted Miss Gregory, serving her before she could remonstrate.

They all sat on deck some time afterward, and Marian was charmed with Mrs. Compton. She found Miss Gregory an extremely well informed and highly educated woman, who might have been an agreeable one as well had she not been in the habit of mentally ranging on benches before her everybody that she met, while she "imparted information" and "assumed charge of" them.

Marian at last took Mrs. Andrews below, saw that she needed nothing, and received a kiss and a "Thank you, my dear, for being so considerate. You certainly will spoil me dreadfully, Marian."

On going next morning to see her, however, Marian found her in a woeful state enough, in spite of her precautions; for although all port-holes had been closed by the captain's orders, Nina had insisted on having the port-hole open because she found the state-room hot. The result was that "as soon as the sea got hup," as the voluble stewardess explained to Marian, Mrs. Andrews had been aroused from a sound sleep by a swash, followed by two more waves that left her in a swimming-bath.

Marian aided her to dress, while the stewardess and Claudine set to work to repair the damage done.

Nina's air of bravado died away as she watched Marian deftly helping her grandmother, and trying to make her more comfortable in mind and body. The unspoken reproach of the clear gray eyes, the kind helpfulness toward her grandmother, the silence toward herself, marking Marian's displeasure, at last wrung from Nina a jerky, embarrassed, "Well, I did n't know it was going to come in!"

It was with the funniest little air of patronizing benevolence that she gave up to Mrs. Andrews her own steamer-chair that afternoon, saying: "You take it, Grandy. I don't want it now, and you might as well have it. I'm going down to the engine-room." A conscience as to her treatment of her grandmother was stirring for the first time in her childish breast, and as she moved off, she felt vastly virtuous over this by no means great sacrifice, this act of qualified civility, almost the first she had ever shown the old lady. To the selfish the smallest thing done for others seems a great matter, while to the unselfish the greatest sacrifices seem small, or simply a matter of course.

For days after this the weather by degrees grew to be what the sailors called "dirty." The captain called it "a stiff little blow"; the female passengers in writing home afterward spoke of "a fearful storm." Whatever it was, it sent the passengers from the tables to their berths. From the first almost everybody was prostrated; and Marian, who was not ill, had her hands full attending not only to Mrs. Andrews, but, with all her own sweet thoughtfulness, to as many others as she could serve in any way, especially Mrs. Compton and Louise.

Nina, who was perfectly well, was extremely interested in the situation. Having found utterly helpless the mother of two little children with whom she had been playing, she constituted herself nurse to the party. Nina took the greatest possible pleasure in caring for them after her own imperious and wilful fashion, the stewardess being, as she herself said, "that distracted with being called here and there and everywhere that really she did n't know which way to turn."

Only too glad to have matters quite in her own hands Nina dragged out the two little Bentons from their berth, washed their faces, dressed, undressed, and fed them. She played with them until she got tired, did as she pleased with them, slapped them in a way their mother would not have approved had she known of it, kissed them the next minute, gave them a really curious collection of eatables and toys, and thoroughly enjoyed her rôle of rescuer, protector, and temporary parent.

Marian, hurrying by with some dainty for somebody, was surprised to see Nina curling the youngest Benton's hair very fussily, with an occasional tap on the head with the brush, a running stream of comments, and an air of being engaged on a piece of most important business. Marian gave her a smile that pleased Nina not a little.

The sea rose higher and higher; the wind blew fiercely. The captain no longer came to his meals. The hatches were battened down, and all below was darkness and bustle and misery. There was not a breath of fresh air to be had. The ship plunged and tossed and rolled and lurched.

All that day the storm increased; and that evening Marian came upon Nina, who, all eager excitement, was going up on deck. She seized her. "Don't you know that passengers are forbidden to go up—that you would be swept away into the sea?" she said.

"I'm not afraid, and I don't care for the captain. I will go!" cried Nina.

"You shall do nothing of the kind," said Marian.

"I will do as *I please*!" cried Nina, struggling to free herself.

Luckily they chanced to be near Marian's cabin, and quick as thought, with a vigorous backward sweep of the arm and a push, wilful Nina was caged, the door locked, the key transferred to Marian's pocket! There she stayed all that night. She raved, she stormed, she sobbed; she fiercely attacked the door. But even shrieking and screaming, she soon found, were of no use. She could not make herself heard for the storm, though she tried till she was hoarse. Nobody came near her. Darkness came on. The ship plunged, rolled, lurched; the wind howled like a thousand demons in full cry; the timbers creaked and strained; feet went trampling overhead, rushing here and there; ropes were hauled about and thrown down. Would they be wrecked—lost? To her excited imagination every sound was magnified and full of terror; and, through all, Nina's mind showed her the image of Marian, pale and stern and resolute. The child's stout heart quailed before the horror and loneliness of it all, and at last she uttered a piercing shriek.

It was answered, apparently. Marian, alarmed herself, and with no wish to terrify Nina, had thought it time to go to the child, and already was at the door. She opened it, and Nina completely subdued, threw herself on her bosom and clung to her as if already drowning. Marian, still pale and grave, lit the lamp, sat down on the floor of the cabin, and said what she could to reassure and comfort the frightened child. The storm grew worse and worse, and Nina, even with Marian's arms about her, trembled as she heard the waves dashing fiercely against the slight shield between herself and an angry ocean, and felt the vibration of the shock.

At last Marian rose. Making Nina lie down, she propped and wedged her about with pillows, and then sat down by her and held her hand till both fell asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

IN ENGLAND.

THE storm over, everybody and everything soon assumed a different aspect, and once more there was plenty of light, air, and cheerfulness. Miss Gregory was borne up on deck by a couple of sailors, a noble wreck, imposing even in her ruins, but scarcely recognizable; her hair, no longer in prim tiers of puffs, was straggling limply about her face, and on her face was a look of ineffable indifference to all Education, Information,—Department, and everything. All the schoolmistress, the despot, was gone; only a miserable, ailing woman remained.

"She were a 'andful, I tell 'ee, Bill," said one of the two blue-jackets to the other as they retired after putting her down on the bench selected.

It was Mrs. Compton who covered her and settled her pillows, and Louise who ran her errands all that day, and showed herself so kind and gentle, so polite and thoughtful, that it is to be hoped even Miss Gregory was compelled afterward in common fairness to admit that not all children are rude and odious.

As for Miss Gregory's condition, it was much the same for twelve hours or more. But on the next day she was up, re-panoplied in a stiff bodice and curls and bugled head-dress,

and ordering people to "come out of that draft," to sit here and there, to take this and that remedy, to "speak *English*, for goodness sake!" to put on or take off shawls—to do and not to do twenty things. She was giving a lecture on algæ, and the moons of Mars, and the tides in the Bay of Fundy. She was trying to order around the very captain—in short, she was herself again.

Mrs. Andrews, though she was better, still kept her cabin; and Marian and Nina had a long talk when calmness and sunshine came. Marian told her very kindly but quite frankly what she thought of many things Nina had done—of her selfishness and want of consideration for Claudine before leaving; of the same faults shown more glaringly still toward her grandmother—how she had been hurt and mortified by it; of the love and respect Nina owed her; and, finally, of her wilful determination the night before to risk her life—in short, to have her own way always, and carry out her own plans and wishes at any cost to herself or others. She also told how a poor sailor had been washed overboard the night before and lost.

And Nina, listening to this calm and reasonable exposition of her conduct, felt that it was true—undeniable. This did not seem like a scolding; and in the end she impulsively embraced Marian, and promised to "try not to any more," which was at once vague and comprehensive. But Nina did try. Mrs. Andrews, on the fifth day out, was amazed to see her with books and work sitting quietly by Marian's side, working of her own free will. Nina behaved well the rest of the voyage. She even finished the scarf for her Grandy, and presented it with a glow of pride, to that lady's infinite surprise.

"You did it, Nina? and for *me*?" Oh, my darling, my darling!" cried the delighted old grandmother, embracing her grandchild affectionately. Nina also finished the sketch of the rose for the sick girl in New York, taking (for her) astonishing pains with it, and at Queens-town the picture was posted, with a note from Marian.

The following week saw the party established at a family hotel in Liverpool. They had parted with Mrs. Benton and her children and

with Miss Gregory, at Queenstown. Mrs. Compton and Louise also had stopped there, as they were to journey through Ireland to England, to Limeshire, the county in which the Aubreys lived, where the Comptons had friends. Nina was not particularly struck by the really fine sights to be seen in Liverpool; she had not yet learned to take an intelligent interest in such things; but she was fascinated by the strangeness of her surroundings, and, when they began going about, by the street-boys who, wherever she went, haunted her footsteps, headed her off, put down small squares of carpet, and proceeded to turn somersaults and make wheels of themselves for her amusement. She scattered ten shillings among them, and as much more among the wretched beggars with whom, unhappily, the city swarms; and at last could not turn around without finding herself surrounded. The great Norman draft-horses, with their thick necks and shaggy hoofs, interested her; and she and Marian had an amusing visit to the market, a number of walks, and some drives in the suburbs. Mrs. Andrews who was not well enough to go with them, soon tired of Liverpool; so at breakfast one morning they all agreed to go on to London, and the plan was carried out that same day.

They were surprised to find it still quite light when they rolled into Euston Station in London at ten o'clock that evening.

"I could read quite fine print, if I liked," said Marian. "How odd it seems, at this hour!"

"Oh, yes. Bill, on the ship, he says the sun in England does n't really get up or go to bed at all, as it does in the southern parts. He says it just dips around a corner, and comes up again smiling," said Nina. "Bill was a nice man, but he was so awful busy all the time,—very, I mean, Cousin Marian,—he had n't much time to talk. And it was a shame; he knew 'bout—about—such wonderful things. I was *dying* to hear about them, and so was Louise. I gave him my bottle of cologne for good-by, and he said: 'Lor', miss, whatever should I do with it?' and I told him to smell it, that I guessed he could do that if he tried. And he said, 'Smell it, miss? — *me*? I'd not know bergamot from bilge-water; but I'll send it 'ome to my little

Mary — bless 'er heyes!' Don't they talk funny over here, Cousin Marian?"

"Speak queerly? Well, that is an open question, dear. They think the same thing of us, you know!" said Marian.

Marian secured cabs, and Nina was much surprised when their baggage was heaped above them — and, indeed, she kept her head out of the window while it was being done.

"Look here! it'll smash in on us," she said sharply to the cabby; "or roll off, or something. Have n't you any baggage-wagons in London to take trunks, without people waiting around so long, and carrying them off on — their own backs? Are you afraid they'll get stolen? They ought to be in our rooms this minute waiting for us. Gracious! you are not smart a bit. Why don't you do as they do in America?"

Cabby assured her that it would be all right, and with some grumbling about a "Saratoga" that he and his fellow-cabmen together could scarcely lift up to the roof, and which he said was "what you might call a 'ouse when stood on hend," he rubbed a red nose with the handle of his whip, asked, "Wot's the address, my lady?" Then he touched his hat, mounted the box, and drove off, meditating upon the extra charge he meant to make. The novelty of her surroundings, of everything that she saw, — streets, houses, people, shops, policemen, the children, the beggars, the carriages, the servants, the rush and roar of the capital of the commercial world, as she bounced and jolted along,—amused Nina immensely. Now it was a chimney-sweep who caught her eye; now a costermonger and his donkey-cart; now a street vender of flowers, "all a-blowin' and a-grow-in'"; now a group of little ones with their Indian "ayah"; now a guardsman in a gorgeous uniform, with a pancake of a hat stuck jauntily on the side of his head, walking beside a neat nursery-maid; now a "swell" tearing along in a hansom; now a gorgeous turnout with liveried servants, all hats and plush and buttons. On they went, on and on and on, Nina exclaiming, "Oh, look! Oh, see! Look here — there! Yonder, Claudine! Oh, how funny it all is!" And Claudine, solemnly gazing, and sitting up very erect, her arms full of parcels, would reply with a superior smile, "*Oui, mademoiselle, les anglais*

sont bien drôles." Still on and on they rattled. It seemed to Nina that they had gone half around the world. Was all this London? and would cabby never stop? She caught sight presently of a dog-fancier leading a King Charles spaniel by a string, and carrying a terrier and a pug under his arms; and she put her head out of the window and shrieked "Stop! Stop!" quite in vain. She then seized an umbrella and beat such an animated tattoo upon cabby's leg that he did at last draw rein and ask, "Wot 's hup, miss?" upon which she declared that she must and would see those dogs. The man was called. Claudine thought Mademoiselle would better wait. Nina was choosing one of the dogs. She hesitated between the King Charles, which she thought "perfectly sweet" (it *was* a beauty, having been stolen from a rich owner that very morning), and the pug. The man asked her two guineas for the pug. "You can drive on," said Nina to cabby; "I won't give it."

"Say one pound ten," cried the fancier.

"No, no. Drive on," said Nina.

"A guinea," said the fancier.

"No, I tell you," said Nina.

"Fifteen shillings, miss," cried the fancier eagerly.

"Just you hold on a minute," said Nina; and popping out of the cab, she ran up to a policeman on the other side of the street, and said to him, "Say, is fifteen shillings about what I ought to give for a pug if I was n't an American?"

"It is cheap enough, miss; but the likes of him can afford to sell cheap, and it 's right you are to ask me," said the obliging "Bobby," much amused.

Back skipped Nina, paid the man, gave Claudine the dog, saying, "Take the darling, beautiful fright! I 'm going to call it 'Beelzebub,'" kissed her new pet, got back in the cab, settled herself,—all in a minute,—and then said to the dog-fancier, "And look here, Mr. Dog-man, next time you want to cheat an American, don't wink at the cabman, that 's all. I saw you."

Cabby and Bobby and a bystander all burst into a loud guffaw, and Nina could not help laughing too; but she caught a glimpse of a still angry dog-seller as the cab moved on again.

The carriage in front, containing Marian and Mrs. Andrews, was out of sight by this time; and cabby, still chuckling over the recent incident, urged his lank and bony steed to do its utmost, and so successfully that presently, in cutting sharply around a corner, lo! a tremendous lurch, and over went the cab! The door flew open, the occupants, their baskets, parcels, books, rugs, and what not, tumbled out, the luggage tumbled off, as did the fat coachman, and all found themselves in the street in stunned amazement and confusion.

Then up rose Nina, very indignant and not at all hurt. "I told you it would," she cried, "you great stupid! Call yourself a coachman! You 're a perfect gump, that 's what you are! Get me another cab this minute." Her tone of authority, her assurance, above all her abuse of himself, made a great impression on cabby. He thought she must be a very high and mighty small personage indeed to take such a tone, and accordingly, with the humblest apologies, he hurried off, got a fly almost immediately, and placed her in it in the most obsequious manner possible, collecting all her scattered effects, and tenderly helping even the scared and weeping Claudine.

"Now get a cart, or something, and bring the baggage to the hotel. Look at my grandmother's Saratoga all burst open!—and if there 's anything missing, my—my uncle will write to the Queen!" concluded Nina loftily in perfect good faith and most impressively. Poor cabby fairly groveled before her on hearing this, and cabby the second made a great show of shutting the door and taking her orders, so impressed was he by her imperious air and manner.

"Begging your pardon, my lady, for asking, would you wish the dawg to go with you, or be brought on with me?" asked cabby the first, touching his hat.

"Oh, my precious Beelzebub! Give him here! I 'd forgotten all about him!" said Nina. "Poor little precious thing! Were you scared to death, eh?"

"If you please, miss, me being in a manner not responsible, through 'aving a 'ouse to 'andle that none can call a box, and it will be hextra bringing it on—a matter of five shillings or more," put in cabby the first, deprecatingly.

ingly, but prepared to bluster on provocation, as the peculiar tone of his voice showed.

"Well, what of it?" asked Nina impatiently, her nose in the air.

"Nothing, my lady; nothing whatsoever—nothing," cooed cabby, all contentment; "which the things can be *counted* by all, and there as soon as ever they can be got on a four-wheeler"; after which he again touched his hat, as did cabby the second, and Nina rolled away again, finally reaching the hotel, where Marian anxiously awaited them.

"Is n't he the most perfectly hideous beauty of a pug that you ever saw? Such a time as we've had! All turned over, and everything. English drivers are the greatest gumps! Grandy's Saratoga's gone to smash, I tell you! It'll be here presently. You let the clerk pay him, so he can't take you in. What sort of a hotel is this, anyway?" inquired Nina, displaying her purchase and relating her adventures; "and what did you come to this horrid, dark, ugly, old-fashioned place for? I've a great mind to get up and go somewhere else. It's the pokiest, blackest—well, I'm hungry; I guess I'll stay. Here, Claudine, take my hat!" Stay they did, and were comfortably lodged, admirably served, and heavily charged; but Nina did not think the place improved on acquaintance. She missed the noise, the glitter, the publicity, of the huge caravansaries to which she had been accustomed.

"Call this a hotel!" she said to the meek housemaid in attendance; "why, it hardly holds our trunks; and just look at the dingy furniture! Mercy! You'd open your eyes if you could see our hotels—St. Augustine, Southern California, Saratoga, and Narragansett Pier, and all. What's the matter here, anyway? You're all walking around as if on eggs, and whispering. Is anybody dead? No? Well, why don't you cheer up, then, and look lively? You have n't got any people around, or any bands, and there's nothing going on,

and getting a pitcher of ice-water takes an hour, and we are not going to stay shut up in our rooms all the while, eating by ourselves like a jail, and not a bit of fun! I know I'm just going to hate London! I have n't looked around much yet, but I just know I'm going to be awfully disappointed."

To all of which Mary Ann opposed only a "Really, now, miss!" or "You don't say so, miss!"

Nina "looked around" next day, the afternoon of the day after their arrival; and this is how it came about. Mrs. Andrews, being tired and unequal to any exertion, kept her room. Marian had gone to see an old friend, having provided Nina, as she thought, with agreeable occupation. She had scarcely left the house, however, when Nina might have been seen struggling into her ulster and pinning on her hat.

"I'm just going to see if there's anything going on outside in the streets," said she to herself. "I'll just go out and look around and see what's in the stores, and all the funny English people and things"; and Nina sallied forth, with all London before her.

The elderly, highly respectable hall-porter stared and ventured to say, "You are never going out *alone*, miss, are you?" as she passed him.

"Yes, I am, too. I'm not going to ask *you*, I guess," replied Nina promptly, with a toss of her head.

"Ahem! Beggin' pardon, does the fambly know—wich they can't," said the porter, with a little cough behind his hand. "Young ladies are not allowed to go about the city alone in this country," remarked the old man solemnly. "It ain't safe. It ain't done, miss. You should n't, now, really, miss."

"Well, I don't care if they don't. I'm a 'Merican, and I can take care of myself, and I'm going to do as I *please*," announced Nina, as she put up her grandmother's black-lace parasol and went her wilful way.

(To be continued.)

HER PAPA'S NAME.

BY ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

"WHOSE little girl is this?" I said.

"I 'm papa's girl," the child replied.

"And what is papa's name?" I asked.

To think of it she tried and tried.

"My papa's name? Oh, let me see!

I really do not know," she said;

"For when he 's ill ma calls him 'Dear,'

But when he 's well it 's just plain 'Fred.'"





THE EIGER.

THE MÖNCH.

THE JUNGFRAU TUNNEL.

BY F. W. WENDT.

"YES, pretty rough trip," Uncle Tom called back, leaning over the railing of the steamer that had brought him home again. And in truth it must have been; for when May and Harry, standing on the pier, looked up at the huge black funnels, they saw large white salt-patches clinging to the very top, showing that the ocean had climbed away up there.

On the evening of Uncle Tom's arrival, a merry little family party had gathered around the Marston tea-table. The red-shaded lamp in the middle of the table, among steaming biscuits and delicacies of every kind, threw a fine, cheery glow over everything. Even the sing-

ing tea-kettle bubbled and chuckled, and danced its little cover up and down in high glee, because Uncle Tom had come home again from Europe. When he came from abroad he always had news and stories to tell, which May and Harry enjoyed as much as their parents, Dr. and Mrs. Marston.

"Well, Tom, how fares the world on the other side of the Atlantic, and what news can you tell us?" asked Dr. Marston.

"The most interesting novelty I have found is a plan to take a railroad excursion through a tunnel to the very tip-top of Europe amid snow and ice," answered Uncle Tom.



THE JUNGFRAU.

"Whew — w — w!" said Mrs. Marston with a little shiver; "how cold and wet and tiring that must be."

"Not if you go in the grand way proposed by the Swiss engineer, Herr Guyer-Zeller. You get into a comfortable car in the valley, and without the least exertion on your part you slide up, up, up to one of the highest and most beautiful snow-peaks of Switzerland, the Jungfrau Mountain. Around you and below you lies a magical panorama of ice and snow, while in the distance you may see the landmarks of three great nations: Monte Rosa of Italy, Mont Blanc of France, and the Black Forest of Germany."

"Why, you talk just like a guide-book, Uncle Tom!" said May.

"Then I am making a mistake, because guide-books are seldom interesting. First class in Geography, stand up. Now, Miss May, I am going to start in by asking questions. Do you

remember when we were all at Interlaken two years ago?"

"Oh, yes!" said May; "and the big white mountain that looked like a piece of sugar, right in front of the hotel."

"Yes, I see you remember. Only that big white mountain, the Jungfrau, is miles away from the hotel, and even at that distance it looks very, very high. It is about 13,000 feet."

And then Uncle Tom explained to them all how Swiss engineers had thought it would be a great thing to give any one who cared to go a chance to reach a place where snow and ice never melt all the year round, and to look down from that tremendous height and see what a beautiful world this is.

"Now bring your map of Switzerland, May, and I will show you just where all this is to happen."

"And I am going to help clear away the tea-things. Then we can make believe that the

The illustrations on this and the preceding page are from photographs by the Photo-chrom Co., Detroit, Mich.



ALPINE CLIMBERS.

table is Switzerland," said Mrs. Marston, "and Uncle Tom can take us with him and point out places on our dark-believe Switzerland."

Uncle Tom went out, and when he came back with a large package of photographs under his arm, he found everything ready for the "trip." The rough, dark-green tablecloth was a fine ground to build upon. Large and small plates were to represent cities, and cups of different sizes were ready to be put into the proper places as snow-covered mountains.

"Ah! here we are," cried Uncle Tom. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will take you

up higher than you have ever been in your life. All aboard!—we start from Interlaken.

"On the map, you see, Switzerland looks like a large, irregular ink-blot, squeezed in between France, Germany, and Italy. Its boundary-line is very ragged, little tails and legs and fringes sticking out all around. But our green, oblong table will do well enough." Uncle Tom took up two large plates. "Now find Berne and Lucerne on the map, and put the plates on the correct places on the table."

Harry and May, after a little study of the map, laid them in their proper positions. Then they found Interlaken, and marked that site, too, with a small saucer. The three formed a triangle in the middle of Switzerland, with one of the corners, marked by the Interlaken saucer, pointing south.

"That is to show us exactly where we are," said Uncle Tom. "Now below Interlaken we will place three 'tea-cup mountains.' The one on the right is the Eiger, the next one, to the left, touching it, is the Mönch, and the largest one, to the left of the Mönch, is the Jungfrau.

"A train leaves Interlaken early in the morning and takes us through the beautiful Lauterbrunnen valley. Then we have to change cars and get into a funny little combination composed of one car and a small locomotive. This strange train pushes and puffs up the steep incline with us, and gives us a fine view of the mountains—the Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau—the mountains which are to be pierced by the great tunnel through which the ascent is to be made.

"Every minute the scenery changes. The river below and the chalets grow smaller and smaller, and finally, as we look down, appear like Noah's-ark villages.

"We have reached Scheidegg, the last station at present, and the beginning of the great railway that is to be built. We are very high, about 6300 feet, but as yet we seem to be only at the foot of the three mighty mountains that you can see in this large picture. The one farthest to the left is the Eiger, where the tunnel is to begin. Then comes the Mönch, and the largest one on the right is the Jungfrau. Here also is the plan that shows you exactly what the engineers are going to do."

Uncle Tom placed a tracing beside the photograph. "Do you see that dotted line?" he asked. "That is how the tunnel is going to be built. Where it begins on the left is the farthest point you can now reach by rail—Station Scheidegg, as I have told you.

"One day I walked up toward the point where the engineers propose to begin the tunneling. Pickaxes and powder and dynamite will slowly march ahead of them and open the passage for present and future generations. First into the very heart of the Eiger mountain; then, after a sharp right-turn, through the next mountain, the Mönch; still on, under the glaciers and ice and snow fields, to the center of the Jungfrau, to within about 200 feet from the top, directly under the highest peak. A large circular shaft will be run vertically from here to the summit. There will be steps going up this shaft, but as two hundred feet is a pretty long climb by means of a stairway, a large elevator will shoot up and down, and whirl people from the dark interior of a mountain into the dazzling sunlight of the most heavenly Swiss panorama."

"Why, that is like 'Arabian Nights' and 'Aladdin!'" exclaimed May.

"You are quite right, May; people do things now that seem more incredible than the feats accomplished by the slave of Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp," said Uncle Tom.

Harry had been thinking and wondering.

He was a bright lad, and always wanted to know the why and wherefore of things.

"How long is that whole tunnel going to be?" he finally asked.

"Over six miles."

"And the train goes uphill under ground



HOW THE MOUNTAINS ARE CLIMBED TO-DAY. CROSSING A CREVASSE.

all the time, does n't it; and has to go very slowly?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Harry, "I don't think I would like to creep around in darkness, inside of a mountain, like that, and not see a thing."

"You are right, my boy; but it will not be necessary. Every fifteen minutes there will be a large, roomy station, with great windows cut

into the mountain side, from which there will be a view of fairyland even before you get to the tip-top. And nobody will be asked to go on to the end unless he likes.

"Now, I am going to show you how people used to, and still do, climb to the top of the Jungfrau." Uncle Tom drew out other pictures,—pictures of snow and ice with a few

time is carried to view a panorama that few, until then, have ever seen or dreamed of."

Uncle Tom paused. Dr. Marston was blowing large rings of smoke from his cigar.

"Well, Tom," he said, "that is all very beautiful, but it is not practicable."

"Why not?"

"Because, in the first place, anybody who



FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOTO CHROM CO., DETROIT, MICH.
THE JUNGFRAU, FROM THE RUGEN, NEAR INTERLAKEN.

people climbing up across the crevasses. "One wrong step," said Uncle Tom, "and they go shooting down thousands of feet. But not only that: the exposure and the cold are terrible, and many people have, as a result, lost their lives. It takes several days to make the perilous ascent and descent, and only experienced and hardy mountain-climbers, with the aid of skilled guides, dare attempt it.

"And now see how all changes when the railroad is built: One takes a comfortable seat in a car driven by electricity, and in a short

suddenly rises to that altitude, about 13,000 feet, would become very ill through the change in the air-pressure."

"Yes, most people would become ill if they *climbed* up, but not if they were *carried* up. It is not only the rarefied air that affects them, but the exertion of the climb uses up the oxygen in the blood, and that of course makes people more susceptible and ill."

"How can you prove that?" asked Dr. Marston. "No one has ever been taken up there yet without climbing."

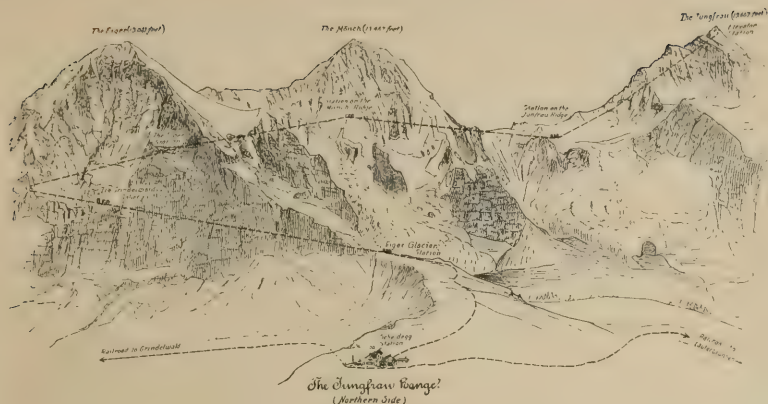


DIAGRAM OF THE PROPOSED JUNGFRAU RAILROAD.

"No," said Uncle Tom; "we can only reason it out; a very ingenious experiment has been made with guinea-pigs."

"With guinea-pigs!" called out little May. "Is n't that funny?"

Then Uncle Tom told the children how scientific men had proved by means of animals that the sickness that overcomes most people at great heights is due as much to exertion as to the altitude. Guinea-pigs were chosen to experiment upon; and as it would have been difficult actually to take them up the Jungfrau Mountain, a very clever scheme was found to produce the same conditions.

"Air, light as it may seem, weighs fifteen pounds a square inch at the level of the sea. The higher we rise the lighter or more rarefied it becomes. This we must fully comprehend to understand the experiment. To begin with, we shall need a large glass bell-jar, one from which the air can be pumped. We can tell exactly how light the air under the jar is at any moment by the instrument connected with it." So saying, Uncle Tom showed a picture of the apparatus.

"It looks like a thermometer," said May.

"It does; and it is a similar instrument, called a 'manometer,' or measurer of the pressure of gases, such as air. Under the jar there is a

wheel, like the wheels that we have seen squirrels play in. By means of electricity they can make this wheel revolve slowly or quickly.

"And now our experiment begins. We put two guinea-pigs, called 'John' and 'Jim,' un-



DIAGRAM OF THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE AND ELEVATORS TO THE SUMMIT OF THE JUNGFRAU.

der the glass jar. John, however, is placed in the wheel, while Jim is allowed to lie down

quietly wherever he pleases under the jar. We then start the wheel going in the direction of the hands of a clock, and so if John does not move his legs and walk forward, the wheel by its motion carries him backward and up. So poor guinea-pig John has to trot forward as fast as the wheel-floor under him moves backward. We know exactly the size of the circumference, and by a sort of cyclometer we can tell how far we have made John run in the wheel. By slowly pumping out air at the same time, we produce the same conditions as if John were running up a mountain — up the Jungfrau. As soon as the air becomes as light as it would be on a mountain 12,000 feet high, poor John begins to show signs of weariness, and when we keep on and make him go higher still, to 14,000 feet altitude, he falls on his back and is no longer able to move. Jim, on the contrary, in the same light atmosphere, is quite well, as he has made no exertion. If, however, we go on rarefying the air until it is as if at the altitude of the Himalaya mountains, 24,000 feet, Jim too succumbs.

"This little experiment proves that a living being *carried* up to a reasonable height will suffer little discomfort, while the one who *climbed* to that altitude will in most cases become ill. If a human John climbs up the Jungfrau around the outside through snow and ice, and a human Jim rides up comfortably through the great proposed tunnel, Jim will very probably have a good time and enjoy the view when he gets to the top, while poor John will feel exhausted and ill — 'mountain-sick,' as it is called."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Marston, "that your tunnel and railroad will do much to drive the poetry out of the Swiss mountains."

"Perhaps, for the very few who are able to climb up by means of the alpenstock, that is true," agreed Uncle Tom; "but it will create poetry and show the sublime in nature to thousands of men and women and children who cannot and dare not go there now."

The cheerful fire in one corner of the room had gone on crackling all the evening, unmindful of the fact that the family were away with Uncle Tom on their make-believe trip to Swit-

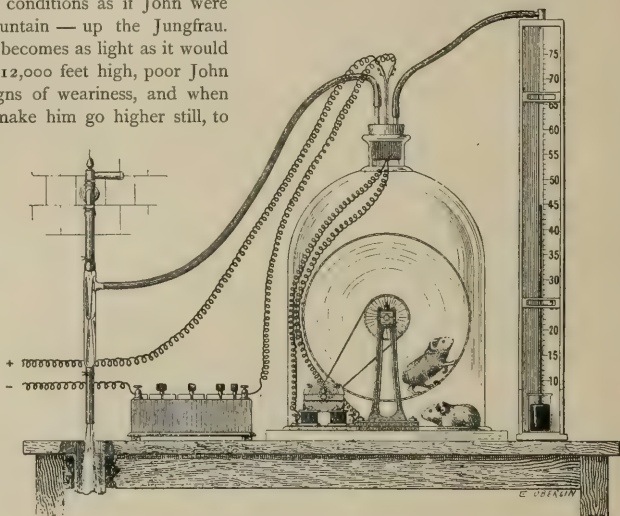


DIAGRAM OF THE EXPERIMENT WITH THE GUINEA-PIGS.

zerland. May alone had gone to keep it company, and sat upon the polar-bear skin in front of the old-fashioned hearth, staring into the fire, where, she had declared, the logs looked exactly like the Jungfrau Mountain shown in the photograph.

Suddenly the great, tall clock in the corner of the room struck eleven. The familiar sound brought Uncle Tom and his party back from the top of the Jungfrau to the cozy dining-room — all but May. May's curly little head was resting upon the thick bear-skin; she had traveled farther than any of them — for she had made the journey to Dreamland.

RHYMES ABOUT ANIMALS.

BY FRANK VALENTINE.

I.

THERE was a boy named Sammy Lynn,
And one day at the "Zoo"
He came and rode a Camel in
And led a Kangaroo.

II.

One cannot long feel anger who,
Though down in "doleful dumps,"
Beholds a sportive Kangaroo
Flit by with flying jumps.

III.

If you want a rhyme to "Platypus,"
And cannot find one, call
A Pussy-cat a Catty-puss—
Which simplifies it all.

IV.

"I 'm tangled," cried an Antelope,—
"The hunter comes to kill.
From these thick boughs I can't elope;
I 'd better make my will!"

V.

I understand (ah, well I can!)
How dire alarm may fill
The fishes, when a Pelican
Presents his monstrous bill.

VI.

We tried a pachydermatous
Wild Boar to scare away;
But he looked so fierce and firm at us,
We—well, we did not stay.

VII.

I really cannot tell if Aunt,
Though wonderful her lore,
Has ever seen an elephant
Check trunks to Baltimore.

VIII.

Said the Dugong to the Manatee,
By the banks of Orinoco:
"I 'll see you, if I can, at tea;
But mind you have some cocoa."

IX.

When fighting failed, our army 'gan,
Its spare hours to employ,
To chase the wily Ptarmigan;
I smiled—and wished them joy.

X.

"I don't care," cried the Cormorant,
"For gale or swelling sea;
The elements may storm or rant,
'T is all the same to me."

XI.

The lame man said: "I 'll limp and see
(He 's surely worth the sight)
That charming, chattering Chimpanzee,
Before he 's vanished quite."

XII.

"If I 'm to fight the Unicorn,"
The hungry Lion said,
"On raw beef, not on puny corn,
I really must be fed."

XIII.

Alone, or with no pal but Ross
(Bob Ross, my comrade dear),
I 've chased the sailing Albatross
O'er miles of ocean drear.

XIV.

If you had bought a Catamount,
And by his claws been rent,
You 'd say with me that *that* amount
Might better have been spent.

XV.

"What think you?" said the Buffalo,—
"Be candid, now, old fellow,—
Was ever voice so gruff or low
As mine is, when I bellow?"

XVI.

I once said to a Porcupine,
Whose dinner was a root:
"If ne'er for knife and fork you pine,
You are a happy brute!"

A Tiger Tale



There was an ancient Grecian boy,
Who played upon the fiddle,
Sometimes high, sometimes low,
Sometimes in the middle;
And all day long beneath the shade
He lunched on prunes and marmalade;
But what the tunes were which he played
Is certainly a riddle.

Three tigers,
gaunt
and ravenous.
Came from the
gloomy wood,
Intent to slay
the fiddler,
But his
music
was
too good;

So round
about
him once
they
filed,
Till,
by the
melody
beguiled,
They sat
them soft-
ly down and
smiled,
As only
tigers could.





— JOHN BENNETT — 95 —

And thus beguiled, those tigers smiled
Throughout the livelong day
Until, at length, there was not left
Another tune to play.

* * * *

What happened
then I do not
know:
I was not there
to see.
But when a
man runs short
on tunes,
Can tigers
be appeased
with prunes,
Or marmalade
and silver spoons?
That's what perplexes me.

THE TRUE STORY OF MARCO POLO.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

[This series was begun in the June number.]

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WONDERS OF INDIA.

MARCO'S description of the pearl-fishery of Ceylon is not only very interesting, but also truthful. The general features of the pearl-fishery of to-day are the same as in his time. The name "Maabar," which Marco gives to the region described, means probably that which we now know as the Coromandel coast. The point which he calls "Bettelar" is undoubtedly Patlam, on the coast of Ceylon. The shark-charmers, of whom Marco speaks, are still in existence. They pretend to be able to charm the sharks so that they will not attack the

divers. The secret which they have is usually bequeathed from father to son, and never goes out of the family; and it is believed by all the natives and by many foreigners that they do really keep away the sharks. Marco says:

When you leave the Island of Seilan and sail westward about 60 miles, you come to the great Province of MAABAR, which is styled INDIA THE GREATER; it is the best of all the Indies, and is on the mainland.

In this Province there are five kings, who are own brothers. I will tell you about each in turn. The Province is the finest and noblest in the world.

At this end of the Province reigns one of those five Royal Brothers, who is a crowned King, and his name is SONDER BANDI DAVAR. In this kingdom they find fine and great pearls; and I will tell how they are got.

The sea here forms a gulf between the Island of Seilan and the mainland. And all round this gulf the water

has a depth of no more than 10 or 12 fathoms, and in some places no more than two fathoms. The pearl-fishers take their vessels, great and small, and proceed into this gulf, where they stop from the beginning of April till the middle of May. They go first to a place called BETTELAR, and then go 60 miles into the gulf. Here they cast anchor and shift from their large vessels into small boats. The merchants divide into various companies, and each of these must engage a number of men on wages, hiring them for April and half of May. Of all the produce they have first to pay the King, as his royalty, the tenth part. And they must also pay those men who charm the great fishes, to prevent them from injuring the divers while engaged in seeking pearls under water, one twentieth part of all that they may take.

These fish-charmers are termed *Abraïaman*; and their charm holds good for that day only, for at night they dissolve the charm so that the fishes can work mischief at their will. These Abraïaman know also how to charm beasts and birds and every living thing. When the men have got into the small boats they jump into the water and dive to the bottom, which may be at a depth of from 4 to 12 fathoms, and there they remain as long as they are able. And there they find the shells that contain the pearls, and these they put into a net bag tied round the waist, and mount up to the surface with them, and then dive anew. When they can't hold their breath any longer they come up again, and, after a little, down they go once more, and so they go on all day. These shells are in shape like oysters or sea-hoods. And in these shells are found pearls, great and small, of every kind, sticking in the flesh of the shell-fish.

In this manner pearls are fished in great quantities, for thence in fact come the pearls which are spread all over the world. And the King of that State hath a very great receipt and treasure from his dues upon those pearls.

Now we come to a marvelous tale of diamonds, and the way they are come by, which sounds so much like a chapter out of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" that we must copy it entire. Marco says that after one leaves Maabar and travels about one thousand miles in a northerly direction, one comes to the kingdom of Mutfli. No such kingdom now exists, and it is supposed that by this was meant Motupalle, in the Madras Presidency.

It was in Mutfli that the Golconda diamonds were found; and this is the tale they told Marco of the finding of them:

It is in this kingdom that diamonds are got; and I will tell you how. There are certain lofty mountains in those parts; and when the winter rains fall, which are very heavy, the waters come roaring down the moun-

tains in great torrents. When the rains are over, and the waters from the mountains have ceased to flow, they search the beds of the torrents and find plenty of diamonds. In summer also there are plenty to be found in the mountains, but the heat of the sun is so great that it is scarcely possible to go thither, nor is there then a drop of water to be found. Moreover, in those mountains great serpents are rife to a marvelous degree, besides other vermin, and this owing to the great heat. The serpents are also the most venomous in existence, so that any one going there runs fearful peril; for many have been destroyed by these evil reptiles.

Now among these mountains there are certain great and deep valleys, to the bottom of which there is no access. Wherefore the men who go in search of the diamonds take with them pieces of flesh, as lean as they can get, and these they cast into the bottom of the valley. Now there are numbers of white eagles that haunt those mountains and feed upon the serpents. When the eagles see the meat thrown down, they pounce upon it, and carry it up to some rocky hill-top, where they begin to rend it. But there are men on the watch, and as soon as they see that the eagles have settled, they raise a loud shouting to drive them away. And when the eagles are thus frightened away the men recover the pieces of meat, and find them full of diamonds which have stuck to the meat down in the bottom. For the abundance of diamonds down there in the depths of the valleys is astonishing, but nobody can get down; and if one could, it would be only to be at once devoured by the serpents which are so rife there.

There is also another way of getting the diamonds. The people go to the nests of those white eagles, of which there are many, and find plenty of diamonds which the birds have carried off with the meat that was cast into the valleys. And when the eagles themselves are taken diamonds are found in their stomachs.

So now I have told you three different ways in which these stones are found. No other country but this kingdom of Mutfli produces them, but there they are found both abundantly and of large size. Those that are brought to our part of the world are only the refuse, as it were, of the finer and larger stones. For the flower of the diamonds and other large gems, as well as the largest pearls, are all carried to the Great Khan and other Kings and Princes of those regions; in truth, they possess all the great treasures of the world.

The story of the eagles and the diamonds is one of the oldest in literature. You will find it in the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor, in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments"; and as it is very unlikely that Marco Polo ever saw that book, which had not been translated in his time, we may suppose that his story and that of Sindbad had a common origin among the Persians; for it appears in Persian, Chinese, Arabian, Jewish, and other Oriental legends. In

Herodotus, too, one will find a similar narrative, only the substance that is obtained in this indirect way is cinnamon; and the Arabs procured it by a kindred device.

CHAPTER XX.

A PEEP INTO AFRICA.

THE eastern coast of Africa was an unknown region in Marco Polo's day, and when he had traveled so far to the southern end of Asia that he began to get glimpses of Africa, he could not believe that he heard reports from the eastern side of that continent — of which he already knew something, as it formed the southern border of the Mediterranean Sea. So he speaks of Madagascar (which he calls Madeigascar) and Zanzibar (which he calls Zanghibar) as though they were parts of India. If we remember that Marco was the first writer, European or Asiatic, to mention Madagascar by that name, and almost the first to give the world any information concerning that unknown land, we may excuse the fact that his geography is sometimes mixed. But his descriptions of the people and the animals of eastern Africa are pretty accurate, as may be seen:

They are all black, their hair is as black as pepper, and so frizzly that even with water you can scarcely straighten it. And their mouths are so large, their noses so turned up, their lips so thick, their eyes so big and blood-shot, that they look like very devils; they are in fact so hideously ugly that the world has nothing to show more horrible.

There are also lions that are black and quite different from ours. And their sheep are all exactly alike in color: the body all white and the head black; no other kind of sheep is found there, you may rest assured. They have also many giraffes. This is a beautiful creature, and I must give you a description of it. Its body is short and somewhat sloped to the rear, for its hind legs are short while the fore legs and the neck are both very long, and thus its head stands about three paces from the ground. The head is small, and the animal is not at all mischievous. Its color is all red and white in round spots, and it is really a beautiful object.

The women of this Island are the ugliest in the world, with their great mouths and big eyes and thick noses. The people live on rice and flesh and milk and dates; and they make wine of dates and of rice and of good spices and sugar. There is a great deal of trade, and many merchants and vessels go thither.

It was somewhere in eastern Africa that Marco heard that the marvelous and gigantic

bird, the Roc, existed. Stories like this, no doubt, served to shake the faith of the Venetians in the truth of the tales of the Polos when they returned to their native land. Marco tells the tale here with some "grains of salt," as you will see:

You must know that this Island lies so far south that ships cannot go further south or visit other Islands in that direction, except this one and that other of which we have to tell you, called Zanghibar. This is because the sea-current runs so strong towards the south that the ships which should attempt it never would get back again. Indeed, the ships of Maabar which visit this Island of Madeigascar, and that other of Zanghibar, arrive thither with marvelous speed, for great as the distance is, they accomplish it in 20 days, while the return voyage takes them more than 3 months. This is because of the strong current running south, which continues with such singular force and in the same direction at all seasons.

'T is said that in those other Islands to the south, which the ships are unable to visit because this strong current prevents their return, is found the bird *Gryphon*, which appears there at certain seasons. The description given of it is, however, entirely different from what our stories and pictures make it. For persons who had been there and had seen it told Messer Marco Polo that it was for all the world like an eagle, but one indeed of enormous size; so big in fact that its wings covered an extent of 30 paces, and its quills were 12 paces long, and thick in proportion. And it is so strong that it will



AN ETHIOPIAN SHEEP.

seize an elephant in its talons and carry him high into the air, and drop him so that he is smashed to pieces; having so killed him, the bird gryphon swoops down upon him and eats him at leisure. The people of those isles call the bird *Ruc*, and it has no other name. So I wot not if this be the real gryphon, or if there be another

manner of bird as great. But this I can tell you for certain, that they are not half lion and half bird as our stories do relate; but enormous as they be, they are fashioned just like an eagle.

The Great Khan sent to those parts to inquire about these curious matters, and the story was told by those who went thither. He also sent to procure the release of an envoy of his who had been despatched thither, and had been detained; so both those envoys had many wonderful things to tell the Great Khan about those strange islands, and about the birds I have mentioned. They brought (as I heard) to the Great Khan a feather of the said Roc, which was stated to measure 90 spans, whilst the quill part was two palms in circumference, a marvelous object! The Great Khan was delighted with it, and gave great presents to those who brought it. They also brought two boar's tusks, which weighed more than 14 pounds a piece; and you may gather how big the boar must have been that had teeth like that! They related, indeed, that there were some of these boars as big as a great buffalo. There are also numbers of giraffes and wild asses; and in fact a marvelous number of wild beasts of strange aspect.

The measurements that were common in Marco Polo's time are not so familiar nowadays; but if the readers of St. NICHOLAS want



THE ROC. AFTER AN ANCIENT PERSIAN DRAWING.

to figure out the dimensions of Marco's big bird, a pace may be reckoned as equal to two and a half feet, a span to nine inches, and a palm to four inches.

The fable of the Rukh, or Roc, is one of the oldest in the world—as old as that other which relates the adventures of the men who got their diamonds from the valley of the serpents in

such curious fashion; and, like that, we find it in the story of Sindbad the Sailor. But scientific research has proved that some such colossal bird did exist in ancient times. There have been found in Madagascar the remains of an immense bird, and also a fossil egg of the monster. This egg, which is in the British Museum, is thirteen and a quarter inches long and six and a half inches in diameter; its contents would be equal to two and a half gallons. If the bird were constructed on the model of the eagle, for instance, its egg, comparing it with that of the eagle, would require a bird so big that its quills would be ten feet long and its wings would spread over thirty feet.

In New Zealand have been found the bones of a great bird called the Moa by the natives; this was a lazy and stupid creature, incapable of flying, and not unlike the ostrich in structure and habit. The Moa, or *Dinornis*, as it is named by the scientists, was over ten feet high. Not long since, there were found, beside the remains of a Moa, the bones of a still bigger bird which resembled the eagle, and was evidently a bird of prey twice as big as the Moa. If this creature lived on the Moa as its prey, why may not some other gigantic bird, like the Roc, have preyed on the great bird whose egg and bones were found in Madagascar?

The next succeeding chapters of Marco Polo's book are taken up chiefly with accounts of the wars of Kublai Khan, with which we have no great concern. Then he skips to the far North, and tells us of the wandering Tartars of that region, and of the manners and customs of Siberia.

His description of the far North made no such profound impression on the mind of Europe as was made by his account of the countries in the southern and eastern parts of Asia, and need not detain us.

Now we have come to the end of Marco Polo's book, and we cannot better end our extracts from it than with the epilogue, or concluding address, which Rusticiano, or Ramusio, or some of the earliest copyists, put down here as a finish to the whole:

CONCLUSION.

And now ye have heard all that we can tell you about the Tartars and the Saracens and their customs, and



FROM A DRAWING BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD

THE ROC'S EGG. AS IMAGINED BY AN AMERICAN ARTIST.

likewise about the other countries of the world, as far as our researches and information extend. Only we have said nothing whatever about the GREATER SEA and the provinces that lie round it, although we know it thoroughly. But it seems to me a needless and useless task to speak about places which are visited by people every day. For there are so many who sail all about that sea

said in the introduction at the beginning of the Book, there never was a man, be he Christian or Saracen, or Tartar or Heathen, who traveled over so much of the world as that noble and illustrious citizen of the City of Venice, Messer Marco, the son of Messer Nicolo Polo.

So ends the great traveler's book.

THE END.



ASIATIC WARRIORS OF POLO'S TIME. FROM AN ILLUSTRATION IN HIS BOOK.

THE HORSESHOE OF LUCK.

BY RUDOLPH F. BUNNER.



NLESS I find some berries," he said, "we shall have only the empty blue bowl for supper." And again he brushed aside the brambles and docks and mullens that grew above his head, and looked along the

hedgerow and up the dim little road.

Up the little road to where it grew misty and lonesome looked little Jan; and there he saw a horseman, small, and afar off, coming toward him. The horse, fat, short, and white, plashed the damp earth as he came nearer and nearer; and afar off Jan saw the rider's smile like the smile of a grinning imp, good-natured, strange, and goblin-like as his body, legs, and ears. His eyes twinkled like little, distant stars in the coming twilight as he noticed that Jan was watching his approach.

"Berries?" cried the little figure on horseback. "Pick the berries by your head."

And Jan looked at the berries he was standing near.

His hand reached for the fruit, but his eyes settled on the stranger; and as they took in his queer style of dress, his fat little stomach, his broad, grinning features, they grew round and wide, till his mouth followed suit and breathed forth a wondering "O!" of surprise.

"You never saw any one like me, did you?" asked the rider. "You ought to take a good look at me, so I'll go home with you, and spend the night at your house." His words bubbled out as water flows from a round bottle. "Come, you hungry little boy with the yellow cap!—but first pick up those eggs near your feet."

Jan stared, and slowly turned his eyes from

his new friend to the ground; then he picked up the eggs, and fixed his eyes on him again.

"And here in my wallet," cried the horseman, "is enough for the rest of the supper. Well, well, we are in—in—good fortune!"

"You are Luck!" screamed Jan, rushing forward. "You are Luck! And my father has waited so long for you!" His berries and



"HIS HAND REACHED FOR THE FRUIT, BUT HIS EYES SETTLED ON THE STRANGER."

eggs fell from his hands as he rushed at the stranger; but his friend, with a merry twist of his foot, caught them before they touched the

ground and held them, while Jan clasped and clung to his leg, and Jan's features grew light with a glow of joy.

The horse, who looked steadily down the road with his comfortable eyes, moved forward a little; his hoofs slowly paced over the ground, — each hoof, brown and wide, spread out like the shell of a horseshoe crab, — and he carried Jan with him, anchored to Luck's foot like a happy barnacle. When the little boy detached himself, and frisked in front and looked the horse full in the face, jumping backward as he did so, he saw how wise he must be — or *was* he so wise? Was he only quiet and stupid? There seemed one expression behind another, like the changing leaves of a silver poplar, — and which was the real one? Jan did not know; he did not care; he patted the horse's front face, his fingers stroked the fuzzy hair over the long, hard bone between his eyes, and then he harked back to Luck, and thumped his fat wallet.

"There 's supper in that for us all," smiled Luck. "We should have all we want to-night, even if we had no berries, eh?"

"Yes! And what is your horse's name?" cried Jan.

"Well, 'Contentment.' Contentment ought to go with Luck, ought n't it?"

"Yes, yes!" said Jan. "See, how fast we have come; that little house is father's, where the door swings crooked."

"But the gate is half off its hinges, so that evens things up," answered Luck. "We'll jump it, my horse. You need n't open it for me. It needs careful use — your gate, your house, your chimney. I hope your chimney will last while we cook our supper."

"Of course it will if you 're with us," answered Jan, readily, as they turned from the road to the path to the house.

But before they reached the door a man, tall and gaunt, with dreary eyes that still had a look of patient hope in them, came out on the step. His arms went up in the air and his face broke into a smile of relief, for he had waited long for Luck, and now he knew him. Then he gave a backward call over his shoulder to his wife, and stepped forward as the white form of Contentment vaulted over the gate. The

hind hoof struck the tottering post as it did so, but the post did not fall, though a sharp clinking sound cut the damp twilight air and a shiny, ringing horseshoe, loosened from the beast's

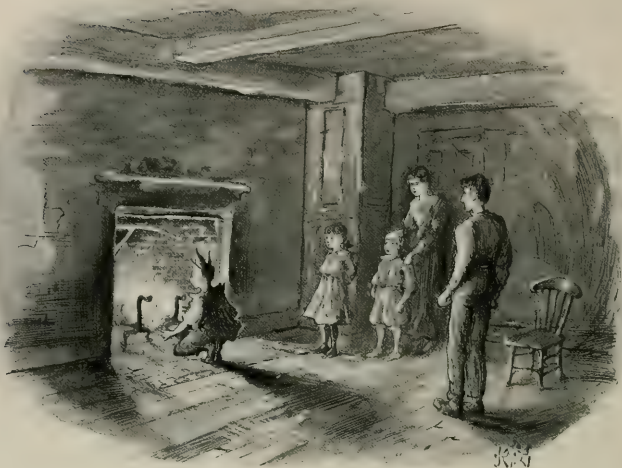


"'I CAN KEEP IT, CAN I NOT — A HORSESHOE FROM YOUR OWN WHITE HORSE'S FOOT?' HE CRIED ANXIOUSLY."

foot, trundled and bounced to where the man stood, and circled down on the moss-green gravel at his feet. And as it fell at his feet he dropped on his knees and grasped it. "I can keep it, can I not — a horseshoe from your own white horse's foot?" he cried anxiously, looking, as he spoke, up into the twisting, merry face of Luck.

"Of course, of course! I have plenty," nodded his guest, grinning at him between the horse's sleepy ears. "Well, will your little boy take him to the shed?"

"I will — I will myself," said the man, rising and hanging his new treasure over his arm where it shone like a silver bracelet; he waved his hand toward the doorway where his wife



"HE WAS KNEELING BEFORE THE FIRE."

and little girl appeared. "My wife will show Luck shot over the horse's head, landing, feet
you in, and I will be back at once—at once." first, alert, and with the eggs unbroken, before



"AND THEN THEY SAT DOWN TO SUPPER."

the wife and the little girl, who stood in the doorway. They both bowed, courtesied, moved aside, and smiled shyly and hopefully, gazed deprecatingly at the novel guest, pushed wider open the door for him, and Luck entered the house.

Hand in hand the mother and the little girl Gertrude came after him, softly and quietly. He was kneeling before the fire, and at his breath the green wood that, as it smoked and smoldered had given forth little plaintive whistles and sounds as though it was crying to be taken back to the forest, stopped all this and changed the tune to a dance of red and yellow flames, and they shone over Luck's mischievous features, over the mother's pale face, over Gertrude's open, black eyes, over Jan's round cheeks, and sparkled on the mist of tears of gratitude and raindrops on the gaunt features of the man. He had come back, for he had left Contentment moored in the one sheltered corner of the old and rickety stable where the rainy mist now thick in the air could not reach and chill him.

They watched Luck—Luck who acted as cook—who emptied his rusty fat wallet for supper, who fanned the smoke up the chimney, and who even found time for the candle, and trimmed and snuffed the candle wick until the flame grew bright.

And then they sat down to supper, huddled at one end of the table, that the long delayed visitor might not be crowded and that he might be pleased by the courtesy shown him.

"Some eggs?" cried the head of the house, pushing the dish quietly forward—

"Or, would you rather have some berries to finish your supper with?" murmured the wife, as she caught Luck's roving eye.

It went merrily on, the supper, and Luck's hobgoblin smile flashed over his face, came, and flitted away.

"What did you do with the horseshoe?" whispered the man's wife to him.

"It's over the door, right enough," he replied. "I could find no nails, but to-morrow will do; there was a hook that I hung it on for the time.

But we have better than that with us"; and his lean features smiled in a rusty way at his guest, as though they were not used to such antics.

When they finished, Luck turned toward the children, and for the rest of the drizzly, damp evening, indoors, cozy and comfortable, Luck amused them. He showed them how to tumble downstairs without getting hurt— with no bumps when it was done, — how to drop the glass and chi-

na, the little they had, so it would not break. He laughed and frolicked with them, and chased over the little house like a lively kitten.

"Where shall we put him?" asked the man, when their visitor for the moment had frisked upstairs.

"In our room, of course; we must sleep in the one opposite," answered his wife.

"But you forget that the roof leaks in that one," he replied uneasily, as a gust of wind came, and a thud sounded from upstairs.



"HE SHOWED THEM HOW TO TUMBLE DOWNSTAIRS WITHOUT GETTING HURT."

"Was that Luck?" cried the woman anxiously.

"Oh, mother!—the big old birds' nest has blown down on the roof," came the voice of Jan from above.

Sure enough it had, and there it had lodged, over the leak, so as to keep dry the room they were to sleep in.

It was late when they went to bed, for Luck, with the children, now bethought him to find things in the house long hidden or mislaid. Where there 's little to lose there 's less to find; yet a penny and a bent sixpence came to light, and other things followed, little in all, it must be confessed, but enough to keep the whole family awake and excited until a late hour.

the little old clock kept up their race as the hours went by, the one hand always winning because it has the longest leg and the other sleeps too much. The leaves outside grew heavy with moisture, and the sly and creeping mist covered the house, the weedy garden, the fields—

Splash!

A drop had fallen full on the nose of the sleeping man, waking him from his dreams of good times.

Splash!

Another came from the leak above his head that the dislodged birds' nest had stopped up.

He bounded out of bed and faced the darkness of early morning. Gropping and chilled,



"THEY ALL STARTED OUT, GOING WHERE THE HORSE'S FOOTPRINTS LED THEM."

Then, when he was ready, Luck was shown to his room. He closed the door, and with a merry bound they heard him land in the middle of the bed; and then they themselves went to their rooms, happy and sleepy, to be ready for the morning.

Over the house quiet settled, and the outside noises that the merriment had drowned before could make themselves heard: the swish of the boughs when the breeze blew and they rubbed themselves against the house and wrote their names in the language of the trees on the weather-stained and faded clapboards; the drip, drop, drip of the rain from the worn and sloping eaves. Downstairs the hands of

he lit a candle. The rain had stopped, though the cold mist still hung round the house, and the soaked birds' nest had ceased to keep the ceiling dry.

"I wonder if these things happen when Luck is dozing?" he asked himself, and, sleepy and annoyed, he started off to wake his visitor. The door of Luck's lodging-place was open, but when he reached there, and the flame of the candle straightened itself out and lit the room, he saw an empty bed!

Now he was well awake himself. He called out to the rest of the family, he ran downstairs, he looked in the shed, where no fat white horse was to be found, but only a few foot-

prints, fast fading in the wet earth,
of the big, round shoes.

He turned back to the
house, and stood
for a moment
looking at the
horseshoe over
the doorway,
hanging



"'I LEFT YOU,' SAID LUCK, 'BECAUSE OF YOUR OWN MISTAKE.
YOU TRUSTED TO ME—YOU TRUSTED TO LUCK!'"

with the points down, and wondered if the
luck as well as the rain was running out of
them. He ran inside and called to the rest
of the family to follow; and, half-dressed, they
all started out, going where the horse's foot-
prints led them.

It makes one all the more angry not to know
just whom to be angry with; but as he ran and
stumbled and shaded the candle flame with his
hand, he felt that he had been badly—yes,
very badly—treated. The road seemed long,
the day struggled but slowly into its place, and
the light was dim and faint.

His anger kept him warm for a while, but
the rest of the family, not being keyed up to the
same pitch, without speaking chattered from the
cold and chill, and squirmed and shrugged up
their shoulders as they chased along through
the puddles and mud, and splashed and stum-
bled on, led by the blowzed, flickering light
from the flame that still hung on to the wick
of the tallow dip—smoking, wavering, yellow.

"I hear his horse's hoofs
splashing!" cried their leader.

"We shall soon catch him!"

"Ah! ah!" he cried again,
as through the lightening mist
he saw the white tail of the
horse. "Here he is—here!"
and rushing alongside of Luck
he grasped at the saddle with
one hand, half running and
walking meanwhile; for Luck
looked straight ahead, and made
no effort to stop till his horse came
to a standstill of itself.

"Oh! are n't you ashamed of your-
self," cried the man, "to treat me so,
after my waiting for you all these years!
What have I not put up with on your ac-
count? And now—now to break your
promise and play me a trick like this—"

"I make no promises," answered Luck,
"and I break none. I left you, not because
you could not even nail my horseshoe over your
door, but hung it upside down so the luck ran
out at the ends; but because of your own mis-
take. Do you not know what it was? You
trusted to me. You *trusted to Luck!* Ah, ha!—"

As the wife, Jan, and Gertrude came up, the
shoulders of Luck looked square and unfriendly
while he faded in the mist. But he gave one
backward glance when almost out of sight,
and his hobgoblin smile was seen once more.

They all went home, and the gaunt man
took the lesson home with him. And when
Luck comes again, as he will, he will make
a longer visit, for he will find the chimney
plastered, the gate upon its hinges, the door
swinging straight and even, and with the horse-
shoe nailed—the only way a horseshoe should
be nailed, and that is as you see it here:





THE PROUD YOUNG MOTHER: "HE MAY BE PRESIDENT YET!"

NANNY AND JACK.

By H. C. BUNNER.

HER uncle gave little Nanny
A Jack-in-the-box with a squeak;
But the squeak of the Jack was nothing
To Nanny's terrified shriek.

But soon she conquered her terrors,
And spoke, like a brave little tot.
"You think you are real," said Nanny;
"But, truly, you know you 're not!"

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

THE VOYAGE OF THE NODDIES.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

Oh, the Noddies are starting for Lullaby-land,	And what shall the Noddies discover at last
And the wind down the river is fair,	When they anchor in Lullaby-land?
And the Noddies belong to the Rockabye Band,	The fleets of the fairy-folk fluttering past,
And they sail in the Rockabye Chair.	And the Patty-cake men on the sand.
They are drifting away on the river of dreams	And the Patties shall paddle their marvelous pies,
To the light of a luminous sea,	And the fairies sail over the sea;
And they murmur a song, and its melody	And the Noddies shall watch, and with won-
seems	dering eyes
Like a balm of contentment to me.	Come back in the morning to me.
Here we go — there we go —	Here we go — there we go —
Never mind where we go —	Now we know where we go —
Out to the shores of a shimmering sea:	Back from the shores of the shimmering sea:
Cradled in happiness —	Leaving all nappiness —
Laden with nappiness,	Laden with happiness,
Love and contentment for you and for me.	Love and caresses for you and for me.

AN EASTER JINGLE.

BY HARRIET BREWER STERLING.

WITH bits of stick and wisps of hay I 've made a little nest;
I 've chosen from my Easter eggs the ones that I like best;
And now I 'll get the old white hen, and set her on all six,
So she 'll hatch out some red and blue and pink and yellow chicks.

THE CLOSE OF THE DAY.

BY M. L. V.

WHAT is it comes at the close of the day,	But that is n't all! Then we creep upstairs
When the old world 's tired and slowly	And soon begins a great pillow-fight,
swings?	As we chase one another over the chairs.
Supper-time, bed-time, and Nurse to say	Then we jump into bed, and we say
"Put up the toys and the play-house	"Good-night!"
things!"	And the tired old world more slowly
And we watch the shadows that glide and fall	swings,
On the shining floor and the nursery wall.	And Mother sits in the dark, and sings.

THE CURIOSITY-SHOP.

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD.

A HORSE PROBLEM.

ONCE a farmer who had a number of valuable horses, when he died, left his horses to his three sons to be divided as follows: James, the eldest, was to receive one-half; John was to have one-fourth, and little Jacob, the youngest, was to get the "remaining sixth." When the horses were counted it was found that there were just eleven of them. Now, according to the will, James was entitled to one-half of them; but as one-half of eleven is five and a half, James was in a fix. John was no better off, because his share of one-fourth would give him two horses and three-fourths of a horse, while little Jacob's portion would be only one whole horse and five-sixths of a horse. To chop the horses into fractions was not to be thought of. The boys puzzled over the problem a long time, but were unable to solve it; so at last they called upon a kind neighbor and asked him if he could help them out of their difficulty. This neighbor was a very smart and very good old man, and he told the boys he would be over the next day and straighten the matter for them. So the following morning the eleven horses were driven out into a field and placed in a row, and pretty soon the old neighbor came along leading one of his horses, which he put at the end of the line. Then there were twelve horses altogether. Next he turned to the eldest son, and he said: "James, my boy, you may take the first six horses in the row, because six are one-half of twelve; and that's your share." Then he told John to take the next *three* horses, "because," said he, "three are one-fourth of twelve; and that's your share." "And now, Jake," said he to the youngest son, "you may take the next *two*, because two are one-sixth of twelve; and that's your share."

So James received six, John received three, and Jacob received two, making a total of exactly eleven horses; and before the boys could recover from their astonishment, the kind old neighbor got up on his horse and rode away.

"UNCLE SAM."

WHEN we talk of the United States government in a familiar sort of way we call it "Uncle Sam"; and you have often seen pictures of Uncle Sam—a long, lean, old-fashioned Yankee, with a high hat and with a swallow-tail coat and breeches marked with the stars and stripes of the flag. The way in which the United States came to be called Uncle Sam is this:

During the war of 1812 the United States government entered into a contract with a man by the name of Elbert Anderson to furnish supplies to the army. When

the United States buys anything from a contractor, an inspector is always appointed to see that the goods are what the contract calls for, and that the government gets full value. In this case the government appointed a man by the name of Samuel Wilson, who was always called "Uncle Sam" by those who knew him. He inspected every package and cask that came from Elbert Anderson, the contractor, and if he found that the contents were all right, the package or cask was marked with the letters "E. A.—U. S."—the initials of the contractor and of the United States. The man whose duty it was to do this marking was a jovial sort of fellow, and when somebody asked him what these letters meant, he said they stood for Elbert Anderson and *Uncle Sam*. Everybody, including "Uncle Sam" Wilson himself, thought this was a very good joke; and by and by it got into print, and before the end of the war it was known all over the country; and that is the way the United States received its name of "Uncle Sam."

Mr. Wilson, the original "Uncle Sam," died at Troy, N. Y., in 1854, at the age of eighty-four.

SHAKING HANDS.

WHEN we meet a friend we shake hands, and we always shake with the right hand, because we have been taught that it is not proper to offer the left one; but very few of us ever stop to ask where this custom of shaking hands came from, and why it is the right hand is used.

Like most other customs, shaking hands originally had an important meaning and served a useful purpose, which is now generally forgotten. Before people had become as peaceable as they are now, nearly every man always carried a sword or dagger, so that he might be ready to fight at a moment's notice; for in those days people were easily insulted, and it did not take much to start a quarrel. Under these circumstances it was necessary for men to be on their guard; and so when one man met another coming along the road, he was never certain whether the other would turn out a friend or an enemy. If both were in a kindly mood and wanted to show that there was no ill-feeling, each grasped the other by the right hand. As the right hand is the one with which the sword is drawn, it was a token that the one who allowed his right hand to be grasped did not intend to harm the other man, and that he placed himself at his mercy. Of course, as time went on and people were not so ready to kill one another, this custom no longer had the same meaning; but as folks had got into the habit of shaking hands, they kept it up, and are doing it to this day; and we still insist that the right

hand shall be used, just as though we were afraid that our friend might think that we intended to draw a sword on him if we offered the left hand.

HUMBLE PIE.

WHEN we say a person eats humble pie we mean that he is made to feel ashamed of himself by having to apologize for some wrong-doing, or to admit that he has made a mistake. Now, that is what we mean when we talk of "eating humble pie"; but the question is, what is humble pie?

In the old feudal times of England, when one of the barons gave a hunting-feast, it was customary to have pies made of venison. Of course, the lord and his guests were served with the very best, but for those of lower rank, who ate at the foot of the table, the pies were made of the *umbles*, or poorer parts, of the deer, and were therefore called *umble pies*.

As those who ate the humble pies were those who held humble positions in the baron's household, the humble pie after a while became confused with the humble position, and in that way arose the idea that he who "ate humble pie" was some one who was humbled or humiliated.

"HE 'S A BRICK."

WHEN a boy does something that is particularly good or noble his comrades say, "He 's a brick!" for to call a fellow "a brick" is as high a compliment as one boy can pay another. If we stop to think about it, though, it seems rather strange that a brick should be chosen as a standard for measuring the worth of a boy. There is surely nothing very wonderful or fine about a brick. But, like a great many other sayings that do not appear to have much sense, we shall find, by looking up the origin of this expression, that it started out with a very sensible meaning. In order to get at its beginning, we have to go back into ancient history for a distance of nine hundred years before Christ—all the way back to the time of Lycurgus, the great Spartan ruler. Plutarch tells us that Lycurgus had a great many wise and curious notions as to how people should live and how the affairs of the country should be managed. One of his ideas was that there was no necessity for building a wall about a town if the soldiers were properly trained to protect the place. On one occasion an ambassador from a neighboring country came to see Lycurgus, and he asked how it was that he had no walls around the town. "But we have walls," replied Lycurgus; "and if you will come with me I will show them to you." Thereupon he took his guest out upon the plains where the army was drawn up in battle array, and, pointing to the ranks of soldiers, he said: "These are the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick." So you see when the expression was first used it had a great deal more sense than it has now.

DUNCE.

DID you ever hear of a word that became so changed in its meaning that it finally meant just the opposite of

what it did at first? Well, the word *dunce* is just such a word. It seems hard to believe that at one time it meant a person who was smart and learned, but that is exactly what it did about six hundred years ago. At that time there lived a very learned man named John Duns Scotus, generally known by the simple name of Duns. He was at the head of a set of philosophers known as "schoolmen," who spent their time in thinking and teaching great thoughts. Those who believed what Duns taught were called *Dunsmen* or *Duncemen*, and were looked upon as very wise men. But after a while there came another set of philosophers and teachers who did not believe in what the schoolmen taught, and the majority of the people took sides with the new set of thinkers. The Duncemen made themselves very unpopular by opposing these folks, and it was not long before the term Duncemen or *Dunce* was applied to one opposed to true knowledge or who did not know much about it; and that is how the word *dunce* came to be reversed in meaning.

THE DOLLAR MARK.

PERHAPS some of you have sometimes wondered why we use this sign, \$, to represent dollars. Well, a great many people have wondered the same thing, and there have been many theories to account for it, but the one which seems to me most likely is this:

Before America became an independent country some of the colonies—particularly those in the South—used certain Spanish coins for money. Among these was one called a dollar, which was equal to eight *reals*, a real being a small silver coin, also Spanish. Because it was equal to eight reals, this dollar was generally known as "a piece of eight." Now, when the merchants and others who kept accounts wanted to put down in their books the different amounts of money received and paid out, they had to have some convenient way of telling the difference between the dollars and the reals. So, whenever they wanted to represent dollars, or pieces of eight, they made the figure 8 and drew two lines through it like this, \$, so that it would not be mistaken for a figure. The figures placed after this canceled 8 were then known to be dollars; and the reals were distinguished by placing a period in front of the figures, just as we divide dollars and cents nowadays. When America became independent, this same sign was used for the United States dollars. But, as time went on, people forgot that the dollar used to be "a piece of eight," and so they didn't bother to draw a complete 8 when making the dollar-sign, and that is why it looks as it does to-day.

Talking of dollar-marks reminds me that the letter *L*, with a stroke drawn through it like this, £, is the sign used to represent pounds in English money. At first this may seem as strange as the dollar-mark, but it is easily understood when we know that the Latin word for pounds is *libra*, and we therefore see that it is simply the first letter of the Latin word that is used. It is also explained that a *d* is used to represent pence in English money, because the Latin for penny is *denarius*.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

A FRIENDLY correspondent, Mr. E. L. Hale, has written to the editor about the code of flag-signals published in Mr. Shelton's serial, "The Last Three Soldiers." The code will be found on page 121 of the number for December, 1896. Mr. Hale writes that the code in actual use by the United States Signal Corps is an exact reversal of that given by Mr. Shelton.

He is right; but during the Civil War several different codes were in use, and among them that given in the story.

Our correspondent, however, says very justly that if boys are to learn any code, they should learn the code now in use, so that they may be ready to act as signalmen if necessary. The suggestion is a good one; and the code of signals in actual use to-day is here printed with the thanks of ST. NICHOLAS to Mr. Hale for calling attention to it:

THE MYER CODE.

U. S. NAVAL CODE FOR VISUAL AND TELEGRAPHIC SIGNALING.

A . . . 22	E . . . 12	I . . . 1	M . 1221	Q . 1211	U . 112	Y . 111
B . 212	F . 221	J . 112	N . 111	R . 211	V . 122	Z . 222
C . 121	G . 2211	K . 2121	O . 21	S . 212	W . 1121	
D . 222	H . 122	L . 221	P . 1212	T . . . 2	X . 2122	

NUMERALS.

1 1111	3 1112	5 1122	7 1222	9 1221
2 2222	4 2221	6 2211	8 2111	0 2112

ABBREVIATIONS

a after	h have	t the	w word
b before	n not	u you	wi with
c can	r are	ur your	y why
x x 3 "numerals follow" or "numerals end."	sig . 3 signature		
End of a word 3	Repeat last word 121. 121. 3		
End of a sentence 33	Repeat last message 121. 121. 121. 3		
End of a message 333	Epor 12. 12. 3		
I understand 22. 22. 3	Move alittle to the right 211. 211. 3		
Cease signaling 22. 22. 22. 333	Move a little to the left 221. 221. 3		

INSTRUCTIONS FOR USING THE CODE.

The whole number opposite each letter or numeral stands for that letter or numeral.

TO SIGNAL WITH FLAG OR TORCH.

There are but one position and three motions.

The first position is with the flag held vertically in front of the center of the body, butt of staff at height of waist, signalman facing squarely toward the station with which it is desired to communicate.

The first motion, or "one" or "1," is a motion of the flag to the right of the sender, and will embrace an arc of 90°, starting with the vertical and returning to it, and will be made in a plane exactly at right angles to the line connecting the two signal stations.

The second motion, or "two" or "2," is a similar motion to the left of the sender.

To make the third motion, "front," or "three" or "3," the flag is waved to the ground directly in front of the sender, and instantly returned to the first position.

Numbers which occur in the body of a message must

be spelled out in full. Numerals may be used in signaling between stations having naval-signal books, using the code calls.

TO SEND A MESSAGE.

"To call" a station, signal its initial or "call letter" until "acknowledged." "To acknowledge," signal "I understand," followed by its initial or "call letter."

Make a slight pause after each "letter," also after each "front."

GALENA, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old, and this is the second year I have taken you. My mother had the ST. NICHOLAS when she was a little girl, and even now enjoys looking over my magazine almost as much as I do.

I live in this old town, which has sent forth so many men who became famous in history. Ever since the fine statue of General Grant was given to our city by Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, we celebrate Grant's birthday every year. Many former Galenians from all over the country come here at that time.

Among the noted orators that have delivered the address at the exercises are William McKinley and Chauncey Depew. Once Eugene Field was here, and gave some of his beautiful verses at the public reception.

Your interested reader,

LEO TITUS LE BRON, JR.

OAK PARK, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago. I am twelve years old. I always look forward to your coming. I like the story of "Master Skylark," and was so glad to find it was a continued story and I also liked the story of "The King's Castle in No Man's Land." I think it teaches one to be satisfied with what he has. If Avaro had not opened the hundredth door, I suppose he could have gotten out all right.

We have a little Shetland pony. His name is "Dick." We have two carts—one with a top, and one without. We enjoy Dick very much. We expect to have a great deal of fun with him this winter.

I remain your devoted reader,

LAMBOURNE SMITH.

MENLO PARK, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that some of your readers might like to know something about this part of the world. I live on a hill about a mile and a half from the Stanford University. We have a fine view from our house. We can see the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, San Francisco Bay, and the most of Santa Clara Valley.

It is very pleasant here, never very hot and never very cold. We have roses and other flowers blooming in the open air now in the middle of December.

We went out camping last summer, and crossed the coast range of mountains, which are only three miles from where we live. The road wound around trees and through cañons, with beautiful evergreen trees of mountain laurel, manzanita, madroña, and redwood growing close to and shading the road.

The redwood trees grow very tall and straight, and so

close together sometimes that even a small boy cannot pass between them.

The first night we camped at La Honda, a very pretty valley in the mountains with a small, pebbly stream running through it. A little girl in the party ran into the water, shoes and all. The next day we went on through beautiful scenery to Pescadero, near Pebble Beach, on the Pacific Ocean. A great many people go to this beach to gather pebbles; some of them are very pretty, and a few valuable ones have been found. They are mostly agates, sometimes opals and carnelians and clear quartz; one clear stone was found with a drop of fresh water inside of it.

The beach is about two hundred yards long, and a fresh lot of pebbles are brought up from the ocean by every spring tide. After getting all the pebbles we wanted we started for home, going along the Pacific Ocean until we got to Spanishtown, on Half Moon Bay; then we turned east and crossed the mountains to San Mateo, and from there home.

Camping is lots of fun, but we were all glad to get home.

We had a little black-and-tan terrier dog along, named "Dandy," that was very watchful at night, but he would not ride in the carriage or wagon. When we got home he was so tired that he could hardly walk.

Your constant reader, EDWARD C. HARKINS.

BORDENTOWN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In looking over the volume of ST. NICHOLAS for 1889 the other evening, I noticed the portrait of the Japanese Crown Prince, and told my room-mate of his adventure with the American boy who would not remove his Tam o' Shanter. Imagine my surprise, on turning the page, to read in print the very tale I had just related. The name of the little American was Bailey Strang; that of his "golden-haired little sister" was Nora.

Ever since my mother told me of the episode, on the following evening, I have had a sort of indefinite longing for that "pink and white" ice-cream which I might have eaten in company of a Prince Imperial, had I not left Bailey just before the incident occurred to go home to bed. Yours very truly, WILLARD D. STRAIGHT.

LORETTO CONVENT, RANDWICK, SYDNEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You see by my address that I am at school at Loretto Convent, Randwick. I have only seen one Australian letter in your magazine.

Have you ever seen any Australian flowers? Our grandest is, of course, the waratah; it is of a bright red color, but it has no perfume. Another flower is called the flannel flower: it has leaves just like flannel, and a center like plush. It is of a greenish white color.

I live in the Blue Mountains, which are very beautiful. On the ascent on the east is a tunnel, and on the west a zigzag. At the top of it you have a very fine view. You can see the train lines down below you, and at the bottom of it a little station with a great many tree-ferns round it. The mountain I live on is Mount Wilson. It is one of the highest points of the range. The tree-ferns grow from five to twenty feet in height, and are very beautiful. Mount Wilson is ascended by a beautiful avenue of acacia, lime, wattle, plane, eucalyptus, and walnut trees.

Our harbor is another very beautiful sight. It is the grandest in the whole world. It would take too long for me to describe it, or else I would.

I am your little reader, ESMEY MANN.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw two letters from Iowa in your December number, and thought it might interest some of your readers to hear about its Capitol.

It is quite a large building and has five domes. The central and largest dome is covered with real gold, and shines so that it can be seen for many miles in any direction.

The interior of the Capitol is very beautiful. In the center is an open space or court, and when one who is standing there looks up, he will see, at some distance above him, a piece of blue sky flecked with white clouds. This is, of course, only painted, but any one who did not know that would think it was the real sky.

The grounds of the Capitol cover about two blocks, and are always kept in good order.

Across the street from the Capitol is the Soldiers' Monument. This is a tall white column with a life-sized statue on the top. Around the base of the column are four statues of famous soldiers on horseback.

Your devoted reader, "VIOLET."

WINCHESTER, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly eight years, and I like you very much. I have never seen a letter from this place. Our town has a population of about 7000. One of the most interesting places in our town is the old headquarters of George Washington. The battlefields lie in every direction from the town; and my father has a collection of war relics.

I love all the stories you print, and do sincerely hope you will last forever. Hoping you will print this letter, I remain your reader, J. S.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is my first letter to your good magazine. Papa gave it to me for a Christmas present, and I like it very much. I live near the great Lookout Mountain, where the Battle above the Clouds was fought. I spent the summer there. I am also near Chickamauga Park, where there was another battle fought. Our house is right in the mountains; there are around us Waldens Ridge, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge. From all of these there are beautiful views. My home is in Chattanooga, in the State of Tennessee.

Good-bye from your loving reader, ANNIE KEITH FRAZIER.

PACIFIC GROVE, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is a beautiful little summer resort nestled among the pines on Monterey Bay.

There is a magnificent drive extending seventeen miles around the peninsula. The scenery along the beaches and in the woods is delightful.

The quaint old Spanish town of Monterey, with its old Mission founded by Junipero Serra in 1770, is only two miles distant. The old adobe buildings—many in ruins—with the tiled roofs, look very odd.

I love to go in bathing either in the surf or in the Del Monte Baths. I have learned to swim well. We live up on a hill from which there is a beautiful view of the bay. We can see all the steamers come in. On a very clear day we can see the houses on the opposite shore, twenty-five miles distant. I have been all over the warships "Monterey," "Monadnock," "Oregon," and "Philadelphia." The big steamship "St. Paul" was wrecked on the rocks just below the lighthouse, a mile or two from here, last summer.

I remain your most devoted admirer, GEORGE R. L. H.

WANDSWORTH COMMON, LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We had a sale of world last Friday, and it was so nice that I thought you would like to hear about it. There were about a dozen chil-

dren in it; and after we had worked about three weeks, and made a great many things, like glove-cases, work-bags, pin-cushions, and sachets, we sent out invitations to all of our friends. Then when the day came a very nice lady we know opened it; and my little brother George gave her a lovely bunch of yellow chrysanthemums, and then made a bow and came away. Then everybody went into the conservatory, which looked very pretty, as we had put a piece of string right across, and hung all the hanging things on it. Then we were as busy as we could be for an hour, for everybody wanted to see an art-gallery which we had with twenty-one funny things, like "Sweet Seventeen" (seventeen lumps of sugar), and "Commentators on Shakspeare" (two potatoes on a volume of Shakspeare). And in the evening when we added up the money, we found we had sold everything, and made £8 12s. 8d. Don't you think it was good? And when we sent it to the ladies who keep the "Crèche," for which we had been working, they were so pleased, and wrote us two such nice letters.

I do like you so much; but, though I have taken you for four years, I have never written before.

From your loving little friend and admirer,
ISABEL WARNER.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have made some anagrams for ST. NICHOLAS, which I don't think are very good; but I thought that they might do for poor ones. I am seven years old, and I made these up when I was six.

Your reader, RICHARD L. KNOWLES.

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------|
| 1. O SLING MUD. | 1. MOULDINGS. |
| 2. CANT SIDE. | 2. DISTANCE. |
| 3. INK PAN. | 3. NAFKIN. |
| 4. US RAG. | 4. SUGAR. |

BELLERIVE, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have written you. I have taken you for two years, and like you very much.

I am at the Institution Sillig, learning French. This is my second year here, and now I know French fluently. My parents are here now. I am twelve years old. We work all day and go to bed at nine o'clock; we wake up at half-past seven in winter and half-past six in summer, which I find rather early. I am now learning to fence, and like it very much. Every Saturday we have a long walk in the mountains, here called a course; and once a year we have a course of three days. Last year we went to the German Pass and this year to the St. Bernard Pass. We started from here at three o'clock one Thursday, for the Great St. Bernard. Everybody was dressed for winter, as it is very cold there. We went in the train to Vernayaz; then we walked to the Gorges de Trient, which were beautiful. Then we went to Martigny and stopped at the Hôtel du Mont Blanc (we were twenty-five boys). In the morning at five o'clock we went in carriages to Orsières, a ride of three hours, and it was very cold. From Orsières we walked to Lydes—a walk of an hour. From Lydes we walked to Bourg St. Pierre, a walk of two and a half hours. There we ate in a restaurant where Napoleon I. ate when going over the Great St. Bernard Pass. Then we walked to the Cantine de Fro, a little house, the last before the Pass that gives refreshments. From there it took us two hours to get up, taking short cuts. The mule with the wagon that carried our baggage took much more time. We arrived there at half-past seven, and went into the dining-room, where a fire was built. At half-past eight we went to bed, after partaking of a frugal dinner. M. Edwin woke us up at six o'clock, instead of five, because the monks forgot to wake him. M. Edwin is the principal. All

night bells rang. After breakfast, which consisted of some honey and bread and coffee, we went to see the dogs. Some of them were beauties. For sleeping there you do not pay the monks, but it is the custom to put the money in the alms-box in the chapel which is in the Hospital. We then went to say good-by to the monks. Only two present themselves; the others pray.

We went back the same road and arrived at school at seven o'clock. I then went and told my parents that I had arrived and told them all about the trip; of course they were delighted to hear about it. Last Saturday we went to Les Avants by the Col de Sansloup. Everything was covered with snow. Last year we played football, but this year we do not, on account of the rain. I have not much more to say now, and I cannot, as the school-bell is ringing. Good-by, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

I am your interested reader, CH. W. EHRLICH.

We take pleasure in printing this little essay by a young friend and correspondent whose sympathy has been roused for horses that suffer from the use of the check-rein:

THE CHECK.

I WONDER how many of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS have ponies, or mothers and fathers who have horses. I most sincerely hope that their horses and ponies are free from that act of tyranny which compels them to wear the check-rein. It may not look to be harmful, but it is. It hurts their windpipes and spoils their breathing, besides causing the horse excessive discomfort, and all for what reason? For *fashion*! Oh, is it not enough to take almost all a horse's freedom from him without making him submit to such treatment only to suit foolish persons' ridiculous ideas as to style and the way to make horses look stylish?

Some people may say, "Oh, but horses look so well with their heads up." I like to see horses *hold* their heads up as well as anybody, but it is no great thing to have them held up.

And I think this argument which I take from Anna Sewall's fine book, "Black Beauty," would not be bad to make to an army officer. Any captain likes to have his men hold their heads up. But how much credit would be given him if their heads were tied to back-boards so they could not take them down? It is just so with horses. I should think one would take more credit to one's self if one's horses held their heads up than they would if they were *held up*. And, suppose a horse should lose his footing; he would be far more able to regain it if his head was free than if he were obliged to keep it up.

MARGARET HITCHCOCK.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Hetty Barclay, Alice B. Paret, "Dewdrop," Emilie Kate Ruoff, Louise Keeler Cowdrey, W. T. Pickering, Helen Criswell, Madeline D. Hickman, D. H. Chears, Mentor E.—, J. H. F. and A. L. P., Chloe Wimberly Lansdale, Alice E. Goodwin, Ruth Metcalf, Julia W. McCormick, Helen Stutzer, Susan S. Strong, Katherine Danforth, Frederika Denning, Theresa Geraldine White, Eugene T. Walter, Dorothy M., Leonora H. C., Donald E. Matheson, Amanda Bridget Gilbreed, George Slate Simmons, M. L. Hurlbutt, Ida Hatry, Alice Chamberlain, C. S. D. W., Emma Stuver, Louise H. Curtis, B. C. Young, Isabel W., Harold C. Cox, Emid Dora Bassett, Elton Rockwell Norris, Willis T. Hanson, Jr., Mamie Arbuckle, Mary E. Conant, Belle Quin, Helen Vera Paine, S. E. Knight, Sarah J. Hall, Arthur T. Neely, Marion Hughes, David E. Mooser, Beulah King, Bertha Penney, Florence Dolbeer, Lillian J. Callahan, Helen Novotny, Helen W., Helen M. Smith, L. W. O.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Rob Roy. 1. Ray. 2. Woo. 3. Rib. CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Napoleon. 1. Tonic. 2. Grant. 3. Apple. 4. Cooly. 5. Gelfid. 6. Glean. 7. Goose. 8. Candy.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Loaf. 2. Ogre. 3. Area. 4. Feat. NOVEL ACROSTIC. First row, Denmark; third row, Germany. Cross-words: 1. Dagon. 2. Elect. 3. North. 4. Mumps. 5. Adapt. 6. Rends. 7. Kayak.

SOME "INTENTIONS." 1. Disappointment. 2. Ornament. 3. Experiment. 4. Attachment. 5. Concealment. 6. Treatment. 7. Tenement. 8. Apartment. 9. Entanglement. 10. Enchantment. 11. Entertainment. 12. Endowment. 13. Monument. 14. Torment. 15. Announcement. 16. Merriment. 17. Tournament. 18. Presentiment. 19. Sediment. 20. Liniment. 21. Judgment. 22. Acknowledgment.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before JANUARY 15th, from M. McG.—"Jersey Quartette"—Belle Miller Waddell—"The Buffalo Quartette"—"Two Little Brothers"—Grace Edith Thallon—Helen C. McCleary—Sigourney Fay Nininger.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before JANUARY 15th, from No Name, N. Y., 4—Gladys Carpenter, 1—Avis Carlton, 2—May L. Hall, 1—Arthur and Posie, 1—Lucille Byron Lee, 3—Enid Bassett, 6—Bessie Thayer, 1—Ednah W. Knox, 1—Alice M. Reilly, 1—"The Trio," 7—Florence and Edna, 1—Paul Reese, 8—Truda G. Vernon, 5—"Chiddingstone," 9—Marguerite Sturdy, 7—Mary Morgan, 3—Daniel Hardin and Co., 5—Clara F. Perkins, 2—S. Dowling, 4—Edith Baxter, 1—Geo. M. Seymour, Jr., 8—E. Everett and Fannie J., 6—"The Kittiwake," 9—Allil and Adi, 9—Joe and J., 9—Achille Poirier, 3—Rosale A. Sampson, 1—"Merry and Co.," 3—W. Floyd Crosby, 2—Josephine Lehman, 2.

WORD-SQUARE.

I. Ceremonies. 2. Sluggish. 3. General direction. 4. To eat into. 5. To scatter.

LAURA M. ZINSER.

ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the five objects in the accompanying illustration have been rightly guessed, and the names placed one below another in the order given, the last letters will spell the name of a very distinguished poet.

CONNECTED SQUARES.

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I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Part of a wind-mill. 2. A measure. 3. Part of the eye. 4. For fear of.

II. MIDDLE SQUARE: 1. An island. 2. To tarry. 3. Tardy. 4. Observed closely.

III. LOWER SQUARE: 1. To lacerate. 2. The extreme verge. 3. Long periods of time. 4. A musical character.

H. W. E.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and ten letters; and form a four-line verse from a poem by Longfellow.

My 8-41-73 is cunning. My 55-25-14 is a snare. My 86-66-6 is a masculine nickname. My 36-17-99-59 is to require. My 9-95-71-31 is fostered. My 44-2-101 is for what reason. My 79-21-75-87 is an elevation. My 110-49-91-51 is a broad smile. My 106-27-108-12 is a conceited fellow. My 93-33-81-104 is a very fashionable carriage. My 4-68-61-57-97-38 are

OBLOQUE RECTANGLE. 1. P. 2. Mop. 3. Power. 4. Peter. 5. Redan. 6. Rates. 7. Nepos. 8. Sound. 9. Sneer. 10. Demon. 11. Ropes. 12. Nebel. 13. Sepia. 14. Lid. 15. A.

RIDDLE. Plague.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Morris. 1. Monkey. 2. Tomato. 3. Mortar. 4. Walrus. 5. Violin. 6. Abacus.

HIDDEN NAMES. 1. Washington. 2. Adams. 3. Jefferson. 4. Madison. 5. Monroe. 6. John Quincy Adams. 7. Jackson. 8. Van Buren. 9. William H. Harrison. 10. Tyler. 11. Polk. 12. Taylor. 13. Fillmore. 14. Pierce. 15. Buchanan. 16. Lincoln. 17. Johnson. 18. Grant. 19. Hayes. 20. Garfield. 21. Arthur. 22. Cleveland. 23. Ben Harrison.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none."—CHARADE. Cottage.

leather fastenings. My 94-20-54-103-83-89-107 is a composer. My 46-29-85-24-42-60-35-77-65 is any aquatic animal whose external covering consists of a shell. My 90-72-7-22-64-30-92 is the result of a burn. My

53-15-82-18-102-37-13-1 is direct. My 5-34-48-98 is a state admitted to the Union in 1896. My 19-62-39-69 is a State admitted in 1846. My 11-52-32-16-96 is a State admitted in 1890. My 63-50-78-58-74 is a State admitted in 1820. My 47-10-3-56-43-109 is a State admitted in 1859. My 76-26-100-105-40-23-84-88-67-80-28-70-45 was one of the thirteen original States.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1	*	12	*	*	23
2	*	13	*	*	24
3	*	14	*	*	25
4	*	15	*	*	26
5	*	16	*	*	27
6	*	17	*	*	28
7	*	18	*	*	29
8	*	19	*	*	30
9	*	20	*	*	31
10	*	21	*	*	32
11	*	22	*	*	33

From 1 to 12, merit; 2 to 13, one of the United States; 3 to 14, retinue; 4 to 15, a famous Greek poet; 5 to 16, throughout all time; 6 to 17, a violation of law; 7 to 18, retains; 8 to 19, a place mentioned in the twentieth verse of the thirteenth chapter of Exodus; 9 to 20, proportion; 10 to 21, to ornament; 11 to 22, to relinquish.

From 12 to 23, the hero of a play by Shakspeare; 13 to 24, to increase the possessions of; 14 to 25, to cuddle; 15 to 26, to keep in possession; 16 to 27, the European green woodpecker; 17 to 28, to shun; 18 to 29, pertaining to scenery; 19 to 30, a Spanish sheep noted for the fineness of its wool; 20 to 31, a county in Kentucky; 21 to 32, inborn; 22 to 33, herds.

From 1 to 11, the name of a very famous author; from 12 to 22 and from 23 to 33, each name a book written by him.

"A. C. ROSTIC."

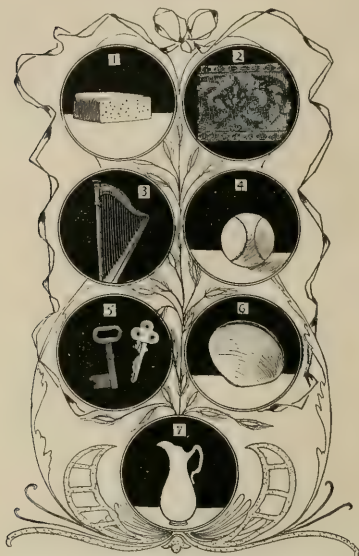
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals name twin brothers of mythology.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. The science of medicine. 2. A city of Russia bombarded by the English and French in 1854. 3. Exerts one's strength with painful effort. 4. Last. 5. In the month immediately preceding the present. 6. An instrument for scraping bones.

M. R. WHITE.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters; when rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the zigzag (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower left-hand letter) will spell the surname of a celebrated author.

CHARADE.

To her husband she said, just to be in the style,
 "For my *first*, now to Europe let's go for a while!"
 And my *second* they acted, when there, o'er and o'er,
 Pretending they often had been there before.
 Returning, she said, "Call me Katharine, now,
 'T is more dignified far than my *third*, you 'll allow."
 For my *whole*, you can choose any object you please,
 But take three of one kind, and you 'll guess it with ease.

FRANCES AMORY.

DOUBLE DIAMONDS.

I. ACROSS: 1. In connection. 2. A national hero. 3. A Roman. 4. A cupboard intended to contain articles of value. 5. Stunned. 6. Conducted. 7. In connection.

DOWNWARD: 1. In connection. 2. A boy. 3. A

conspiracy. 4. A townsman. 5. Fed. 6. A masculine nickname. 7. In connection.

II. ACROSS: 1. In jumbles. 2. A small animal. 3. Walking sticks. 4. Wading birds. 5. Unimportant. 6. Three-fourths of a pulpit. 7. In jumbles.

DOWNWARD: 1. In jumbles. 2. A cover. 3. Hurried. 4. A marine animal hunted for its oil and flesh. 5. Portable shelters. 6. To declare. 7. In jumbles.

III. ACROSS: 1. In trembled. 2. Guided. 3. Raged. 4. Regarded with reverence or profound respect. 5. A county in Ireland. 6. A Spanish title. 7. In trembled.

DOWNWARD: 1. In trembled. 2. A color. 3. A basin. 4. A young hare. 5. A county in Ireland. 6. An African dignitary. 7. In trembled.

M. E. FLOYD.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

FILL each blank with the name of a poet.

"No," said the —, "the meat 's not done,
 It's only — in the pan;
 Oh, now it —, and I must run;
 No — at present!" off she ran.
 It's only talk, and that is cheap.
 What are — when people scold?
 — a-day! No — to keep
 Her head from freezing in this cold!

E. R. B.

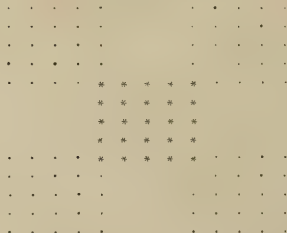
GEOGRAPHICAL FINAL ACROSTIC.

THE names described are not all of the same length. When rightly guessed, the last letters will spell the name of a famous river of Europe.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A city of France. 2. A river of Germany. 3. A city of India. 4. One of the United States. 5. A country of Europe.

"HERR YCI REVIR."

CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A fabric used for garments. 2. A morning reception. 3. Places for baking. 4. Portable lodges. 5. A grand duchy and state of the German Empire.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A coin mentioned in the "Merchant of Venice." 2. A Russian edict. 3. A hut. 4. Apart. 5. Dogma.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Striking effect. 2. To reprove. 3. A washable fabric. 4. One fully skilled in anything. 5. Soldiers' habitations.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To entertain with food and drink. 2. A Western cattle-farm. 3. Weariness. 4. Penetrating. 5. A pilferer.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A tendon. 2. Brainless. 3. Pertaining to the nose. 4. To decree by law. 5. Strips of leather around a shoe. F. W. F.

